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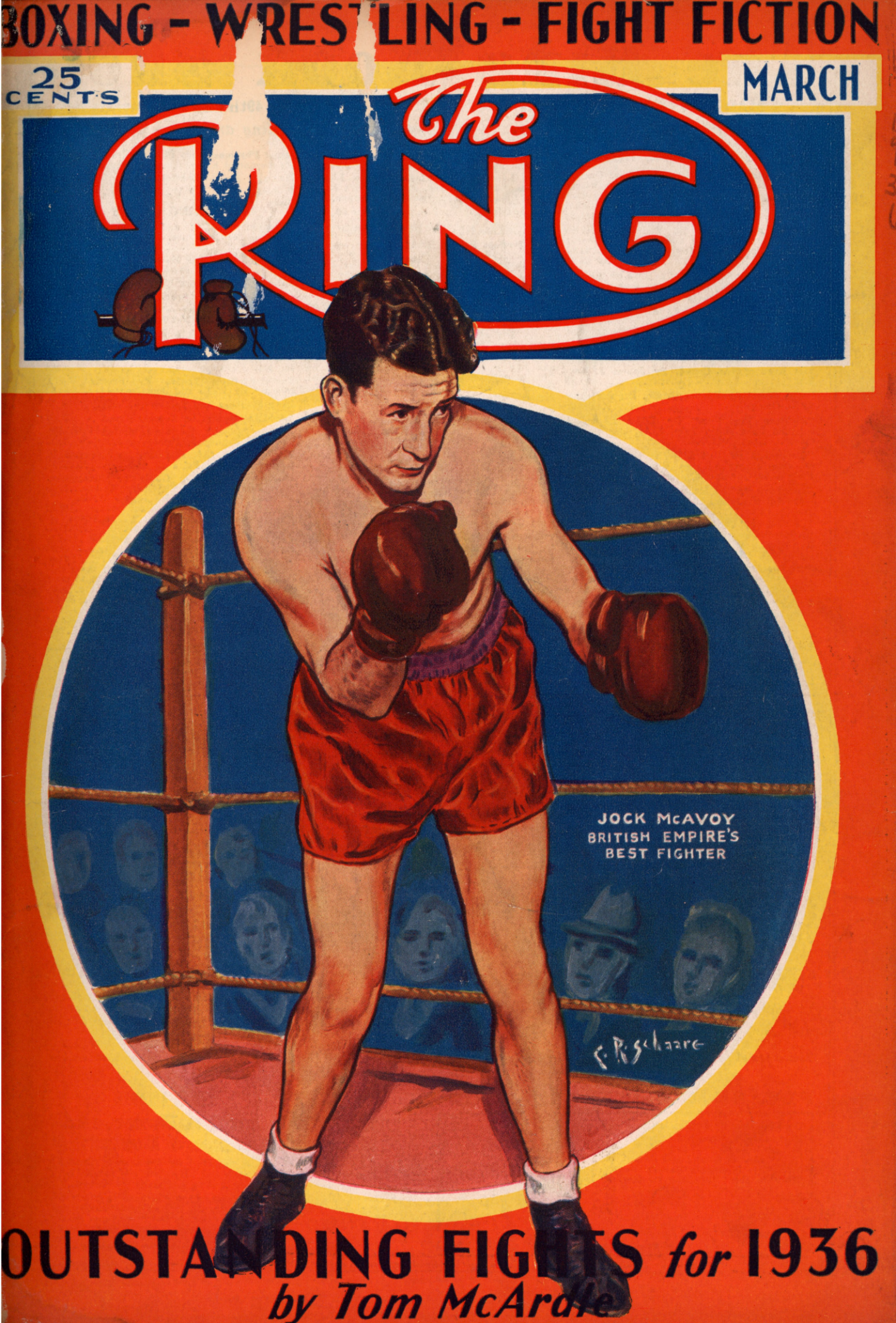

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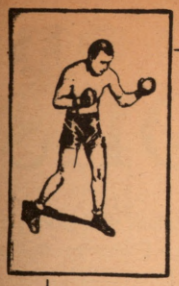

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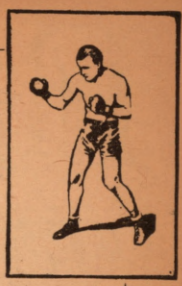

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Nearly greats? Ever hear of them? Every once in a while there emerges from the ruck of Fistiana a fighter apparently of championship calibre but who, through some trick of Fate, never actually attains the status of a champion. They just lack that "something" or else they are in the spotlight at a time when the talent is far above the ordinary, and in either case, they have been kept from winning a title. George T. Pardy, in "Championship calibre battlers who almost became world title holders," recites the cases of such fistic talent in a way that will keep you interested.

Every champion has reached a stage of his career in which his top form has been attained. Ed W. Smith, famed referee and sports writer analyzes this for you in "Fighting Peak."

Harlem Tommy Murphy stood out in his day as a fighter par-excellence. Nat Fleischer tells the story of this colorful New Yorker in another of the "Fighting Sons of Erin" series.

These and other stories and news from around the world by Daniel M. Daniel, T. W. McNiel, George Bothner and Eddie Borden among others.

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Fistic Attractions

By TOM McARDLE

FOUR years ago, following THE RING'S Annual Rating of Boxers' issue, Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication, came to my office in Madison Square Garden where I was then the matchmaker, and asked me what I thought about an article by a promoter or matchmaker on the twenty-five outstanding matches of the year, bouts that would arouse public interest, and as a result, be lucrative both from the standpoint of the promoter and that of the fighters. Nothing like that had been attempted before and I thought it a worth-while venture.

Perhaps I would not have favored it so much had I realized that the task of writing the article would be assigned to me. Since I wrote that article, Jack Dempsey, Jimmy Johnston and Nate Lewis have had the assignment and did the job very well, indeed, but I'm sure that none of those gentlemen found more pleasure in performing the task than did I. I say task, because it is exactly that if properly done and when I was approached this year and asked to name the fights which should be the best from all points of view—fighting, drawing power, and thrills—I hesitated. But was finally coaxed into giving my consent, so here goes.

Boxing is my business. I have been actively engaged in the sport as promoter, matchmaker and manager for upwards of forty years, and nothing gives me a greater thrill than does a hard fought, evenly contested bout. Of course sometimes we matchmakers pair the boys with the expectation of seeing a close contest, only to find that we have failed in our aim through the failure of one or both of our men to give what they are capable of exhibiting, but such failures are the exceptional.

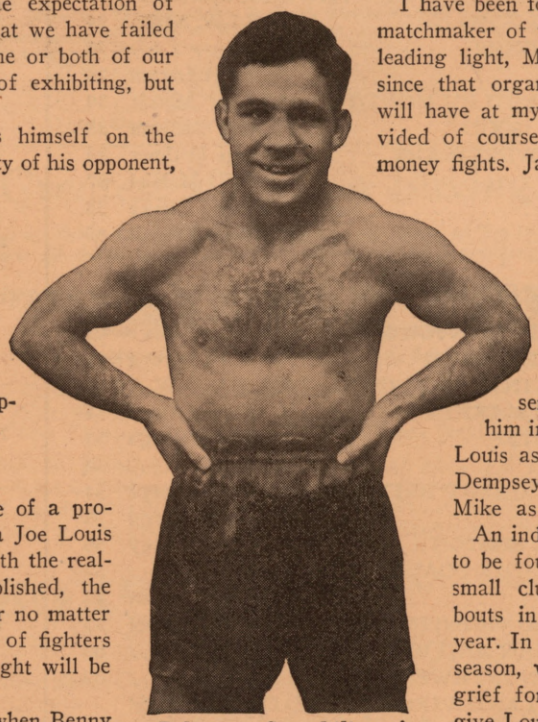
Sometimes one of the boys finds himself on the receiving end because of the superiority of his opponent, as was the case in all of Joe Louis' battles last year, but in such a case the fans find no fault with pairing because they realize as does the matchmaker when he makes the match, that regardless of opponent, the fans will come out in droves to see a Joe Louis in action. It is not the matchmaker's fault that no fit opponent can be found for a Louis.

* * *

IT isn't often in the lifetime of a promoter or matchmaker that a Joe Louis makes his appearance and with the realization that his supremacy is established, the matchmaker's task is a simple one for no matter who he selects among the first flight of fighters in the heavyweight division, such a fight will be natural.

I was up at the old Fairmont Club when Benny Leonard made his start and with Billy Gibson, I have seen 'em come and go for so many years, that it is no longer a novelty for me to be mingling with the elite in fisticuffs. As the matchmaker of the Garden prior to Jimmy Johnston's appointment, I was fortunate in having fifteen successive sellouts which I believe, constitutes a record, but of course business conditions at that time were far more favorable than they are at present, and I fear that such a feat would be well nigh impossible at this time.

Yet we all see the bright rays in the boxing game. The sport is coming back with a bang thanks to the rise of Joe Louis who has instilled new life into the sport and it won't be long before sellouts will again be the rule, rather than the exception.



Balcasar Sangchili, of Spain, recognized world bantam king, who expects to fight Sixto Escobar in this country in the near future.

As I have already stated, the principal factor in the comeback of boxing, is the climb of Joe to fistic fame. This sensational Detroit Negro has done more for the sport than any other contributing factor and with him as the headliner for the major important bouts for 1936, I can readily vision a year of prosperity for pugilism such as boxing has not experienced since 1927, the greatest moneyed year in fisticuffs in the history of the game.

I have had an opportunity, as matchmaker of the Twentieth Century Club which has control of Louis' activity, to study Joe very carefully, and I can say this for him—he is the greatest all-around fighter I have ever seen and as such, should perform this year to gatherings that I predict, will pay upwards of $3,000,000 to see him.

* * *

I HAVE read every article written by Nat Fleischer on Joe Louis and have listened to his Thursday 8 o'clock fight broadcasts over W-N-E-W and his talks on Louis have been most inspiring because he has had his finger on the pulse of the boxing situation from the day we watched Joe perform against Natie Brown in Detroit.

He said over the air that night of the fight that Joe was the answer to the boxing promoters' prayer, and he hit the nail right on the head. Joe has been the life saver of boxing and I think so much of him, that in my selections of the year's best fights, I have picked Joe as my outstanding heavyweight.

I have been fortunate in obtaining the appointment of matchmaker of the 20th Century Club which has for its leading light, Mike Jacobs, because I fully realize that since that organization controls Joe Louis' activity, I will have at my command the man who will star, provided of course he isn't stymied, in the year's biggest money fights. Jacobs, like Rickard, is a genius when it comes to staging affairs in which the gambling element is involved, but Mike goes a step further than did the remarkable Tex, for Jacobs knows how to avoid political entanglements, something Rickard was unable to do.

Mike is a keen observer of small details, always has his pulse on public sentiment and with plenty of money to aid him in his gigantic ventures, he has established Louis as the greatest drawing power since Jack Dempsey's day, and Joe in turn, has established Mike as the premier promoter of this period.

An indication of what Louis' rise has meant, is to be found in New York City where only two small clubs, besides the Garden, were staging bouts in 1934 as against seven which ran last year. In addition, the clubs are making profit this season, whereas the year before, it was full of grief for them. This is an excellent sign and I give Louis full credit for the change.

When Nate Lewis picked his twenty-five leading matches for 1935, he said that if the matchmakers of the world were able to clinch six of these, he would regard it as a good average, because of the difficulty the matchmakers encounter in getting the stars together. Yet in checking up on Nate Lewis, I find that actually ten were consummated, an excellent percentage and if of those I name, that number are completed, I shall feel equally elated.

Of course, as I have remarked, my task may be a simpler one so far as success in consummating the matches is concerned, only because I won't have to worry over the most prominent figure, Joe Louis. With him in the fold, and every heavyweight attempting to hook up as his opponent only because of the gate,

that Hold Spotlight

Tom McArdle, One of the Country's Leading Promoters, Selects Twenty-five Outstanding Bouts for 1935

I feel that every bout which I name with Louis as one of the contestants, can be clinched, and the gate depends on Joe's ability to live up to expectations.

With the Garden and Jacobs' Twentieth Century Club to furnish the rivalry in bidding for the lucrative bouts in New York and the shrewd Jim Mullen and Nate Lewis who have combined in their promotional endeavors to furnish the rivalry in Chicago and Detroit, the pickings should be good for each organization this year, because of the better class of bouts that can be arranged in all classes.

* * *

THE heavyweight class furnishes the barometer in boxing. If that division clicks with Johnny Public, then every other division goes over with a bang. With that in mind, I think that because of the intense interest in the heavyweight section, the year will be the biggest we ever have had in boxing.

Taking the first important match of the new year, that arranged by Mike Jacobs between Louis and Schmeling, I think that it will draw a million dollars at the gate. Despite the statements that have so often appeared to the effect that Herr Max will be a target for Joe and that the bout will be one-sided, the public will come out in droves for such a match because of the uncertainty in the outcome.

Schmeling is a dangerous hitter and where heavyweights are concerned, anything is likely to happen when two powerful hitters face each other. The bout will test Louis' courage and ability to take it, more so than any fight he has yet had, and that in itself will be ample reason for predicting a million dollar gate.

* * *

NOW let us for the moment presume that Louis will do what the average fan and sports writer predicts—score over Schmeling and possibly by a knockout. In that case, especially should the victory be a decisive one, then a gate of a million and a half and possibly two million—a complete sell out of the Yankee Stadium at whatever prices are charged, would be assured for a world heavyweight championship bout between Louis and Braddock—the greatest natural since Dempsey's comeback bout with Gene Tunney in Chicago.

If in that bout Louis should win the title, it would then be a case of locating a man worth while to clash with him, but since Joe thrives on fights, I believe that his mentors will insist on contests being arranged for him with whatever talent would be available, and in such a case, I think that bouts with Hank Hankinson and Al Ettore would be arranged. Each of these would be certain sell-outs regardless of where staged. A contest with Abie Feldman for the middle west is in the stage of negotiation and I predict that Louis will be the first fighter in modern times to be the cause of sellouts in each of his engagements.

Now let us consider the opposite side. Should Louis fall a victim to Schmeling, something that is possible yet improbable, then a Schmeling-Braddock fight would be in order, and that I predict would fall far short of the million dollar gate in receipts. The lure would be missing. The thrilling moments one would expect in a Louis-Braddock mill, would be lacking and the gate would suffer as a result.

A Braddock-Carnera fight would be almost as good a drawing match as would be a Schmeling-Braddock encounter because of the Italian's comeback, but neither would command the public's attention as would the Braddock-Louis affair. As a matchmaker,

Tom McArdle, Matchmaker of Madison Square Garden.

I would not hesitate to grab any of the bouts I've just enumerated. A Louis-Hankinson fight would go big on the Coast where Hankinson is the big attraction while a bout between Louis and Al Ettore would attract a capacity attendance in Philadelphia.

Ettore is one of the best prospects among the heavies. He has made consistent progress and I think he'll go big this year. Hankinson, after a poor showing against Eddie Mader in New York, came back with renewed vigor in Coast battles and I think that there is a possibility of Louis going through with a Hankinson bout on the Coast, as Louis' managers are desirous of making another Coast trip.

* * *

LEROY HAYNES, Los Angeles Negro, has been doing some fine work around Philadelphia, and should go well in various parts of the country. Lorenzo Pack, another dangerous colored contender from Chicago, is due to give Joe plenty of challenges in the coming year. Pack is a murderous hitter. Tiger Jack Fox, of Spokane, still another Negro menace, of whom you may be hearing things, will be noticed.

Max Marek, product of the Catholic Boys Club of Chicago, looks very good, and there is Bob Pastor, Red Burman, Hank Bath. Burman is a protégé of Jack Dempsey's while Bath is being handled by Jack Kearns. They recently clashed in the Garden and the outcome will not seriously affect their future prospects as they are both youngsters, but very promising. A few others in the preliminary ranks are: Jorge Brescia, Frankie Connolly, Eddie Blunt, Phil Johnson and George Turner.

* * *

IN the light-heavyweight division we have the newly elected leader, John Henry Lewis. As a headliner, Lewis does not carry the necessary "color" to instill red hot interest in the division but he is a capable fighter and there is plenty of competition for him. The best card in the division is Jock McAvoy, the latest English sensation. He will give Lewis plenty of trouble.

McAvoy is a first-class fighter. It is a pleasure to watch an Englishman fight like an American headliner. McAvoy reminds me of the days of Ted Kid Lewis, Freddy Welsh, Jem Driscoll and Owen Moran. It is going to take a mighty good man to take his measure.

McAvoy and Jack Peterson, another likely Englishman, should be good attractions on either side of the ocean. Peterson has plenty of ability but has been badly handled. Jack Gibbons, son of the more famous Mike, who made one showing in New York, looked good in whipping Billy Ketchell. Jack showed shiftiness, speed and crafty fighting ability and carries the noodle possessed by his Dad.

Ambrose Palmer, Australian light-heavyweight champion, is another foreigner of whom I have good reports. Eric Seelig, who fights in both middleweight and light-heavyweight divisions, should provide a good match for McAvoy. Charley Coates, a dusky product from Akron, Ohio, is creating plenty of havoc on the Coast and the sporting writers there have already given him the appellation of "Killer" Coates.

The Twenty-five Leading Attractions for 1936

Joe Louis vs. Jimmy Braddock
Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling
Jimmy Braddock vs. Max Schmeling
Jimmy Braddock vs. Primo Carnera
Joe Louis vs. Hank Hankinson
Joe Louis vs. Al Ettore
Joe Louis vs. Abie Feldman
John Henry Lewis vs. Jock McAvoy
John Henry Lewis vs. Jack Peterson
John Henry Lewis vs. Ambrose Palmer
Jock McAvoy vs. Erich Seelig
Jock McAvoy vs. Jack Peterson
Marcel Thil vs. Babe Risko
Marcel Thil vs. Freddy Steele
Barney Ross vs. Jimmy McLarnin
Barney Ross vs. Tony Canzoneri
Barney Ross vs. Jack Carroll
Barney Ross vs. Cleto Locatelli
Tony Canzoneri vs. Jimmy McLarnin
Tony Canzoneri vs. Pedro Montanez
Tony Canzoneri vs. Lou Ambers
Freddy Miller vs. Baby Arizmendi;
Freddy Miller vs. Mike Belloise;
Sixto Escobar vs. Balcasar Sangchili
Benny Lynch vs. Small Montana

Ray Actis and Phil Brubaker, both from San Francisco, have been showing good form and should go further during the year. Actis has been likened into another Stanley Ketchell because of his terrific hitting powers while Brubaker has both boxing and hitting skill. All of these boys, if properly matched, will keep the promoters and matchmaker busy during the year.

* * *

THE middleweights with Marcel Thil at the head, have a number of classy fighters but the refusal of Thil to come to the U. S. A. has handicapped the division. It is a pity that he cannot come over here and give the Americans a chance to see him work.

Freddy Steele, Tacoma lad, is another formidable fighter. A bout between him and Thil and also with Babe Risko would attract a good gate. Then there is Fred Apostoli, of San Francisco, who keeps winning steadily; Ken Overlin, rugged sailor from Norfolk, Va.; Al Quaill, from Pittsburgh; Solly Krieger, of Brooklyn; Johnny Rossi, of Boston; Carmen Barth, from Cleveland, Oscar Rankins, of the Pacific Coast, and Harry Balsamo, a hard hitting youngster from New York. These are all names that the promoter can depend upon for potential material for the future.

* * *

COMING down to the welterweight division, we find it headed by Barney Ross, a capable and excellent fighter, who seems to be hesitant about defending his title. Ross can really fight but his mentors seem to think that keeping the title locked in a safety vault, insures the crown for Barney. Ross is too good a fighter to remain inactive and keep the welterweight title at a standstill. Another Ross-Jimmy McLarnin bout would still draw them whether they fought in New York or Chicago. Ross and Tony Canzoneri would prove an attractive contest.

Ross with McLarnin or Canzoneri would positively draw over $100,000. Matches with Jack Carroll, capable Australian entry, who recently whipped Bep Van Klaveren, showed that he is a figure to contend with in welterweight circles. Cleto Locatelli, Ceferino Garcia, Kid Azteca and Van Klaveren should enable Ross to clean up the division and also garner some money for himself by getting back into competition.

Some of the better looking welterweights are: Eddie Kid Wolfe, Jimmy Leto, Leon Zorrita, Izzy Jannazzo, Al Manfredo and Joe Bernal. The likely youngsters in the background are: Andy Jesserun, Baby Sal Saban, Frankie Genovese, Danny Koplick, Sammy Meadows, Tiger Al Lewis, Ralph Vona. These are boys who can be nursed along and eventually they will develop into the headliners of tomorrow.

* * *

TONY CANZONERI, one of the greatest assets to boxing we've had in many years, is still at the top of the lightweight ladder but he may find some competition in the new year. I think his most dangerous competitor is Pedro Montanez, Porto Rican entry, who has been confining his efforts to the smaller clubs around New York since coming to this country but has shown first-class fighting quality. He is an aggressive, crowd pleasing type and I think that Canzoneri and Montanez would outdraw any lightweight championship match around New York because of the many Spaniards, Porto Ricans and Cubans who would turn out for this fray. Canzoneri is good for another go with Lou Ambers who whipped Frankie Klick and established himself as the leading contender. Others who might prove capable opponents for Tony's lightweight crown are: Wesley Ramey, Leo Rodak or Bobby Pacho but it is doubtful if the Mexican can make the lightweight limit. Harry Mizler, British lightweight, with whom Canzoneri is practically matched in England, should draw a big gate as it will be the first world's lightweight title bout in England since Freddy Welsh whipped Willie Ritchie.

Then there are opponents like Al Roth, Leonard Del Genio, Joey Ferrando, Norment Quarles, Indian Hurtado, Aldo Spoldi, Davey Day, Phil Baker, Chino Alvarez, Jimmy Garrison and Holman Williams. The youngsters who look good are: Al Nettlow, Marty Pomerantz, Maxie Berger, Pete De Ruzzi and Louis Camps who should provide fireworks for the smaller clubs.

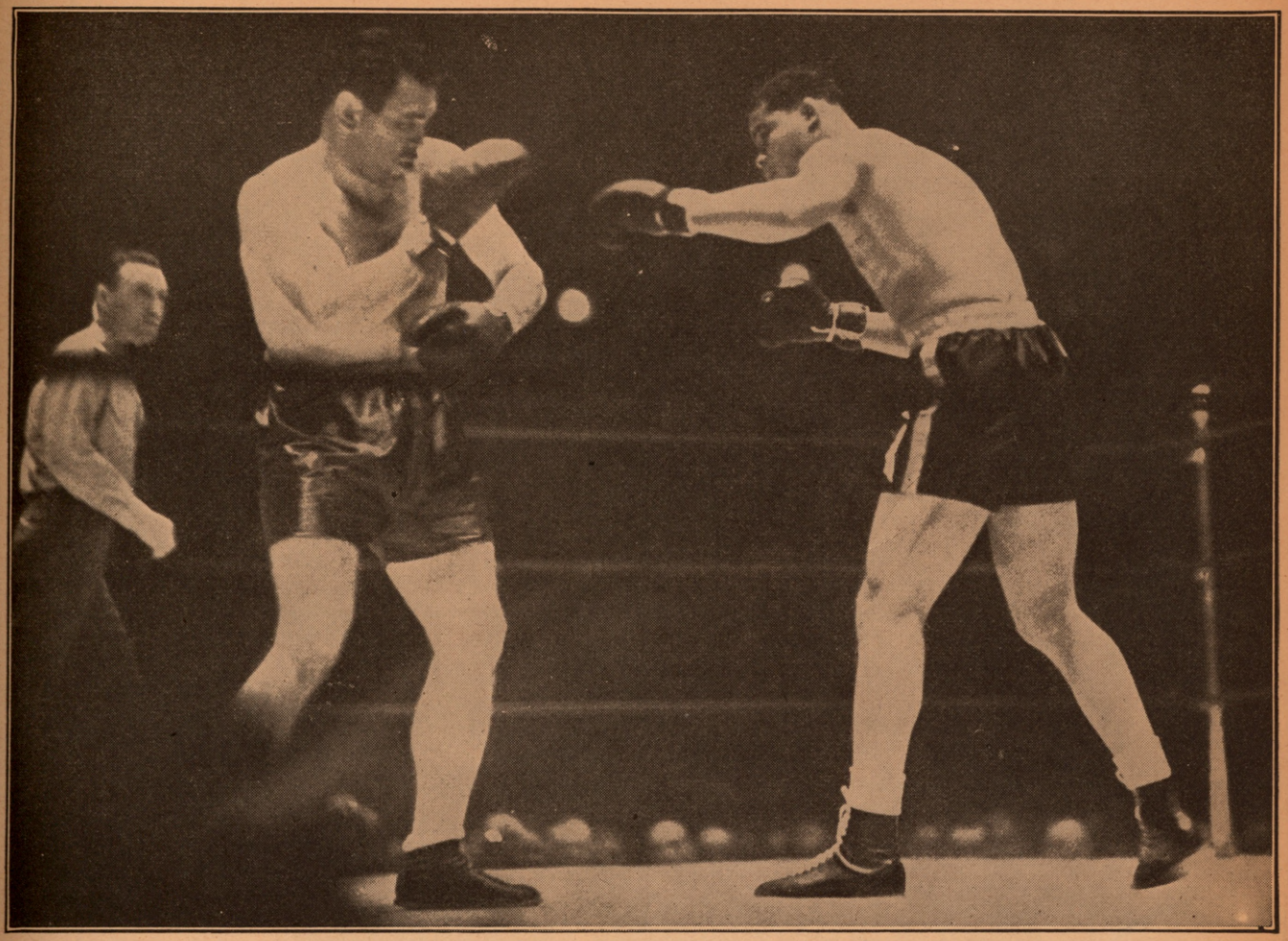
* * *

FREDDY MILLER, Cincinnati's featherweight champion, who had to travel abroad to earn recognition as the world's champion, is a good titleholder but because of his southpaw style, finds lucrative opponents scarce. If Miller fights Maurice Holtzer, European featherweight champion, who has beaten Miller once, such a bout in Paris or London would draw well. A local match between Miller and Baby Arizmendi or Mike Belloise would look mighty appetizing on paper and should induce fans to attend. I think Miller should tackle Arizmendi or Belloise to settle the featherweight tournament problem for the New York State Athletic Commission, even though Freddy's claim is as clear as water. It would solve an embarrassing situation for the local Commission. Other worth-while opponents are: Midget Wolgast, Henry Armstrong, Young Casanova, Petey Sarron, Fillo Echeverria, Petey Hayes, Nel Tarleton. A few of the prospects are: Victor Vallee, Joey Wach, Bernie Friedkin, Nicky Jerome, Jimmy English, Al Ried, Johnny Hutchinson, Wally Hall and Young Jack Sharkey.

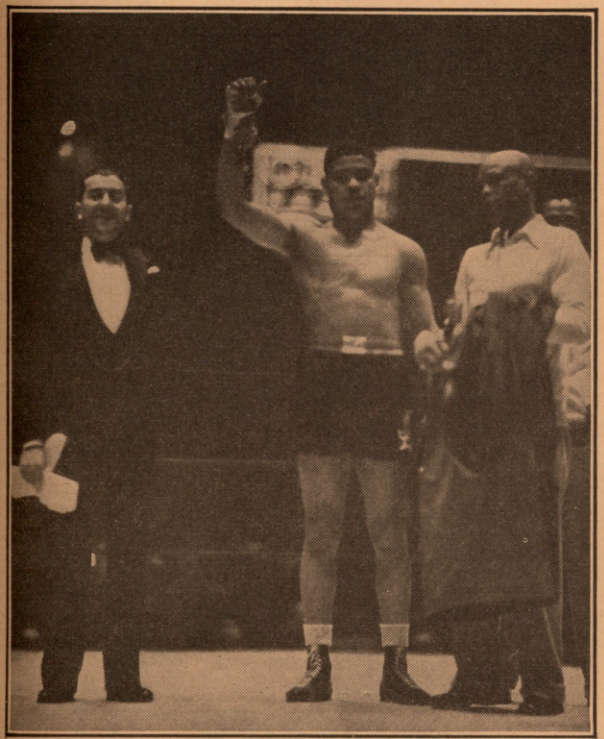
* * *

COMING down to the bantamweight division, we find it topped by Balcasar Sangchili, who recently won the title from Al Brown in Spain. Sangchili's ability is little known in this country but his victory over Brown established him as a known figure. I am trying to get Sangchili to come here and meet Sixto Escobar, mighty little scrapper from Porto Rico, who helped to establish the popularity of the bantam division in New York. I would like to see Sangchili tangle with Escobar to settle the supremacy question with the winner meeting Louis Salica. Pablo Dano seems to be the best of the smaller men on the Coast while England boasts of a corker in Johnny King, British champion. Frankie Martin, *(Continued on page 46)*

Camera Shots in the Louis-Paulino Fight



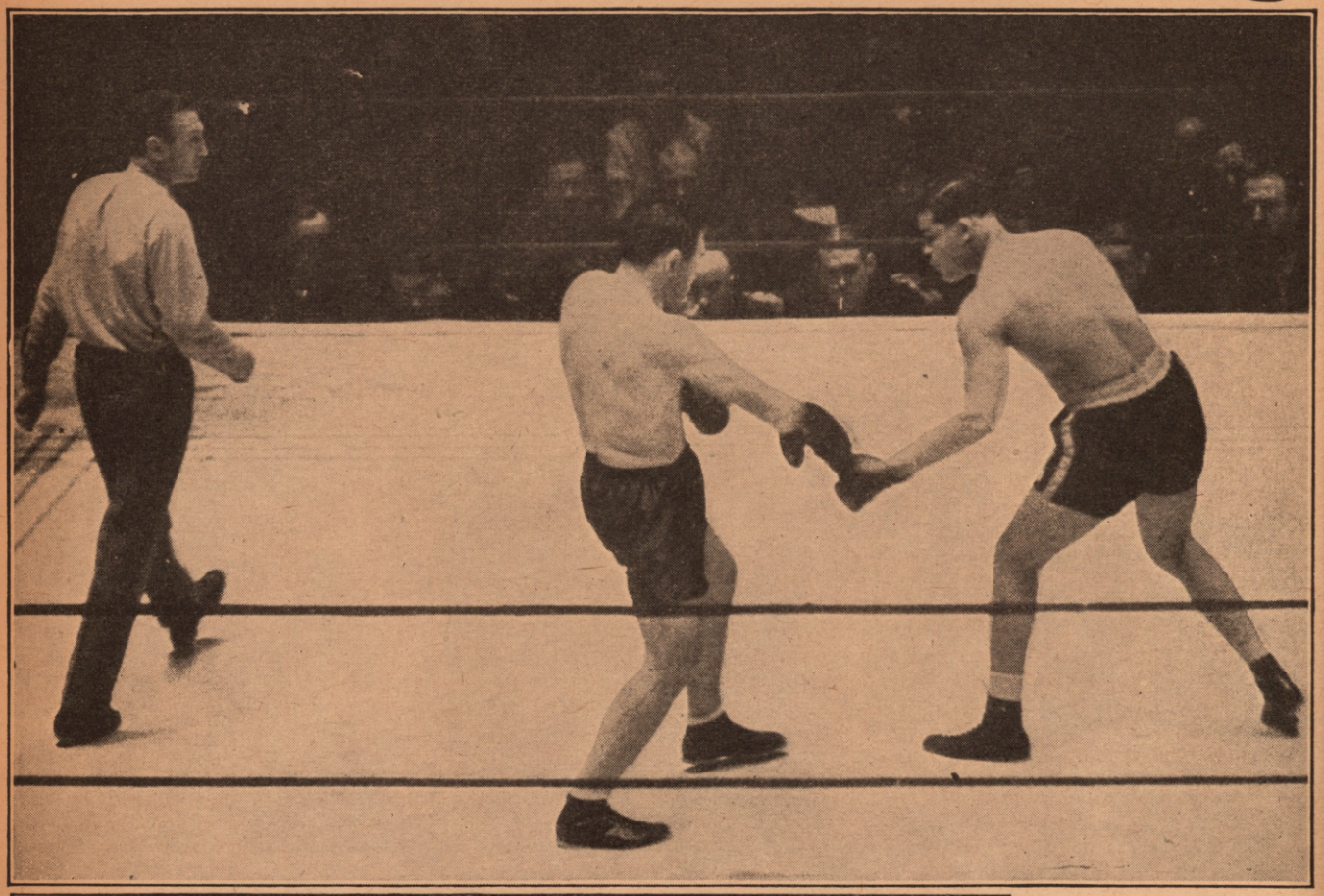
This photograph illustrates the typical guard of Paulino, a criss-cross arm movement. Despite the difficulty to penetrate it, Louis' left caused Uzcudun's face to become as red as a beet from continuous short, powerful jabs.



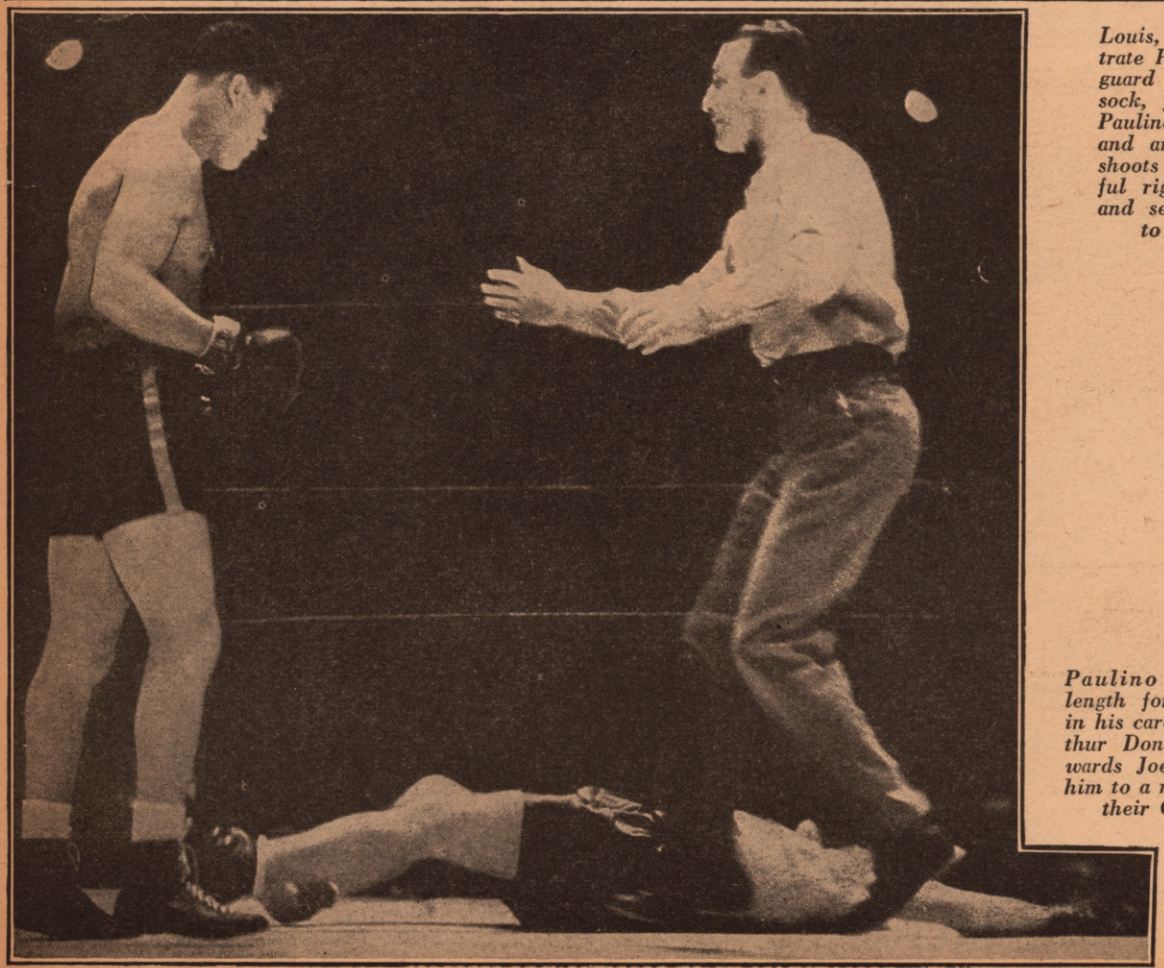
The end of a perfect evening for Louis. Announcer Harry Balogh holds up Joe's hand in token of victory and his faithful trainer, Jack Blackburn, stands by.

Escorted by his chief seconds, Whitey Bimstein, right, and Ray Arcel, left, with Referee Arthur Donovan in the rear, Paulino wobbles to his corner, a beaten, downhearted, sick man.

When the Bounding

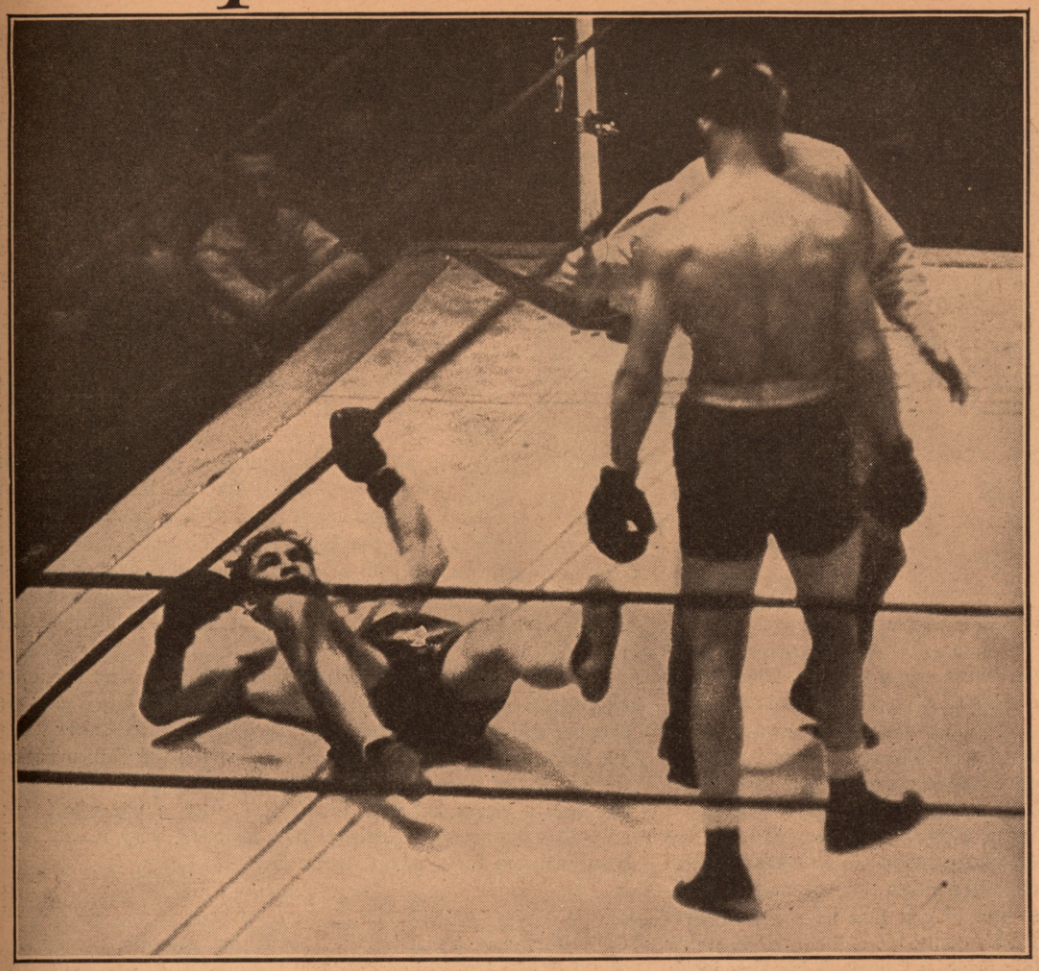


Louis, unable to penetrate Paulino's weird guard for the lethal sock, finally draws Paulino's guard down and an instant later shoots over his powerful right to the chin and sends the Basque to the canvas.



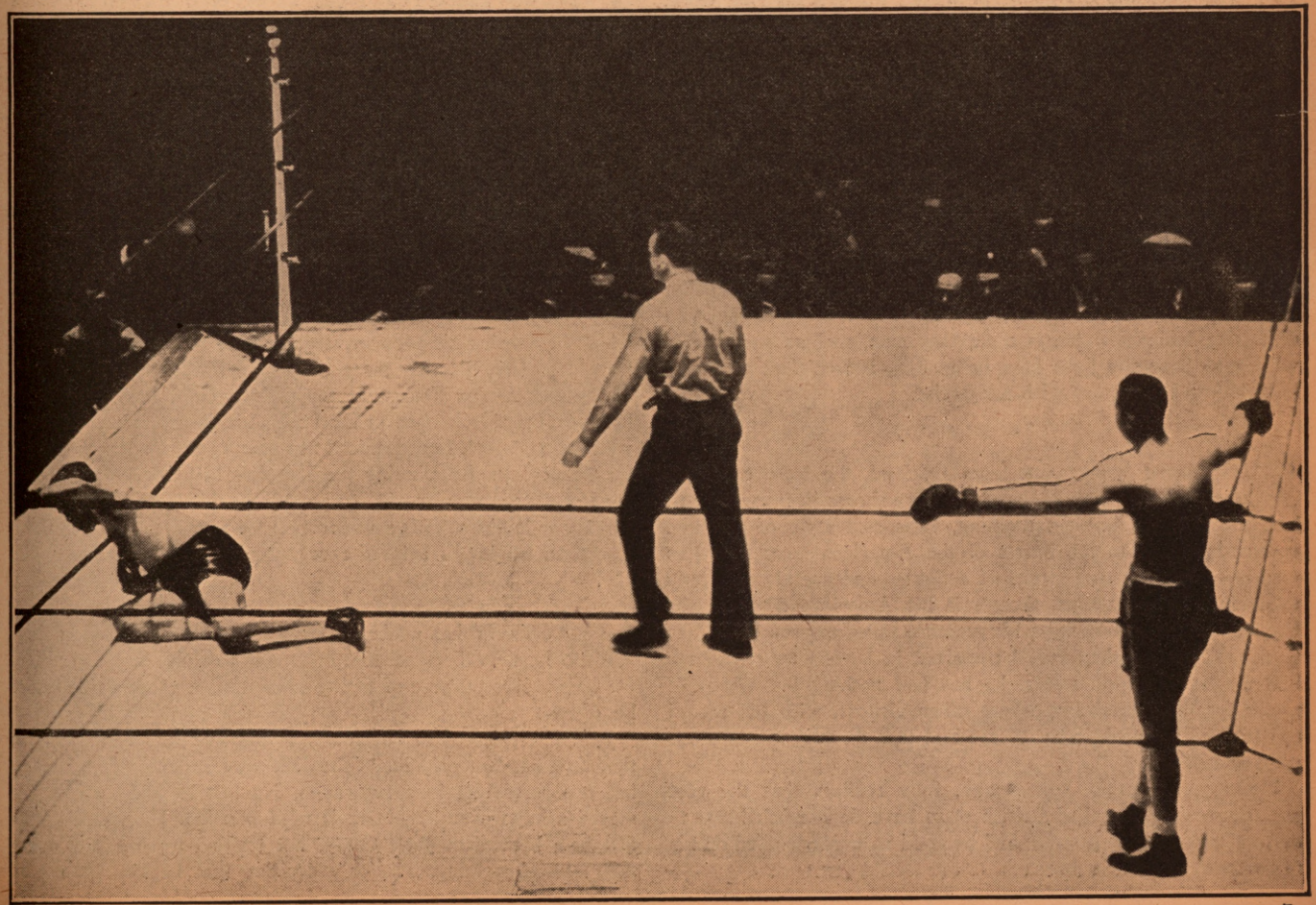
Paulino stretched at full length for the first time in his career. Referee Arthur Donovan rushes towards Joe Louis to send him to a neutral corner of their Garden fight.

Basque Hit the Canvas

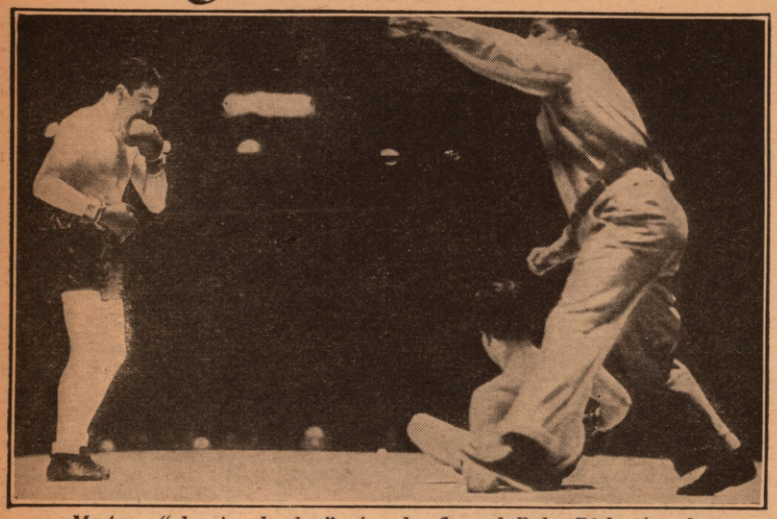


Here we see Paulino instinctively grabbing for the ropes in an effort to draw himself into an upright position while the referee is escorting Louis to a neutral corner.

Paulino on one knee is pulling himself from the canvas while Referee Donovan is waiting to pick up the count of the knockdown timekeeper and Joe Louis remains calmly in his corner waiting for the kill.



JOHN BULL'S



McAvoy "chawing leather" after he floored Babe Risko for the sixth and final count.

IDIOSYNCRASIES among athletes are generally far more exploited than among those of the average individual. It is the oddity in the life of an athlete that makes for best reading, and that's why, whenever a boxing scribe finds a scarcity of general news, he picks on a boxer who is in the spotlight and hands his readers either a sob story or a human interest yarn based on the life of that boxer. There is ample reason for this, for in no other sport do we find so many of the unusual types as abound in boxing.

One day you'll read a story of a fighter who is of the studious type and your interest rests in his aims to attain an education with the aid of his fists. Then you'll read another story of the theatrically inclined fellow who is so full of ego that he really believes that the world revolves around his dome. He is the headline seeker who daily gets into the public print, not through his ring work, but through public appearances and public statements. That type is exemplified by Max Baer.

Then we have the third type—the quiet, unassuming chap who tackles his job with a vim, finishes his task as it should be, then quickly hides away to keep himself from gaining too much public attention. He is the retiring, reticent fellow who is satisfied to stick to his last and let the other man do the shouting from the house tops. He is the type who permits the public to judge him for what he is, and takes his praise with modesty. That's the kind of fighter the subject of this story, Jock McAvoy, is.

Shy, almost to the point of bashfulness, he dislikes to talk about himself and his victories, and is just as reticent when it comes to discussing his rivals. He is a fighting man, and as such, he is willing to have the fight fans judge him, rather than to thrust himself into the picture with self-praise.

* * *

THIS latest importation from England, the least exploited of any fighter who has come to these shores in many moons, has, through his dashing, thrilling, two-fisted style of fighting, endeared himself to the hearts of the American fistic followers who recognize the true merits of a fighter and are always ready to do him homage. Even though in his American debut in the Garden and the second fight, his presence failed to arouse the fans to the extent that they would come out in large numbers to see him display his fistic wares, he has had nothing but words of praise for the Americans, where other visitors, with his record and his ability, would take offense and toss the harpoon into our sportsmanship.

McAvoy, a sensible young man, fully realizes that the past performances of so-called British stars have done much harm to the real fighters like himself, and he good naturedly smiled on his misfortune with the remark:

"Well, I shall show them that not every British boxer is a horizontal fighter. At least I'm sure I'm not, and I'll try to convince your people."

And, true to his word, he did convince us in a manner that has drawn international attention to him. His defeat of America's leading contender for light-heavyweight honors, followed by his speedy two-minute K.O. of Babe Risko, our middleweight king, were performances that turned the trick for Jock. No amount of words could have accomplished for him what his fists did in those two fights.

* * *

McAVOY arrived in this country under the tutelage of Dave Lumiansky, former mentor of Al Brown, the one-time bantam king, and made the trip solely for the purpose of obtaining a fight with John Henry Lewis for the light-heavyweight title. When he applied for such a bout, he was informed that the Boxing Commission insisted that he first clash with a battler of known ability, and Jimmy Johnston offered Jock none other than the outstanding contender, Al McCoy. Did McAvoy balk? Not at all! "I'll take him," he replied.

And so he made his American debut and it was an auspicious one, for he whipped McCoy to the Queen's taste. He amazed the skeptics with a dazzling showing. Those who had expected another Joe Beckett or a Phil Scott placed on view left the Garden singing the praises of a second Owen Moran and Jem Driscoll. They had seen a clever lad with two T.N.T. fists, a boy who fought so unlike the average Britisher that he could very readily have been mistaken for a son of Uncle Sam.

* * *

THEN came a match with Babe Risko. Babe is a hard-hitting lad, who knocked out Teddy Yarosz once and won the United States title from him in a return engagement, and it was figured that he would take the measure of Jock. A few days prior to the battle, McAvoy had injured his thumb and remained out of training, and on the day of the fight, he came in at 168½ pounds, two more than Risko had been promised Jock would. However, those two pounds would have made little difference in the final outcome.

McAvoy rushed out of his corner, crashed a right to the jaw and down went Risko with a thud. Six times the American champion hit the canvas before he was counted out and the entire bout lasted less than one round. That fight proved Jock's right to recognition and he is now established as a first-rate gladiator.

McAvoy is the proud owner of the Lord Lonsdale belt, a trophy which he won as his permanent possession as a result of successfully defending his title three times. He beat Len Harvey, Jack Casey and Archie Sexton at the middleweight limit. The light-heavyweight title is open in England with the retirement of Eddie Phillips, and Jock is recognized at home as the leading contender for that crown. By winning the Lonsdale belt, McAvoy also won for himself an annuity of fifty pounds, or $250, which will be his so long as he lives. This sum comes from a fund set aside by Lord Lonsdale, England's beloved sportsman.

* * *

McAVOY has made sufficient money from boxing in England to become independently wealthy. He came here for the specific purpose of trying to capture a world's title before he retires.

Jock has engaged in one hundred and five ring battles and in that time has lost only four times. He was beaten by Len Harvey but conquered him in a return go. He lost to Kid Pearson but scored a kayo over him in their next meeting. He was disqualified in a bout with Jack Casey, but had no trouble in winning their second meeting. The only decision that he lost which was

FISTIC STAR

Jock McAvoy, Least Exploited of Any British Fighter, Thrills Americans With Dashing, Two-Fisted Style of Milling

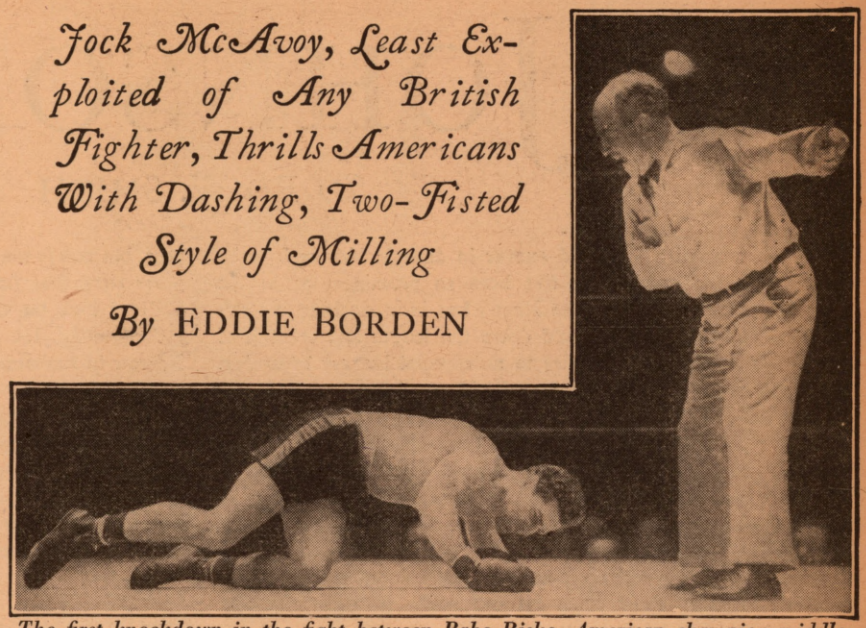
By EDDIE BORDEN

never contested was that in the bout with Marcel Thil, present world's middleweight champ. It was an overweight meeting and the only conditions under which McAvoy could get the bout were that it had to be held in Paris and was to be a non-championship meeting.

According to Lumiansky, Thil was guilty of landing many low punches in the early rounds which tended to weaken McAvoy so that he was unable to come on at the finish. Jock will fight Thil for almost nothing, provided Thil will agree to box in any country but France, which is Thil's native land.

* * *

JOCK has scored eighty-two knockouts and won nineteen decisions. He would like to fight every week here just to destroy the American illusion that there are no first-class men in England. Lumiansky is aiming Jock for one good match in England which, he claims, will draw $250,000. That is with Jack Peterson, the present heavyweight champion, and one of the most popular of English attractions. Jock's last English showing was at Manchester when he whipped Marcel Lauriot, a rugged Frenchman, in fifteen rounds on October 7. He scored several knockdowns but could not put the game Lauriot away for good.



The first knockdown in the fight between Babe Risko, American champion middleweight, and Jock McAvoy in Madison Square Garden. Babe is spread on the canvas.

While training for his American debut, Jock received a cable from his wife, that she was leaving for America immediately. It was too late for him to prevent her coming and Jock was a happy boy when Mrs. McAvoy arrived. They have been married seven and one-half years and they have three children, Leonora, four; Jackie, five; and Joe, six.

Mrs. Jock McAvoy, a vivacious lass, is all het up in her man, but is so fearful that something might happen to him in the ring that she never attends any of his matches. In speaking of this, in an interview, Mrs. McAvoy remarked that she really hasn't the courage to see her man fight.

"It's all so gripping this fight game. I do so much want Jock to be the champion of the world that I encourage him all I can, but oft-times I am on the verge of changing my mind and begging him to retire. The urge is there, though upon consideration, I feel that it would be grossly unjust for me to ask Jock to quit before his goal is reached.

"It pains me to know that he might be hurt, yet I am fully aware that my man is capable of protecting himself and that the danger is practically nil. Like most English wives, I can't see him strike a person, nor can I see him struck by one. I pray for the day when there will be no more of this and the strain will be all gone."

I asked Jock why he kept biting the leather on the thumb of the left glove and he remarked:

"You mean 'chawing leather.'" This, of course, is a British phrase and created a bit of amusement from those who were listening in. Then Jock explained.

"I hurt the knuckle of my right thumb some years ago and often when the glove is extremely tight I feel a sensation which causes me a little uneasiness. The American make of glove cramps my thumb very much. You see, your gloves have a rounded point while in England we make the glove with a square edge, which affords the thumb more room than does yours. To relieve the pressure, therefore, I simply take the glove thumb in my teeth and yank on it to loosen it up so that I can close my fist tighter.

"There really is no trick about this. It is just a matter of trying to improve my grip. The average fighter forgets that the greatest force in his fists comes when he makes the fist in the right way with the thumb extending across the clenched fist.

"How did you acquire the power behind your punch?" I asked.

"First, I used beef brine to toughen the hands. I know that the use of beef brine for the hands is as old as boxing, especially in England, and, of course, I found that though it toughened my skin it didn't relieve the soreness of the thumb. So now I have given up the use of the beef brine and I make *(Continued on page 47)*

The children of McAvoy, Leonora, Joe and Jackie.

LOUIS *Better Than* JOHNSON?

By ED W. SMITH

BY way of a foreword—never in athletic history has the man of mahogany tint been so prominent as at the present moment. The Negro has been slashing records right and left, up and down the length and breadth of the land, confining his activities to no especial locality or sector. No longer is the work confined to the Howard Drews, the Eddie Tolans, the Ralph Metcalfes, the Ned Gourdins—there have come Jesse Owens and Willis Ward and Cornelius Johnson, Eulace Peacock and dozens of others, all from colleges and universities who have been making athletic history in large and effective gobs almost weekly.

And there are so many lesser lights, all with extreme potentialities, that it is positively amazing. The colored man loves to compete, loves to show off a bit and really is about the best entertainer of any of the races.

But probably the most amazing of all these chocolate-hued athletes is a young fighter who is hanging up an unusual world's record—he and his people. He is a heavyweight fighter and is being exploited, not for the tremendous amount of pelf that is within reach, but so far as the Negro race is concerned, for the laudable purpose of proving to the world that he is the best fighter of all. His name is Joe Louis.

His two managers, more like pals than the usual cold-blooded handlers, are men of wealth and good taste. They are commendably modest and self-effacing. But they are heart and soul in this young man's future. They employed a Negro trainer who is a man made great for his place by years of bitter ring experience that brought him thorough knowledge of every boxing angle.

These four form a sporting quartet the likes of which never was known in pugilism before—world's record breakers if ever there was such a thing. They are going to get their young fighter all the money they can, of course, but it is all for him that they are working—to make him a champion and to show the world that a Negro heavyweight can conduct himself with propriety the same as can a white champion and that he can arise well above the ordinary conditions that usually surround a champion, no matter his race, breeding, creed or previous condition.

With such a preamble, please go on with the story:—

* * *

JOE LOUIS, a 21-year-old upstart just a few months out of the amateur boxing rings, is so definitely close to a championship title among the fighting men that it may no longer be considered a laughing matter. Louis is a colored man, hence what the sporting world always considered "the menace."

There have been other menaces, but this is the most serious of the lot for it is exactly twenty years since that fateful day in 1915 in Havana, Cuba, when Jess Willard took the title away from Jack Johnson.

And today, Joe Louis, just turned 21 and born Joseph Louis Barrow in Alabama is exactly as close to the title as Jack Johnson was at 30—twenty-seven years ago. And Johnson won it.

Many good judges think Louis will be a repeater. His age and inexperience are against him but this is an age of athletic miracles, they conclude. Especially is it an age of tremendous colored athletes in other lines of athletic endeavor. Note the great sprinters, football players, jumpers and others of dark skin who are astounding the world with their feats.

* * *

THE average age of a champion from the days of John L. Sullivan down to and including the present James J. Braddock is about 27.

Jack Dempsey at 24 was the youngest; Bob Fitzsimmons at 35 was the oldest.

So a young blade of 21 as this Louis chap is, even though he is now only a dangerous contender, is something far, far out of the usual. Big men develop late, much slower than smaller boxers. A featherweight champion at 18 is nothing unusual. But even a heavyweight prospect at that age is generally considered nothing at all, no matter what his size—the bigger the worse it is for him. They just can't be anything solid at that age.

Louis has a better chance of winning than did Johnson for what experts who know the two men consider excellent reasons. Louis, despite his so-called inexperience, is better equipped right now than was Johnson when he came to the front because—

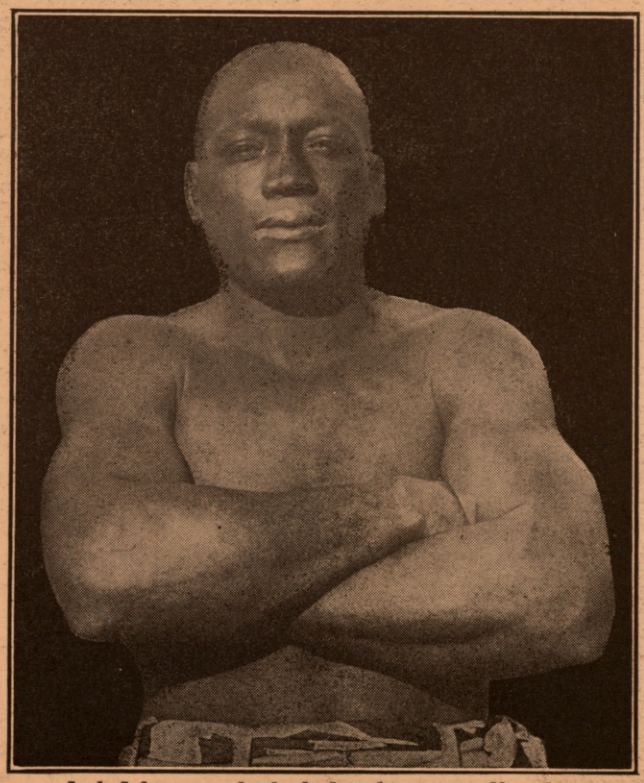
1.—He is a tremendously well-balanced fighter, just as was Johnson.

2.—He is a powerful hitter with either hand, making his own openings and his own "breaks," whereas Johnson was strictly a counter puncher, waiting always for the other fellow to lead.

3.—He has the mental poise which counts so much. He can be told much and will listen. His coaching has been ideal. Johnson had a keen, resourceful, tricky brain but he was not susceptible to good advice. He was too suspicious to listen or have faith in others who wished him well.

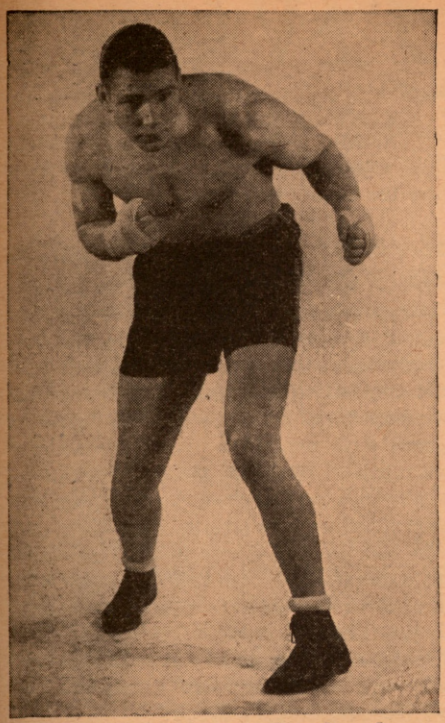
4.—Louis is more steady than was Johnson. He is a good, solid young fellow, earnest and approachable, patient always but with his mind firmly set on the ultimate goal. Unlike Johnson, he is more conscientious. His whole heart is in his work.

(Continued on page 46)

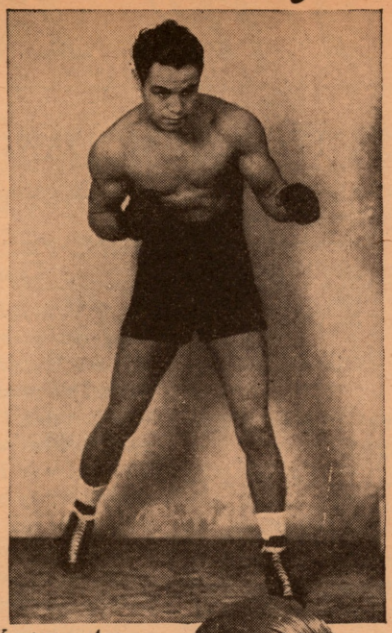


Jack Johnson as he looked in his prime. Note his muscular development.

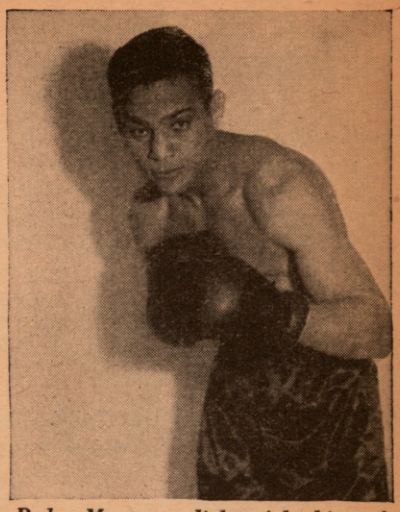
MAKING BID *for* FAME



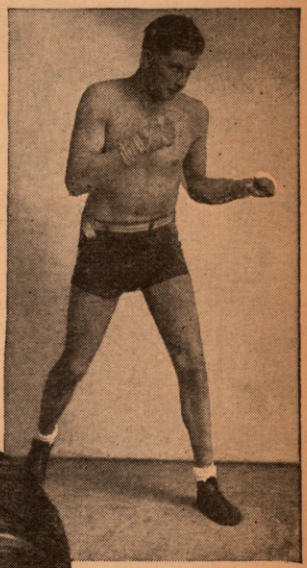
Lou Kieswetter, Western Canadian heavy who was Carnera's sparring mate.



Venture Arana, Mexico City lightweight king under management of Julio Montes.

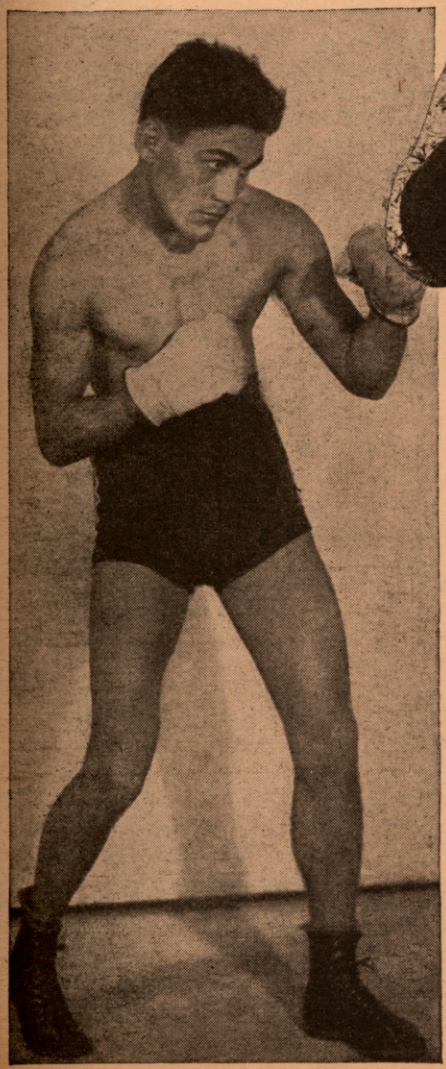


Pedro Montanez, lightweight king of Porto Rico, who made a hit in New York debut.

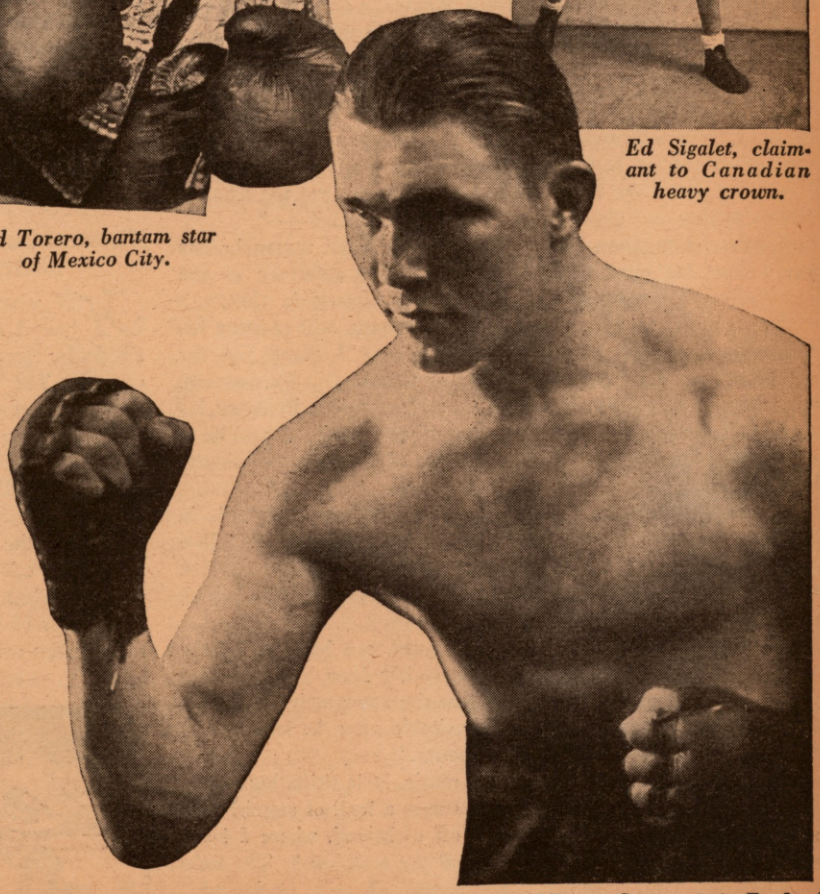


Ed Sigalet, claimant to Canadian heavy crown.

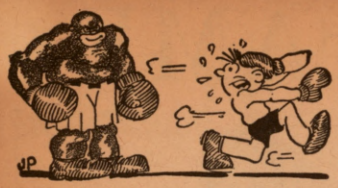
Kid Torero, bantam star of Mexico City.



Baby Manuel, leading Southern flyweight.



Eddie Wenstob, the fighting cowboy of Alberta, Can., now in England.



The RING'S

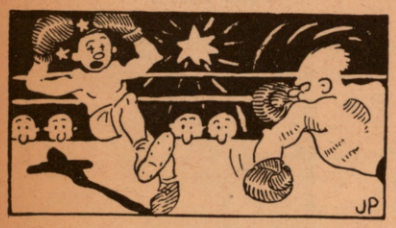
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE world goes round and round, and the fun comes right out here. That is, if you are disposed to take your fun in the form of boxing. THE RING Globe Trotter finds before him an alluring and interesting collection of films, which have to do with fistic affairs in and outside of the squared circle. There is frolic, and there is some measure of sour residue.

Suppose, then, that without further ado, we get right down to watching those films? Okeh, Chumley. Lights out, and some sweet and low music to thrill the soul.

Havana, Cuba:—Mike Jacobs arrives not to stage the Louis-Gastanaga fight.

AH, what a scene! Sunflooded Havana! Dark-eyed, dark-haired, smiling, sweet senoritas! The allure of the tropics! Guitars guittering, banjoes banjing, ukes ukeing! Havana in December! Not a cloud in the sky, not a fleecy cloud against the horizon!



The guards march down to the airport, and out of a royal gondola steps Dom Miguel Jacobs, the big boxing promoter from New York. Dom Miguel smiles at the reception, he twirls his mustachioes, only Dom Miguel has no mustachioes. But he twirls them, anyway. He is overjoyed at this show of good fellowship. Havana is his, says the chairman of the committee.

Gay senoritas toss roses and pansies in the path of the big promoter from that far-off New York, for is it not that he has come to Havana to stage the Louis-Gastanaga fight? Is it not that he has arrived to make Havana famous in fisticuffs as it has not been since Willard knocked out Johnson in that gay capital of La Perla de los Antilles?

But let us listen to Dom Miguel. "Your reception goes to my heart. All my life will I remember dear Havana, all my life. Your kindness, your solicitude, your effort to please my every whim, your desire for my personal welfare. Yes, I see it all around me. I see your protecting hand, the hand of welcome, yet the hand of defense against unrighteousness. And if I am elected——"

However, here Dom Miguel stops, as for some reason he has got it into his head that he is running for alderman of the seventy-fourth Bronx district. He catches himself in time.

"Yes, you are so nice," Dom Miguel resumes, still twirling his mustachioes, though he has no mustachioes. "I thank you for myself and for my frands here," waving toward Bill Farnsworth, who, by this time, has discovered that Havana, La Perla de los Antilles, is loaded with senoritas, bacardi and sunshine, and he is off, leaving Dom Miguel to face the rest of the reception single-handed.

The band strikes up the Cuban national anthem. Six birds in blue and green uniforms shoot off a salvo of welcome. More senoritas throw flowers in Dom Miguel's path. He is handed a chili con carne sandwich and the afternoon is big, fat, indeed, with fiesta.

"Cuba and Havana, and even Camaguey, are honored by the visit of the so big promoter from the so big New York, and we are overjoyed that our Gastanaga gets the opportunity to be the champion of the world, which is inevitable after he knocks out Louis, which is simple, very simple matter."

We will now let you listen to the music. It is titillating music. Jacobs is all smiles. Then his face assumes a look of anguish. He shouts: "Wait, I am sorry! I must off to Miami, where I leave my toothbrush. I cannot go on without my toothbrush. The fight is postponed until February. My toothbrush, my toothbrush," shouts Dom Miguel, as the Cubans stand astounded, and Jacobs grabs a plane for Miami, where the air is more restful.

Miami, Fla.:—Mike Jacobs explains collapse of the Louis-Gastanaga bout in Havana.

AH, it is Dom Miguel—we mean Mike Jacobs—still smiling, as he steps out of a plane which just brings him from Havana. Blonde senoritas from Miami Beach greet Miguel as he strikes his promotorial dogs on terra firma, and heaves a huge sigh of relief. "My country 'tis of thee," sings Mike. "What an escape! What an escape!

"I arrive in Havana. I get off the plane, and pretty soon I am surrounded by bodyguards with machine guns. A coupla birds have what looks like trombones, but they are machine guns. Three guys are making believe they are playing 'Annie Rooney,' which the committee thinks is my national anthem, but they do not fool Mike. The piccolos they make believe they are blowing are machine guns.

"I says to myself, I says, 'Listen here, Mike, this is not a healthy climate. If they need machine guns to guard you before the fight, imagine what you will need when that Louis grunts into Gastanaga's puss, and this Gastanaga takes a brodie.'

"I am looking around and I see five nice looking guys lurking in what is known as the offing. They look curiously at me. Suppose we hold the fight and the kidnapers snatch Louis and Roxborough and me, and hold us for ransom?

"I do not like to be snatched. I never liked it. It gives you goose pimples and I do not like goose pimples. Now, my mother used to make goose liver very fine on a Friday night. But goose pimples are not good for anything in particular, and my idea of nothing to do is to go all the way to Havana to collect goose pimples.

"There is no doubt in my mind that the climate of Havana at this time is not conducive to the best interests of any guy who looks healthy and has a bankroll. So I begin hollering, 'I leave my overcoat in New York! I cannot hold this fight down here without my overcoat.' At any rate, I hollered about something.

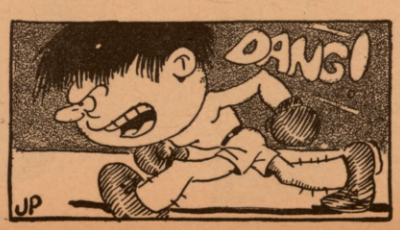
"Anyways, I dashed back here, telling the Cubans that the fight is postponed until February. There is no Louis-Gastanaga fight in Havana. Oh, those machine guns! Those curious fellows with the mustaches!"

Havana, Cuba:—Cubans rise in arms against Jacobs' statement about snatchers and guns.

AH, what a scene! Sun flooded Havana! Dark-eyed, dark-haired, smiling, sweet senoritas! The allure of the tropics! Suddenly, there is a little shower. It is raining Bacardi. What a country! The sun comes out again, with the dark-haired, dark-eyed, sweet senoritas. Ah, where were we? Yes, it is Havana.

The populace is broiled up. Many of the caballeros seethe in the public square, and they are reading and gesticulating and shouting: "Down with Dom Miguel! Down with Jacobs! Down with the American boxing promoters! Down with everything!"

It seems the natives are sore. The spokesman moves up to the mike. "A national insult has been suffered. We meet this Jacobs with senoritas and flowers and music and the native, national good cheer of Cuba. But he thinks the senoritas are gunmen, he believes the trombones are machine guns, he says the merry villagers which bask in that bright, flooding sunshine of our dear Havana are what you call snatchers. It is an insult."



One of the caballeros then makes a motion that Havana declare war on New York. One says,

GLOBE TROTTER

Inside films on the great Jacobs scene in Cuba—New York scribes organize—Garden and solons in red hot flare-up.

"Let us induce Jacobs to re-visit this city. We would like to see him for ten minutes. Yes, we would like to SEE Dom Miguel re-visit this Havana."

At this point the senoritas dance and throw flowers, the guitars gitter and the ukes uke, and everything is forgotten. Cuba does not remember hate. Havana does not cherish ill will.

Perhaps it is all for the best. Suppose the people pay their good dough and Gastanaga takes what is known as the grand high and fancy dive, propelled by the grand fist of the imperturbable Louis?

Quien sabe? Why get sore? And so the villagers disperse, and the international cause celebre of Dom Miguel, the unpromoting promoter of Havana, is closed. Buenos noches, senores and senoritas, Buenos noches!

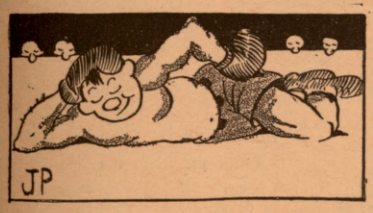
New York, N. Y.:—New York boxing writers organize and hold an election.

WHAT have we here? Looks like Jack Dempsey's place. There are mountains of sandwiches. Looks like the Supper Room. Pretty soon, from behind those mountains, human forms emerge. They are the boxing writers of New York, and it seems they are met for the purpose of organizing, or rather reorganizing an old association.

Gradually the members come from behind the mountains, or rather, the mountains of sandwiches rapidly are reduced to mere ant hills, and the variegated pusses of the writers are disclosed to the view of the all too candid camera.

The tocsin is sounded by Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING. Hark! Says Fleischer, a silver-tongued orator: "Four score and ten years ago, our forefathers saw Jem Mace and the rest of that glorious tribe of ancient gladiators, the men who made boxing possible. These men have a lot to answer for—or, rather, what I am getting at is that the rich heritage of boxing needs a finer sense of humor. Nor is that all. What we need in boxing are fewer commissions and more writers' associations."

With this introduction, the boxing writers organize. The camera cannot show you the days of hard work which the writers of the constitution put in. Nor is the camera disposed to do this.



The meetings roll round and round, and what comes out? A sovereign association, and they elect Hype Igoe president, and Fleischer, secretary-treasurer, and Murray Lewin, vice-president, and Sam Taub, corresponding secretary, and a lotta other guys members of the board of directors.

By this time the association is composed mainly of officers and directors, and a few privates. However, it is a good thing. Viva for the Boxing Writers' Association. Hip, hip, hips!

New York, N. Y.:—Boxing Commission and Garden have a grand old Donnybrook.

WHAT have we here? It is the office of the august and all too solemn and inconsistent Boxing Commission of New York. The commissioners are taking themselves very seriously this day. They seem to take the stand that they are appointed not to regulate fights, but to prevent them. Sort of pacific body, as it were.

The Garden arranges a fight between Jack Dempsey's Red Burman and Jack Kearns' Hank Bath. It seems that out in California, for some reason, the boxing solons suspend Hank, and the New York Commission, knowing this, lets the Garden arrange and advertise the Burman-Bath fight, and then, at the eleventh hour, steps in and hollers, "Thou shalt not."

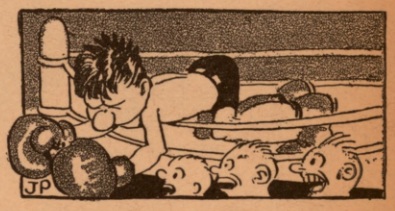
Of course, this arouses the ire of the Garden, Major Kilpatrick, Jimmy Johnston and all their satraps, satellites and connections. The Garden hollers, "We are through with boxing until the New York Commission gets some safe and sane members."

The Commission says a few things and Johnston says a few more, and what with one thing and another, the situation gets worse and worse, and the fighters are at the door wondering where this leaves them.

In the next film we see how this leaves the boxers and the Garden behind the well-known Eight Ball.

All this is distressing—very distressing indeed. In boxing, you may be sure that there always is something—and that usually that something is not what it ought to be.

New York, N. Y.:—"The Ring" picks Louis at the head of the list.



FIRST we show you old Broadway, with its milling crowds. Then we show you Fifth Avenue—with its milling crowds. Then we give you a glimpse of sepian Harlem, Brooklyn, Bronx—the big city from Battery to Norton's Point—all loaded with milling crowds.

Very interesting, because those crowds apparently are excited over THE RING'S 1935 ranking of the boxers of the world. This ranking places Joe Louis, the Brown Blaster from Woodward Avenue, Detroit, at the head of the list.

It is quite true that Jim Braddock of Jersey City, N. J., is the heavyweight champion of the world. It is quite true that in beating Max Baer for the title, Braddock achieved one of the most notable feats in the history of boxing.

But THE RING believes that Louis, nevertheless, is the standout of the year. Wrgo, the crowds, the milling crowds of the big city. You suspect that they are milling just for fun, and may not care about Louis taking precedence over Braddock? Well, every man to his own suspicion. But it is a good story—and an excellent picture—nevertheless.

New York, N. Y.:—Boxing Commission summons the publisher of "The Ring."

WELL, well, well! A rare film, this, indeed. The New York Boxing Commissioners, whom we see here from left to right, and almost never right, are aroused over a radio talk by Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING, and, as you note in the picture, Fleischer, a real Barrymore, as it were, is before the commission to explain his charges.

It does seem that the commission lacks consistency. It swings around like a weather vane in the wind. It blows hot and cold, and doesn't seem to use any standard of action. The rules mean A for B, and they mean C for D.

This hearing, with Fleischer delivering a Spartacus to the Gladiators speech, no doubt will mean no more than a lot of other hearings. It is too bad that boxing and politics cannot be separated. It has been that way from the early years of the game in this country, and it seems it must go along that way for evermore.

However, you've got to hand it to Fleischer for standing out in the open and hollering so that the merry villagers in the market place might hear, and that certain abuses might be corrected. The guy who is willing to stand in the market place and holler is a rare bird, indeed.

In the meantime, we see the commissioners ready and eager to correct things the best way they can. Good luck to all concerned.

The RING'S

By GEORGE T. PARDY

This is a photograph of the nine panel silver belt awarded to Max Schmeling by THE RING *when he won the world's heavyweight crown.*

WITH the last issue, THE RING entered its fifteenth year of service to boxing. Looking backward over the changes old Father Time has wrought since February, 1922, when THE RING made its first appearance, we feel entitled to a modest measure of self-congratulation on things accomplished.

This magazine has filled a long-felt want in boxing, that of a publication which combined authentic information of the past, with carefully edited accounts of current events, and fair criticism by experts who knew the game and write with a "free hand," playing no favorites. It was due to this adherence to facts and the square deal that made the new venture in the sport field a recognized power.

In return for the generous patronage of the fight fans, the magazine can be said to have helped the game loyally in more ways than one. A great attraction for its readers has been the liberal use of pictures illustrating great battles of the past, as well as photographic views of contemporary contests, which undoubtedly contributed immensely toward keeping public interest keenly alive in the performances of the gladiators of the glove. THE RING kept alive the sport of boxing at a time when the depression was at its highest, and the interest in fisticuffs was at its lowest ebb. And not without a great financial sacrifice to the Publisher!

* * *

THE editorial policy has always been the fostering of the national spirit in the defense of boxing against so-called reformers and Puritanical enemies of the sport, which has done so much, since modernized and brought under proper control, to create a healthy interest in physical exercise among the youth of the land.

When THE RING started, boxing, except in a few favored localities, was not recognized openly as legitimate entertainment. As a result of this magazine's counter-attacks against those opposed to glove contests, and persistent assailing of blue laws still a powerful weapon in the hands of foemen, it is worthy of mention that since 1925 twenty-one States legalized boxing that had previously refused to sanction it. At the present time, thirty-one States have let down the bars and the glovemen perform under legal protection, and of those, eleven owe the legalization of the sport directly to THE RING. In several cases, THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, was asked by legislators to draw up the code under which those states now function in boxing.

Legitimate battle-grounds now include the District of Columbia, where, up to 1933, engaging in a glove contest meant arrest and a stiff jail sentence for the participants. In fact, the conquering of the District by the advocates of the sport, marked the final demolishing of the last hostile barrier against boxing in America.

Probably the greatest factor in the war steadfastly waged for the uplift of boxing was THE RING publisher's revival of the old custom, established by the owner of The Police Gazette, Richard K. Fox, of awarding trophies to newly-crowned champions. The Gazette abandoned the award system in 1910.

It came to new life in 1922, when THE RING presented Jack Dempsey with its first championship belt, and in the year following induced promoter Tex Rickard to make a presentation of a diamond-studded gold belt to each new champion. Thus a title-winner received two emblems of victory, one from Tex, the other from THE RING. The former discontinued the practice in 1927, but THE RING has kept it alive to the present day.

In 1929 this publication persuaded the Association of New York boxing writers to make several such awards, but the writer's organization ceased to exist in two years' time and THE RING remained the sole donor of these trophies in America.

The decision of the publisher to keep up the custom, whatever the expense incurred, was founded on his knowledge of the fact that the hope of ultimately rising to the supreme heights and possessing a much-coveted token of his prowess was and is a tremendous incentive to stimulate the ambition of every young boxer in his climb up the ladder of pugilistic fame. It is only human nature for an athlete to value a permanent token of his prowess in any form of sport, which can be exhibited to admiring friends in the present, and cherished in the future as proof of glory attained in the past. Time has shown this view of trophy-presentations to be correct in every detail. Hence, it follows that since 1922 up to this year of grace THE RING has given fifty-eight belts to American and World title-winners. The latest champions to be thus honored were Lou Salica and Sixto Escobar.

Belts numbers 59 and 60 are now on exhibition at THE RING bookstore in Madison Square Garden. They are destined to become the properties of Freddy Miller, recognized by this magazine as world's feather-weight champion, and Jim Braddock, who wrested the Universe crown

ANNIVERSARY

Boxing's Greatest Publication Starts Its Fifteenth Year—Review of Notable Events During the Life of Magazine

of the heavyweight division from Max Baer. These sixty gifts to the kings of the profession compare favorably in value and beautiful design to the awards distributed by Richard K. Fox, when that celebrated sportsman was at the height of his fame.

Among those who have received belts and other valued trophies from THE RING are Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Sammy Mandell, Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Rocky Kansas, Max Schmeling, Joe Lynch, Bob Olin, Tommy Loughran, Mickey Walker, Midget Wolgast, Frankie Genaro, Harry Greb, Georges Carpentier, Eugene Crique, Tiger Flowers, Mike McTigue, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Delaney, Charlie Phil Rosenberg and Pancho Villa.

In addition to the belt presentations, THE RING established the award of a valuable merit-token every twelve months, based on its annual selection of the year's outstanding boxer. This choice is made on the basis of clean-cut sportsmanship both within and outside the ropes, and general ability. Among the winners of beautiful merit-trophies up-to-date are Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, the latter scoring twice; Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey. The winners are chosen by ballot. The 1935 award will go to Joe Louis, and a medal will be given to Tony Canzoneri, the runner-up.

* * *

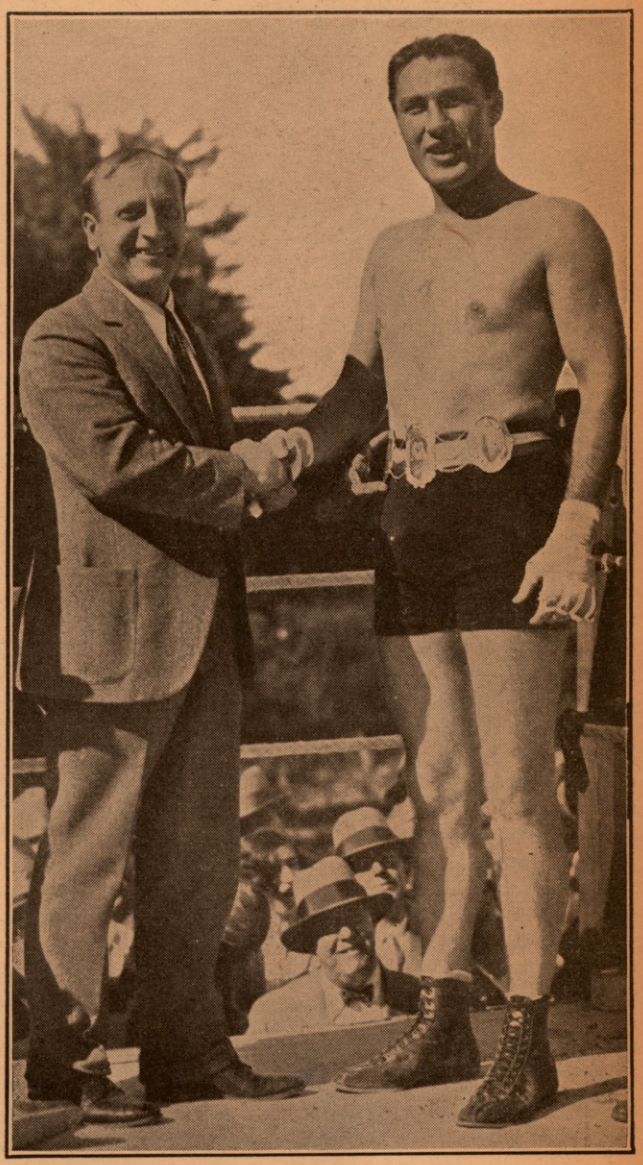
A FEATURE of THE RING which from the first attracted international attention and has increased in popularity and recognition, is the annual rating of boxers. This system began, in conjunction with Tex Rickard, in 1925, and ranks in importance as a barometer of the fistic situation, with the famous listing of football celebrities designed by the late Walter Camp. Every year since its inauguration THE RING choices have registered eighty per cent correct. Newspapers throughout the world carry THE RING'S Ratings.

From 1921 until the beginning of the depression in 1931 may well be listed as the greatest prize ring financial era America has known. The million-dollar-gate came in with Carpentier and Dempsey, to be followed by a long series of other gigantic box office successes. Also, in the persons of Dempsey and Tunney were developed the two master moneymakers of the age. And for the first time since Jim Jeffries reigned, a heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney, retired from his high estate.

Glancing through the vista of those vanished years, and harking to the present period, we see the spectacular rise of Tex Rickard, the world's greatest boxing promoter, and his eventual passing to the land of shadows. Such famous fighters as Harry Greb, Billy Petrolle, Jimmy McLarnin, Tony Canzoneri, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Delaney, Joe Louis, Barney Ross and numerous other gallant knights of the mitts forged to the front.

Commercially, there is no doubt we surpassed the gate values of the Horton Law times, but it must be confessed that, on the whole, the latter period excelled in thrilling contests. There were no such terrific sluggers in our era to compare with the fighting fury and terrific knockout abilities of Terry McGovern, Joe Walcott, Sam Langford, Joe Gans and other celebrities of formidable battling prowess, if we except Jack Dempsey, and the present colored heavyweight star, Joe Louis.

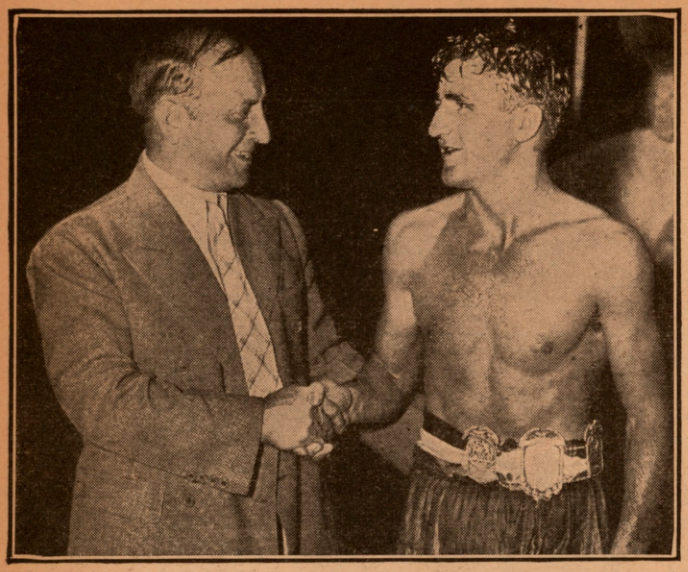
The Horton Law pugs fought with a fierceness and savage intent that knew no limit when it came to desperate mixing. But their style saw something of a revival when Paul Berlenbach, Bat Battalino, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Jack Berg, Billy Petrolle, King Tut, Cannonball Martin, Stanley Loayza, Phil McGraw, Justo Suarez, et al, began trading punches in the roped arena. These were all of the "fight till you drop or win" kind of battler, and the success they achieved as drawing cards proved very clearly that the fans had not lost their liking for the good old "give and take" principle.



Nat Fleischer (left) congratulating Tommy Loughran upon receipt of the light-heavyweight championship belt.

IN the person of the fascinatingly clever, light-hitting but superlatively speedy type of boxer, Tommy Loughran brought back to the minds of old-timers the Jim Corbett tradition. For Tommy, a master scientist, never sustained much punishment by virtue of his amazing skill, which enabled him to outlast all his contemporaries, and still register as an active performer with the gloves.

The combination of hard puncher and science appeared in the make-ups of Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, Sammy Mandell, Bud Taylor, Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Johnny Coulon, Kid Herman, Al Brown, Kid Chocolate, Joe Lynch, Johnny Kilbane, Fidel La Barba, Joe Dundee, Jack Britton, Jack Delaney, Mickey Walker, Mike McTigue, to mention a few names among front-rank performers picked at random.



The Ring Publisher congratulating Lou Salica when he received the American bantamweight championship belt.

After a lapse of fifteen years, Negro prestige in the ring was restored by the coming of such topnotchers as Siki, Tiger Flowers, Young Jack Thompson, Kid Chocolate, and more recently, John Henry Lewis, each of whom became a title-holder. Today, Joe Louis, the greatest boxing magnet since Jack Dempsey was in his prime, tops the list, and in all probability will be the next world's heavyweight champion.

Nor must be forgotten among incidents that will live in fistic history the winning of double titles by Mickey Walker, who reigned as welter and middleweight king; Barney Ross, becoming first lightweight and then welter champion, wrenching the first title from the fighter whom experts have pronounced fit to rank with the best of the old-timers, Tony Canzoneri. Canzoneri, defeated by Ross, won back the lightweight title from Lou Ambers, which he still retains.

The exploitation of Primo Carnera, mammoth of the ring, his rise to giddy heights of fame as world's heavyweight champion, and subsequent fall, forms one of the most singular tales of the squared circle that has a perfectly authentic background. Everyone remembers the coming of Primo, the skilfull ballyhoo that made him such a great showman's prize. There was the "across the continent" trip, framed by his astute handlers, in which set-up matches were arranged for the giant in numerous succession, his win on a foul from the then Black Menace, George Godfrey, also a phony, for which Godfrey was punished by the Pennsylvania boxing authorities and barred from practicing pugilism in that state for two years.

Nevertheless, Carnera "caught on," in slangy parlance. He could fight some by this time, having been well tutored, and when he finally won the world's championship from Jack Sharkey by a knockout in 1933, there were many who believed that his vast bulk rendered him invincible.

Yet there were always doubters who declared that he had gone up like a rocket and would come down like the stick. These insisted that Sharkey either laid down, or simply couldn't fight any more, also that the first time Carnera met a man with a good punch who wasn't scared of the giant, Primo would collapse like a torn gas-bag.

Which was precisely what happened when Primo bumped into Max Baer, whose wallop was like the kick of an army mule. Carnera was pounded to pieces, and quit under the bombardment. Although not knocked out, as he probably would have been had Baer trained himself into proper condition, Primo's oddly attained reputation as a real fighting man was exploded forever.

Incidentally, the career of Max Baer equals, if it does not excel, in interest the story of the curious Carnera episode. Never has the ring known as champion such a light-hearted, indiscreet playboy, such a jester and lover of fair ladies as the aforesaid Max. In his athletic prime as dangerous a slugger as ever stepped between the ropes, the man who punched Max Schmeling silly when Schmeling was at his best, Baer simply couldn't stand prosperity, and finally went the way of all athletes who insist upon treading the primrose path, first losing his title to Jimmy Braddock, and later going down via the kayo route before Joe Louis.

* * *

AMONG the big fighting thrills of the fifteen-year period we have been discussing, the Dempsey-Firpo championship battle stands out in bold relief. That took place on September 14, 1923, at the New York Polo Grounds. Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING, covered the contest, which, in his book on the life of Jack Dempsey, he thus describes in part:

"The champion floored Firpo seven times in the first round, and twice in the second before Luis was counted out. A short right uppercut to the jaw ended the contest. But in those three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of warfare, there was crowded more action than is ordinarily seen in fifteen rounds of a championship bout.

"In that short space of whirlwind, terrific milling, Dempsey was knocked once clear through the ropes, out of the ring, where, if it had not been for the friendly hands of the newspaper men, he would have remained until too late to resume the bout. And a second time, Dempsey went down to his knees just before Firpo received the finishing blow.

"In that short space of less than two rounds, however, Firpo gave as marvelous an exhibition of gameness as was ever seen in a ring. Battered and bloody, groggy from a terrific bombardment of lefts and rights, Firpo showed a fighting heart by coming back with a whirlwind attack of crushing drives that had Dempsey all but out in the opening session. Dempsey was tottering, closer to losing the championship than in any other battle he had ever engaged in, other than the one in Philadelphia where he later lost his crown. The contest was the most dramatic in the history of the heavyweight division!"

When Gene Tunney (sitting on left) received the first Ring award for distinguished service to boxing. This trophy, a beautiful bronze that was brought from Belgium, was presented to him by Nat Fleischer (stooping), before a notable gathering of foreign and American newspapermen at the dinner, when Gene announced his retirement.

* * *

DRAMATIC also was the Philadelphia engagement above referred to, in which Gene Tunney confounded the experts and astonished the sporting world by defeating the supposedly invincible Manassa Mauler in ten rounds, and annexing the title. That is, it was dramatic in the sense of giving the spectators a terrific surprise. But it

was so one-sided, with Dempsey always on the receiving end, lacking in his old-time fire and dash, that there were no real high lights of thrilling moments.

However, the return match with Tunney in Chicago was destined to provide at least one amazing thrill that will ever remain fresh in the minds of those who witnessed the battle, and afterwards caused controversies wherever fight patrons gather, which are frequently revived even at this late date. That was the famous "long count" in the seventh round when Tunney was dropped by a savage punch, and remained down longer than the limited number of seconds allowed by the Queensberry code. Again we can do no better than quote from Nat Fleischer's book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana":

"Seventh Round—Gene missed a left, but got a right to Dempsey's head. Dempsey landed two rights and got Tunney against the ropes. Tunney fell to the floor and took a count of nine. Dempsey went to his own, instead of a neutral corner, thus delaying the starting of the count.

"On rising, Tunney danced away from Dempsey's wild swings, and he contented himself with defensive tactics. Gene apparently cleared as the round progressed, but Dempsey was chasing him. Dempsey let go with both fists, but neither blow landed. They clinched and Tunney hooked weakly to the head."

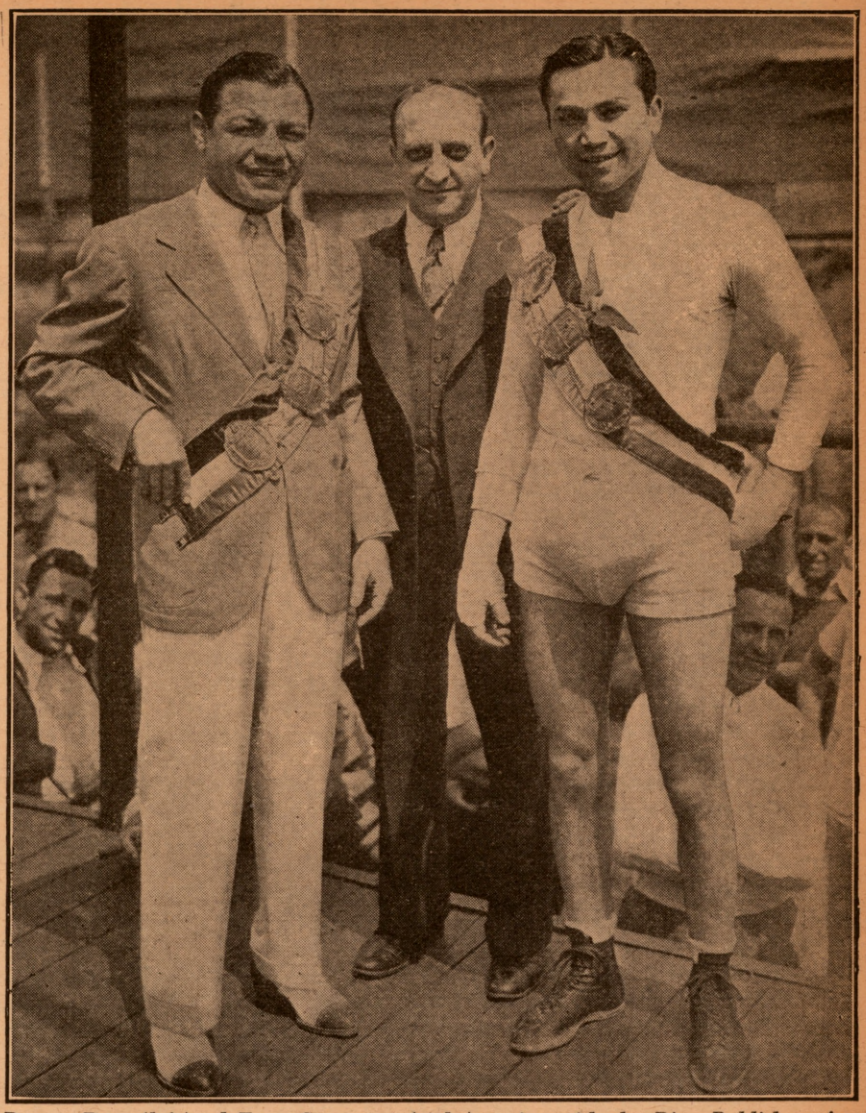
As a matter of record, Tunney was down for fourteen seconds in that eventful round. But, as Fleischer explains later, Jack did not obey the Illinois boxing law, when he refused to go to a neutral corner when so ordered by Referee Dave Barry. So that the official count did not actually start until Dempsey finally obeyed, and Jack's chance to regain his title was lost forever, as in the rounds which followed, the Manassa Mauler was badly beaten.

* * *

AMONG other great battles coming within the scope of this article should be included the Harry Greb-Gene Tunney battles for the light-heavyweight championship in old Madison Square Garden. Tunney received the worst beating of his career in the first encounter, but having mastered Greb's peculiar style, whipped him badly on a couple of later occasions.

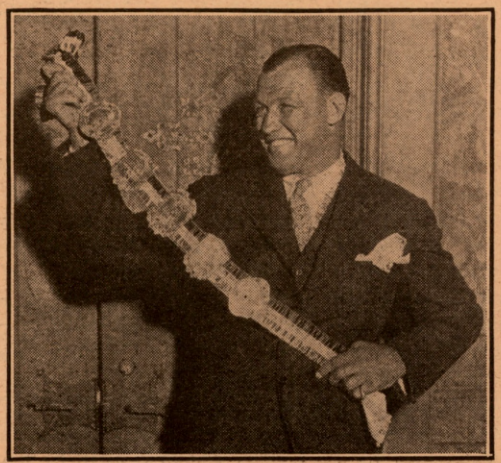
One remembers Jack (Kid) Berg, most tireless of fighters, coming from behind after the fourth round of his engagement with Kid Chocolate, to win a decision by dint of sheer pluck and savage attack when the tenth frame ended.

There was big drama on the night in the new Garden when Tommy Loughran and the hard-hitting Leo Lomski met for the light-heavyweight title, then held by Tommy. In the opening stages of the event Loughran was floored twice by jaw punches and was all but out. But rallying like the gamester he is, he held off the rushing Lomski by well-timed jabs and elusive footwork, much as Tunney did with Dempsey after the former's downfall in the seventh frame, and at the finish of the fifteen sessions, Loughran received a well-earned decision.



Barney Ross (left)and Tony Canzoneri (right) posing with the Ring Publisher after he had presented each with a championship belt. Ross, the welterweight, and Canzoneri, the lightweight.

Desperate and thrilling also was the encounter in which Jack Delaney whipped Paul Berlenbach, with the light-heavyweight title at stake, and Delaney's two Homeric combats with Tiger Flowers. And who will forget that sensational victory achieved by Jack Sharkey over clever Tommy Loughran, when the latter was stopped by a wild swing that caught him squarely on the temple and left him dazed to such an extent that a halt was called by the referee before the completion of the third round?



Jack Sharkey holding up "The Ring" Heavyweight Championship Belt, which was awarded to him when he defeated Schmeling.

And so one could go down the line recalling these past deeds of valor, but sure to miss some sensational tussles that would be later brought to memory by accusing readers demanding to know why such-and-such a nerve-tingling joust had been forgotten. We have not deemed it necessary to go into details of more recent events such as Joe Louis' knockouts of Carnera and Baer, as they are still fresh in the public mind, but credit must surely be given that astute promoter, Mike Jacobs, for having brought back the long mourned million-dollar-gate by securing Louis as a drawing card.

Deserting for the nonce the subject of actual combat, it is

(Continued on page 44)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Louis' Artistry Unexcelled in Recent Years McAvoy Best British Fighter on View in U.S. Certain to Dethrone Lewis, Light Heavy King

THOSE who saw the artistry and the power with which Joe Louis bombed Paulino Uzcudun out of the picture in their Christmas Fund fight in New York City, if they had any doubts previously as to the status of the Detroit Negro, certainly left the Garden arena fully convinced that everything we have said about Louis, is so. Even Max Schmeling, who was quite skeptical and referred to Louis as an inexperienced lad who eventually will reach the heights but as yet has not fully developed to the point where he might be called invincible, left the Garden with a change of mind. In fact, he confided to the scribes that Louis was a mighty fine fighter, but that Schmeling thought he could be stopped by a fearless, two-fisted fighter like himself, and that Joe's powerful right, which annihilated Paulino, would never land on Herr Max.

Well, all things considered, we must realize that Schmeling, who is to meet Louis next June for the right to fight Braddock, was trying to hide his true opinion of the Brown Bomber, but inwardly he undoubtedly felt that Joe was all he was cracked up to be and that he probably had visions of what would be meted out to him next summer. If Schmeling has any regard for his movie features, and if Anna Ondra, his beautiful movie star wife, is eager to keep her hubby's phiz intact for the pictures, it would be wise for her to induce Max to return Mike Jacobs' twenty thousand dollars advance and remain where he is. That's how good Joe Louis is, compared to any heavyweight in the world. He'll stop Schmeling in quicker time than he did Paulino. He'll drop him for the count the first shot he lands with his powerful right. That's my prediction.

* * *

WHEN one talks of artists, he must include Joe Louis in that category, for, regardless of what might be said about Paulino's old age, and that he had shot his bolt before he clashed with Louis, it must be admitted that Dead Pan Louis turned in a classic when he halted the Bounding Basque. He performed like a perfect piece of fighting machinery.

His was a performance such as, in all my years of boxing writing, I've never seen. Perfect in every detail! Never have I seen such a tremendous sock landed on a fighter, a blow that not only knocked out the man who boasted of never having been put out before, but drove one of Paulino's teeth clear through the upper lip to leave a half-inch gash. The wound looked like a bullet hole and required five stitches, and yet there still are skeptics who remarked:

"Fine, but I'll judge him when he meets someone who can fight."

For three rounds Louis kept up a constant left hand short jab fire to Paulino's face in an effort to force him to open up, and when he finally succeeded, it just took one drop of the Basque's hand to even the fray. Striking with the savagery and the sureness of a jungle cat, the Brown Bomber fired a short right jolt against the left side of Paulino's mouth and to the amazement of a throng of nineteen thousand, Paulino went down to the canvas as one struck by a cannon ball. The blood spurted from Paulino's mouth and he was in a daze.

That one killing drive, which didn't shoot out for more than eight inches, was the answer to those who have questioned Joe's punching powers against a sturdy fighter. He made no attempt to drive for the grand spill until he saw the proper opening, for Joe isn't the type who likes to toss punches at random. When he shoots the works, he expects the fight to end and, as a result, he picks his openings and fires only when the time is ripe.

That's exactly what he did in the Paulino fight. He held back for the opportune moment and then it took just one solid smash to end the fray.

Pick 'em? I'd like to know who, in recent years, could call his shots as does Louis.

* * *

AN open defense before the Detroit Bomber! What a mistake!

Yet that's exactly what Paulino offered as he dropped his crazy defense following a left jab to the mouth and, quick as a flash, overcame that right-hand smash to send the Basque flat on his back.

Joe Louis, after the fight, declared that it was the hardest punch he ever landed on an opponent, and Paulino, still dazed many hours after the bout, likewise admitted that it was the hardest he ever received.

When Paulino hit the canvas, he struck his head with a thud and this scared his adversary, who had visions of another Ernie Schaaf case, especially when he saw the blood trickling from the Spaniard's mouth. It seemed doubtful that Uzcudun could continue, but game to the core, he pulled himself erect at the count of eight, and shaky, bleary-eyed, unprotected, and peering about him with a look of uncertainty, he saw Louis advancing for the kill and stepped towards him.

Joe didn't want to hurt Paulino any more, but the rules of the game must be followed, and the Bomber tossed a left to the head and a right to the jaw that sent Paulino staggering towards Arthur Donovan, the referee, who, sensing that the danger point had been reached, stepped between the fighters and called a halt. It was a wise move on the part of Donovan, and not a dissenting voice was raised even though only one minute of actual fighting was seen.

The capacity crowd had come to see Joe Louis in action and left satisfied that it had been treated to an unusual sight in the knockout of a hitherto "iron man of the ring."

* * *

EQUALLY as interesting, but far more thrilling, was the knockout of the American middleweight king, Babe Risko, by Jock McAvoy of England, in the following week's fight in the Garden. Jock, who came to America in the hopes of getting a championship fight with John Henry Lewis, consented to accept America's leading light-heavyweight contender in his United States debut and, as has already been told, McAvoy came through with flying colors, defeating McCoy in a thrilling mill. With that off his chest, he agreed to meet Risko in an over-the-weight match and what he did to poor Babe was a shame.

The whole affair took only a little more than two minutes, and when the smoke of battle was over, there was Risko counted out, and McAvoy, the best fighter England has sent to these shores since the days of Owen Moran and Jem Driscoll, had risen to heights seldom reached by the British gladiator in an American invasion.

The knockout was the fastest ever handed to an American title-

holder. Risko, who claims the world crown because he has been indorsed as such by the New York Commission, but who holds nothing more than the United States championship, was counted out in 2.48 of the first round, but only a meagre gathering, 4,164—a corporal's guard—saw the thriller. Though elated over his feat, McAvoy was considerably chagrined by the failure of the Americans to turn out to watch him perform.

"In England," said he, "such an attendance, with a champion on deck, is unheard of. You talk about your boxing prosperity. Well, I fail to see it. You turn out for just one man, Joe Louis."

* * *

PERHAPS McAvoy is correct, but for his benefit, let me inform him that the American public has learned considerable since Joe Louis has come to the front and won't accept a card that lacks known, high-class talent. Risko had given such a poor performance in his first Garden appearance that the fans remained away because they had little hopes of seeing a really thrilling performance, such as it turned out to be, thanks to McAvoy. Sentiment counts for naught with the American fistic followers. Performances alone are the standard by which they gauge a card.

It's tough on McAvoy and his gentlemanly American representative, Dave Lumiansky, but we might as well face the facts. I predict, however, that when McAvoy next fights in the Garden, or elsewhere, regardless of his opponent's drawing power, the fans will remember his punching ability and he'll be amply rewarded with a good turnout. At least I hope so, for Jock deserves a little of the money which is flowing about in the boxing game.

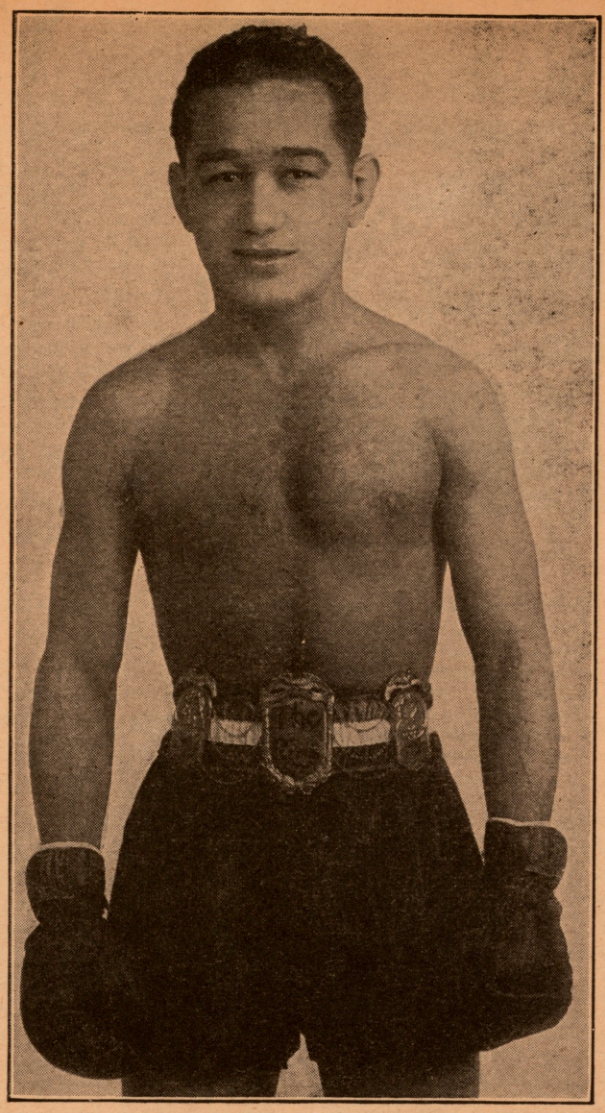
* * *

AS for the fight between Risko and McAvoy, it was a case of a savage attack from the clang of the gong to the finish. Jock opened up with the drop of the mallet, with a left and a right to the chin. The blows took Risko by surprise. He hadn't expected such rapid-fire action.

The second punch was the destroyer. That right contained T.N.T. It struck with such thunder that the fans were amazed at its power. It sent Risko to the mat with a crash. He bounced up but was dazed.

Another right to the chin sent Risko staggering towards the ropes and he retreated with faltering steps as the Britisher followed him. Three more rights, each landing with a thud, sent the Babe to cover, but scarcely able to stand on his feet. McAvoy gave no quarter. He crashed another right to the chin and down went the U. S. title-holder for a count of seven. He arose and started to retreat, but another right and down he went again.

This time he was down for five, and when he got up, another smashing right sent him flopping to the canvas for four. So powerful was that punch that McAvoy hurled himself to the canvas as he floored Risko, an unusual proceeding. A series of punches brought on the fifth trip to the canvas, this time for eight. With only half a minute of the round to go, McAvoy rushed in with another right on the chin, and that ended the fight. Risko rolled up into a kneeling position, but, though listening to the referee, Billy Cavanagh, he couldn't raise himself before the fatal ten was counted.



Sixto Escobar, Porto Rican bantamweight, wearing THE RING *championship belt, awarded to him for winning the American title from Lou Salica in Madison Square Garden. The belt is his permanent possession.*

If McAvoy proved nothing more, he convinced the American critics that he is the hardest hitter and the busiest fellow who has come to these shores from abroad in many moons. I wish him all the success to which his ability entitles him.

* * *

THE estimate of Joe Louis, furnished by Jack Kearns a few weeks ago, is one which coincides with that of many fistic followers of sport, who, though they pay homage to the greatest of the present-day heavyweights, think that a battle between Louis and Jack Dempsey, staged when the Manassa Mauler was in the form he displayed when he battered Jess Willard into a pulp, would have resulted in a victory for Dempsey. Of course, it is all a matter of opinion, but at this stage, when the boxing world is raving about the Detroit Bomber, Kearns' remarks carry considerable weight.

I, for one, differ with Kearns. I have seen Dempsey at his best and I've followed Louis through all of his fights since the night he whipped Natie Brown in Detroit, and it is my opinion that, of all the fighters in the last thirty years, there is only one who could have taken the measure of Louis. That man was another great colored battler, Jack Johnson.

Jack Kearns, upon arriving in the East with Hank Bath, the heavyweight whose bout in the Garden with Jack Dempsey's protege, Red Burman, was not sanctioned, says: "There is only one Dempsey. They don't seem to know what Joe Louis will do under fire, because no one has yet faced him who has enough to stand up and battle him, but in the case of Dempsey, he fought his way to the front by vanquishing fighters who could and would fight, fellows who could give and wouldn't hesitate to use everything they had to fire away at Jack.

"Dempsey faced real fire before he rose to fame, and that's why I say that he was a greater fighter than is Joe Louis at this stage. Take his fight with Gunboat Smith in San Francisco, as an example. What fight has Louis had to date that has tested his mettle under fire as that bout with the Gunner?

"It is my opinion that the Dempsey whom I managed, pitted against Joe Louis, would have knocked Joe kicking in three rounds. It would have been a case of first hit, first down and out, and I think that Dempsey would have done the hitting and Louis would have remained down."

So there you have Kearns' estimate of the two greatest fighters of recent years. I think, as does Kearns, that it would have been a case of a rapid-fire battle with a quick finish, but as Louis is a far better boxer than Jack and is a great feinter and counter puncher, it is my opinion that he would have overcome Jack's rushing tactics with his heavy body bombardment, because Dempsey wouldn't have had the chance to use body punishment effectively. That's why I pick Louis as the better of the two at this stage.

WHAT

Bob Cunningham scoring a K.O. over Tim Murphy, bantam title claimant. Bob, however, didn't get the title because the referee hopped out of the ring without counting. The bout took place in 1890 in the Grand Army Hall of Brooklyn. Bob is now a New York boxing judge.

TONY BENDER once knocked out the featherweight champion, Abe Attell, and didn't get the title. It wasn't because Tony was overweight, either. Abe and Tony were fighting at Elmer's Club, in New York. It was a small club, and Champion Attell wasn't getting much money for his appearance. The only reason that he fought there at all was to help out the club, which was managed by some of his friends.

Tony turned out to be a very tough proposition, and knocked Attell to the canvas for a long stay—but the referee refused to count, on the grounds that Attell was doing the club a favor by fighting for a small purse, and he wasn't going to count Abe out of his title!

After Attell rested a while, he finished the fight, which went down in the records as a no-decision affair.

* * *

ANOTHER championship fight that hinged on the whim of the referee was the famous bout between Ad Wolgast and Mexican Joe Rivers, for the lightweight title. Both landed body blows at the same instant. Both went down. And they both stayed down, until the referee picked Wolgast up and counted Rivers out!

* * *

MANY fighters and managers regard a knockout as a blot that can never quite be wiped off the record, although history tells us that nearly half the heavyweight champions since the days of Paddy Ryan have been knocked out before they won the title.

There have been many instances where a knockout didn't show which was the better man.

George Chip, a good middleweight champion, was matched with Al McCoy. Al was a promising youngster, and his friends felt that a quick knockout might spoil his career. They prevailed upon Chip to take it easy for the first three or four rounds so that McCoy would at least have a chance to make a good showing. While George stalled in the first round, the awkward McCoy, who was a left-hander, swung one from the floor and knocked Chip out!

In an intercity amateur match between New York City and Montreal, two welterweights showed that a knockout victory can be quickly reversed. Andrew Burgis of New York knocked out Edmond Oulette of Montreal in two minutes and fifty seconds of the first round. The same two men were rematched two nights later, and Oulette turned the tables by knocking out Burgis in a round, two minutes and forty-five seconds.

* * *

BUT you haven't heard anything yet!

Howard Mitchell, a Cincinnati lightweight, staged a most remarkable fight against Danny Budd at Indianapolis. It was a fight in which there were really four knockouts!

Danny Budd started off like a whirlwind, and at the end of the first round caught Mitchell with a knockout punch that laid him out cold. The referee had counted up to nine when the bell rang. This stopped the count, and Mitchell's seconds managed to revive him between rounds.

Twice more during the fight Danny sent his opponent to the canvas unconscious, but on both occasions the bell rang before the referee could complete the count of ten.

By that time, Mitchell began to believe he *couldn't* be knocked out. He sailed into Budd, and in round eight he laid *Danny* to sleep with a punch that ended the fight.

That is really something of a record for coming from behind. Any one of the three punches which sent Mitchell to the canvas would have resulted in a knockout if it had come a few seconds sooner.

Of course, the referee always has the last word, but once in a while a boxer gets his revenge. "Spike" Webb, the master boxing coach who has had such great success with the teams of midshipmen at Annapolis, once fought a tough character named Battling Kennedy. In the tenth round, "Spike" sailed in, and knocked out both Battling Kennedy and the referee!

Webb's boxing teams at Navy once had a twelve-year winning streak, beginning in 1919 and ending in 1931. During all that time, Navy did not lose one dual meet. And that's a record in itself. I understand that Spike thinks so highly of Nat Fleischer's "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers" that he has his plebes study each. They are part of Spike's instruction books.

* * *

It goes without saying that a wrestling referee has a much tougher time of it than a boxing arbiter. L. V. Harrington, an Oregon referee, entered the ring one night to officiate in a wrestling bout between Bob Kruse of Portland and August Sepp. Harrington already had his hand in bandages from being bitten the week before by a wrestler named Harry Demetral, and when he left the ring that night, he was carried unconscious to a hospital, where physicians said he had two broken ribs. One of the wrestlers got angry and kicked him!

* * *

GEORGE BLAKE, who has made a great name for himself as a referee and a boxing coach, once told me a story of gameness in the ring. Bud Taylor was fighting Georgie Rivers, and the milling got pretty rough in the first round. In some way Bud's arm was twisted, and his right shoulder was dislocated. A dislocated shoulder is one of the most painful and crippling injuries there are, especially for a boxer. His right arm was helpless, of course.

Bud jabbed Rivers away with his left while he tried to twist his shoulder into place by gripping his arm between his knees and pulling on it.

He couldn't get the shoulder back into place, so he went on fighting with one hand. And he won the bout!

There have been many other cases like this. It is the courage in a fighter that counts and no one can doubt the courage of a lad who performed as did Taylor. Pain often means nothing to a good fighter. His goal is to win and he forgets the pain as a result.

PRICE KNOCKOUT?

By BOB EDGREN

IN the intersectional championships of France a few years ago, a boxer had ammonia spilled in his eye, rushed out and kayoed his opponent—and LOST the fight.

The fighter was a middleweight named Lambaudie. His eyebrow had been split during the bout, and while he was in his corner between rounds, his second applied a little "first aid." He tried to stop the bleeding by putting some ammonia on the split eyebrow, but instead, he clumsily spilt the ammonia in Lambaudie's eye.

Just then the bell rang. If you have ever had ammonia in your eye, you have some idea of what Lambaudie was up against. But he came out of his corner fighting, anyway. The other fellow stuck out a left and jabbed Lambaudie on the sore eye. That was the last straw!

Lambaudie swung with all his might, connected solidly with his opponent's chin, and bolted to the dressing room for some water to wash away the ammonia. His rival didn't wake up for ten minutes.

But Lambaudie lost the fight. The referee declared the knockout victim to be the winner because LAMBAUDIE HAD LEFT THE RING BEFORE THE COUNT OF TEN WAS FINISHED! The fight didn't end until the count of ten, and any fighter leaving the ring before the end of the bout, automatically forfeits the fight.

* * *

REFEREES started the custom of keeping the public guessing way back in the old days. Tim Murphy, the bantamweight title claimant, fought Bob Cunningham at the old Grand Army Hall in Brooklyn in 1890. Bob Cunningham knocked Murphy cold, and thought he had won the title—but the referee hopped out of the ring without counting and got away!

If the referees were doing things like that today, they would have to take a tip from the fellow who officiated at the St. John's College freshman-sophomore basketball game—he wore a full suit of fifteenth century armor.

* * *

THE most unique of all America's heavyweight champions lived fifty years ago. He was Paddy Ryan. He had a most exceptional record for a champion. He only won one fight—and that was when he beat Joe Goss for the title! The only other men he ever faced in the ring were John L. Sullivan, who knocked him out twice, and Joe McAuliffe, who beat him.

Another unique old-time champion was Jem Ward of England. His is the rather doubtful fame of being involved in the first "dive" on record. Back in 1822, Ward took a bribe of one hundred pounds to lie down, and he held out his chin for a fake knockout in the twenty-second round of a fight with Bill Abbott.

There is another famous first connected with that fight, too. It was investigated by the first boxing commission—the Pugilistic Society of England—who suspended Ward for faking.

For a while, he fought under an assumed name. He was eventually reinstated and, on July 19, 1825, knocked out Tom Cannon for the championship of England.

Jem had a brother, Nick, who won the championship of England in 1841. Jem and Nick, so far as I know, are the only brothers ever to win the heavyweight championship. (The championship of England in those days amounted to the world championship.) If Buddy Baer has championship hopes, he may be able to set a remarkable record by winning the title on the one hundredth anniversary of the occasion when ex-champion Jem Ward's little brother Nick won it. That'll be 1941.

* * *

ON the last occasion that the heavyweight title changed hands under bare-knuckle rules in the United States, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan arrived at a unique agreement about the referee. The fight took place at Mississippi City. A large crowd of sports had gathered, and when the time for the fight arrived, Sullivan and Ryan came up with their henchmen. Up to that time they had not decided on any referee, and a hot argument ensued, Sullivan holding out for Alec Brewster, and Ryan, the defending champion, insisting that Jack Hardy must referee.

The solution they arrived at was that *both* men should referee—and they did!

Ryan's seconds threw up the sponge in the ninth round, and no fouls were claimed, so the fight didn't involve the officials in any embarrassing decisions.

* * *

SOMETIMES the handlers of a fighter are involved in his troubles in a very amusing way. In Jack Kearns' early days as a manager—before he had Dempsey—he had a fighter who was matched with Jolly Rogers. Rogers was a pretty good man, who was signed up to fight Joe Gans later. Jack's fighter broke his hand, and rather than lose the $150 purse, Kearns fought Rogers himself—and *knocked him out with the first punch!*

And not long ago, in the New Orleans colored fights, two boxers got so badly mixed up that they went to the wrong corners—and the seconds worked on 'em!

If this had happened in the days of chivalry, the seconds would have cooled their heels in jail. The 1292 Statute of Arms for Tournaments contained the provision that if a squire picked up the wrong knight at the conclusion of a joust, he got three years in jail, and his horse and his weapons were confiscated.

Probably the custom of having seconds in the ring originated in the knightly tournaments, where every contestant had helpers to look after him and to take care of all the equipment, as well as to advise him, and to render aid when he was injured.

* * *

THE unconventional pose in which Jose Lombardo, Panamian featherweight champion, took the count of ten in his bout with Louis Kid Kaplan in the featherweight elimination tournament that took place in the old Madison Square Garden was a fair sample of some of the unusual positions into which boxers get when they are knocked out. Lombardo was knocked through the ropes between the bottom and middle strands, and would have gone out of the ring entirely had he not locked the bottom rope under his knees as he was outward bound.

But even though Jose saved himself from going all the way out, the upper part of his body was suspended in the air at an angle of about forty-five degrees with his head just an inch or so above the board which serves as a desk for the newspaper scribes.

In that position Jose was counted out. He had just enough strength left to keep from falling out of the ring, but even had he been master of all his powers, he probably would not have been able to pull himself back into the enclosure as an effort to straighten up most likely would have cost him his leg grip on the rope. Lombardo's position was a most unusual one, but there had been more remarkable ones in ring history.

There was the case of Jim Stewart, the heavyweight who had everyone thinking he would win the title about twenty years ago.

Stewart was having it out with Jim Barry, Western heavyweight, at the Old Palace A. C. one night in 1908, when in the fourth round Barry landed a terrific right to Stewart's chin. That punch put Jim to sleep the moment it landed. And it lifted him off his feet and deposited him on the top rope like a sack of flour.

Stewart was "out" when he landed on the rope, and there he lay, perfectly balanced, with the rope about his belt line and no part of him touching the floor, while Referee Gym Bagley counted him out. So delicately was he balanced that had he even taken a deep breath he probably would have toppled over. Stewart, by the way, was unconscious for more than half an hour. That punch on the chin put an end to his championship aspirations. Jim probably never saw the punch coming, as he was a bit nearsighted.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Abe Slute, New York City

Q.—Was Kid Herman a Jewish fighter? Did he ever beat Joe Gans? Who were some of the best men he fought and where did he live?

A.—Kid Herman was a Jewish boy whose family name was Herman Landfield. He was born in Montreal but spent most of his time as a fighter around Chicago. He fought Joe Gans only once, in a bout staged under romantic conditions at Tonopah, Nev., and was knocked out by the Negro phenom in the eighth round. The setting for that bout was most picturesque. It was biting cold and the boys fought under conditions that nowadays would never have been dreamt of. Tex Rickard was the promoter and it was that bout that placed Tonopah on the map. Trains from California, Arizona and other places were caught in a snowslide and never did get to the battle scene.

Among the great ringmen whom Herman fought besides Gans, were Austin Rice, Clarence Forbes, Abe Attell, Dave Sullivan, Young Erne, Eddie Hanlon, Packey McFarland, Harry Lewis, Charley Neary, Tommy Sullivan, Jack Dougherty, Kid Abel and Joe Bernstein. A most impressive list. Herman was a great fighter.

R. F. Mackoff, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand

Q.—I like wrestling and find that I am well able to cope with opponents' holds except when they try the hammerlock on me and then I find it necessary to quit. My wrist is very weak. How can I strengthen same?

A.—By wrist exercises such as the use of the 5 pounds dumb-bells for a boy your age, fifteen. Rowing exercises are good as are spading, wood chopping and club swinging.

Bert Kid Francis, London, England

Q.—I should like to take this opportunity to ask your advice if there is any chance of success for a preliminary boy in the U. S. A. or Canada. My age is 21 and weight 132 pounds.

A.—The question is just how good you are. There are thousands of boys in your status in the United States and if they have the ability, they will eventually improve and increase their standing. If you could induce someone to send your transportation and expenses while you boxed here, the question would be answered more satisfactorily.

Carl Hesseltine, Wyoming

Q.—If I am twenty years old and weigh 173 pounds and am five feet 9 inches tall, can I increase my height through your Height Increase book?

A.—Yes. At least two to three inches.

Q.—I have the Universal Boxing Course. Does your book on How to Box contain any additional information.

A.—Yes. Quite a bit.

Q.—I work in a logging camp and take exercises each morning before breakfast. If the morning is very cold, say 10 degrees, will it hurt me to take a short run and do a few rounds of shadow boxing outdoors before breakfast.

A.—The run is okay but I would advise doing the shadow boxing indoors. I also would advise that you take your run in a heavy woolen outfit. You should be well protected against the brisk air.

O.—Does it harm to eat some candy after each meal?

A.—I would advise a chocolate bar instead of ordinary candy as chocolate peps the body.

Marty Dorman, Paterson, N. J.

Q.—Do you think that Max Baer should be rated with the topnotch heavyweights of all time because of his courage?

A.—At one time I did, but not after his fights with Braddock and Louis. I changed my mind.

Q.—Was Joe Louis ever knocked out in training?

A.—He says he wasn't but he was floored while an amateur.

Q.—Was Rosenbloom's recent victory over John Henry Lewis on the level?

A.—Why ask me? I always presume a fight is honestly fought unless you can bring strong proof to the contrary. Fake fights are easier to detect than are fakes in any other sport and I know that Rosie's fights have always been on the up-and-up.

Gene Mickens, Weehawken, N. J.

Q.—I am 22 years old and weigh 182 pounds. I have fought some of the best lightweights and heavyweights but every time I get into the ring I feel extremely tired though I'm in perfect shape otherwise. How can I overcome this feeling? I don't dissipate and live a clean life.

A.—Perhaps you are not getting enough sleep. You should have at least eight hours of sleep. Rest before a fight, for at least two hours. Did you ever try to pep yourself up with chocolate? Most good trainers of athletes give their charges a bar of chocolate before they enter competition. Sweets are very good for pep. All the bike riders eat chocolate during a six day grind. Try that and let me know how you fare.

Paul Webber, Malvern, Ark.

Q.—Should a fellow who has a cold do any training if he has a fight only four days away?

A.—By all means, no. You would aggravate same and invite pneumonia. You should steam the cold out of your system.

Q.—How can I overcome the habit of drawing back my gloves just before I strike?

A.—By cocking your fist in the proper position for a strike.

Q.—Is it best to carry the fist close to the chin or close to the stomach? I can hit very hard, in fact harder, by carrying my fists nearer the stomach but in that way, my chin is unprotected.

A.—Use the hands over chest about shoulder high. In that manner you have ample protection for both chin and stomach.

I'm happy to state that my pupils have a greater record and more knockouts than any of the courses now on the market. If you doubt this, ask any one taking the Universal Course.

Billy Rintoul, Taft, California

Q.—Please tell me what time I can get your broadcast in this state?

A.—I don't know whether you can get me on the Coast as I'm not on a National hook-up. I'm on Station WNEW every Thursday at 8 p.m.

Martin Van Buren Assn., Newark, N. J.

Q.—A bets that the neutral corner rule on knockdowns was enforced in the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago, B say no. Who is correct?

A.—The rule certainly was used as it was the basis for the famous 14 count knockdown.

Q.—When did Paul Berlenbach fight his last fight?

A.—In 1933 in a New York Armory.

Q.—How many times did Greb and Tunney fight and what were the results.

A.—Four. Tunney beat Greb in 1923 in 15 rounds, but lost to Harry the previous year in 15 rounds. They fought two no decision bouts in 1924 and 1925.

Q.—A bets that Dempsey knocked out more than one wrestler for roughing him. B says only one. Who wins?

A.—I asked Dempsey and he says that he knocked out four men but does not recollect the cities.

Gordie Ross, Vancouver, B. C.

Q.—How can one reduce the bust?

A.—Exercises that put into action the muscles of the bust are bested suited for reducing. Swimming is such an exercise, especially the old fashioned breast stroke. You don't necessarily have to go to a pool to do this. It can be done on your floor.

Rest the body face downward and then go through the movements of the breast-stroke swim. Then turn on your back and do the back stroke movements.

Passing the medicine ball is another good exercises for bust reducing. A rowing machine has fine reducing action. If you have none, then sit on a chair and perform the rowing movements. Do same slowly and put plenty of action behind same—that is, produce the tension to get the best out of the exercise.

Also remember that any general exercise that will exercise the muscles of the body as a whole, are good. You'll find plenty of such exercises in my book, "Height Increase Exercises" in which stretching movements are recorded that would help your case. Exercises that bring into action the greater portion of the muscles will help reduce the bust and strengthen other parts of the body and help towards a general build-up.

Herman Thom, New Castle, Del.

Q.—When did Tom Heeney and Billy Petrolle start and end their fighting career. How long did Wolgast hold flyweight title?

A.—Heeney started in 1924 and ended in 1932. Petrolle started in Jan. 1924 and wound up in Jan. 1934. Wolgast won the undisputed title on October 30, 1933 and held it until 1935.

James A. Hart, Jr., New Orleans, La.

Q.—Is Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh, an Indian or a Negro? In a recent issue of RING he was called a Negro but in Post Record Book, it has him an Indian.

A.—He is a Negro, born in British West Indies.

Harry Hatch, East Boston, Mass.

Q.—What exercises would you use to develop the solar plexus? Would use of medicine ball help?

A.—Yes. Also use bending exercises to strengthen the lower portion of body. Do the exercises in my book, "Height Increase Exercises."

J. Donovan, Oswego, N. Y.

Q.—What are the official weights in boxing?

A.—Flyweight, 112; bantam, 118; feather, 126; lightweight, 135; welter, 147; middleweight, 160; light-heavyweight, 175. Heavy—above that.

Q.—Who sets the standard weights as official?

A.—The Marquis of Queensberry rules prior to the advent of boxing commissions, who have altered the weights to suit present day living conditions and now each state sets the limit as above—a limit put into effect by New York after the International Sports Club of New York agreed upon those weights as proper. Since then, all commissions have adopted the New York limits, and it is now internationally recognized.

Robert Browne, Toronto, Canada

Q.—I am fifteen years old, would it be o.k. for me to start boxing at my age or wait awhile?

A.—Wait until you are sixteen.

Clyde Hull, Raymond, S. Dakota

Q.—How tall is Kid Chocolate?

A.—Five feet seven.

Q.—Was Rube Ferns a colored or white fighter and did he ever hold the welter title?

A.—White. Yes, he won it from Mysterious Billy Smith in Buffalo.

Q.—Is Jem Driscoll still living?

A.—No. He died several years ago.

Earl Williams, Holt, Mo.

Q.—I have been an enthusiastic reader of The RING for more than five years, and I have enjoyed your frankness, honesty, and general opinion that is brought up pretending to the boxing and wrestling games.

Sometime ago I read where the record for the shortest knockout time was six seconds after the contestants started the battle. Is a knockout time recorded by the time the losing fighter hits the canvas, or by the time the count of ten has been reached? If a count almost equals one second, how can this 6-second knockout record be possible? If it is recorded by the time the fighter hits the floor, could Young Stribling have finished his championship fight with Max Schmeling? There were 14 seconds to go. Could Stribling have stayed down until the count of 9, risen, and down again to be saved by the bell? I still believe this fight should not have been stopped. Would this question be noteworthy to appear in your "Questions and Answers" column?

A.—The count starts when boxer hits the floor. When one speaks of a six second K.O., in reality it is 16 seconds. What Earl refers to, is six seconds of actual fighting. No if Stribling went down without being hit, the count would continue from nine.

Mexico City

Q.—Which sport do you consider best to follow, boxing or wrestling?

A.—Boxing.

Q.—Does the Universal Boxing Course contain everything that is in the book, Scientific Blocking and Hitting?

A.—No. There is considerable more detail in the blocking book that is not covered in the Universal Course which is more general.

Q.—Which boxing record book do you consider the best?

A.—The Post Record Book.

Q.—Does it cost more to get your books from dealers here in Mexico?

A.—You cannot get them any place but the Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Leo Tarker

Q.—Is there any book on brain development?

A.—Yes. Go to any public library and ask for them.

Q.—What exercises do you recommend to develop a heavy punch and how long would it take?

A.—Heavy bag punching. About a year.

Q.—What exercises to reduce the weight?

A.—You will find plenty in my height increasing book.

Nelson Marshall, Rogers, Texas

Q.—How old should one be before taking up pro wrestling? If I am nineteen, is that o.k.?

A.—Yes. Nineteen is a good age to start.

Q.—I am 190 pounds, six feet tall and have a normal chest of 44 and expanded, 45. Is that o.k.?

A.—No. You should have a chest expansion of at least three inches and in your case, with your height and weight, that should be easy. Take deep breathing exercises, road running and long walks.

Q.—What are the measurements of Joe Stecher and Pesek?

A.—Sorry, I cannot give you any measurements.

Q.—Farmer Burns says that he won the world heavyweight title from Evan Lewis and then lost it to Tom Jenkins. Is that correct?

A.—He claimed the heavyweight crown when he beat Lewis, but Evan was not the heavyweight king. You'll find that fully covered in the Milo to Londos series which has just been completed. This will be put into book form soon, provided we can get 1000 subscribers to pay for the cost as the expense will be very big.

Q.—Are long arms an advantage to a wrestler?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is a narrow, bony framework of the shoulders a help or a detriment and is carnival wrestling good for a fellow to start his career?

A.—No, you should have a sturdy framework. No harm in carnival wrestling. At least it would give you the experience.

The Human Side of Managers

By THE COAST SPORTMAN

IN the course of the world's events, and even in the lives of fight managers, there come times that savor of almost the human. Somebody asked me one day if fight managers WERE PEOPLE!

How are you or anyone else going to answer a question like that? And you especially, who may not have known many of the breed.

You have to take them by and large, as a group and a class, and then put your own especial bee on them, stigmatizing them as this or that, as your sweet fancy dictates. Personally I hold no brief for the breed. They are what I might call a bit spotty, to be English in my slangisms. By that I mean that here and there one will find a gem amid the hodge-podge of somewhat poor conglomeration.

Taking swift retrospect of many years of entanglement with those whom the gentleman asked might be human, or at least PEOPLE, I find that my mind can simmer the pot likker of fight managers down to a cutlet here or a luscious steak there and perhaps over yonder a sirloin cut, so to speak, of goodness and reliability.

In other words, there are few managers of the present day, in any locality, who stand out, very few who ever will amount to a tinker's dam and less that few that should be classified, indeed, in the real category of FIGHT MANAGERS.

* * *

I GO back to the days of Charles E. "Parson" Davies, who managed Peter Jackson, God rest the souls of both such tremendous characters; Tommy Ryan, Jimmy Barry, Joe Choynski, the original Evan "Strangler" Lewis, and many similar great athletes of an early day—the late '90's, to be exact—who made in impress on the limited athletic mind of that day.

In that day, there were men of the Tom O'Rourke type who handled great fighters like George Dixon, Joe Walcott and others, both white and black. Al Herford of Baltimore, was another who could see possibilities in an athlete and bring them to the front.

It is true that there was not the competition of that day that this 1936 day of our Lord may show. But competition is what brings out a greater manager of parts like—well, you name them as you see fit. I can name a few I thought were tremendous men who knew the public pulse, the psychology of the game, who could judge fistic values, but best of all, who could guide a young fighter into the dim and hazy future with no uncertain hand.

There are just as many great fighters in the making at this time, as there were at any other period. But I don't believe there are men of patience and skill of intellect and power of persuasion or knowledge of the boxing game to bring them to the front. Most of them are for immediate results. They have no patience. And patience is necessary to an unlimited degree.

So when you see and believe that a young fighter of your acquaintance has a tremendous future ahead of him, don't get the idea in the back of your mind that you are a potential fight manager and attempt to bring him to the front. It takes more than what YOU THINK you have.

Leon Zorita, the best 140 pounder on the Pacific Coast.

ALL of this leading up to an old pal out on the Pacific Coast who has been struggling along for years and years now to get a real champion. He has been shooting at the bull's-eye for lo, now, these many years but has just failed. But, more power to him, he'll be coming along almost any day. His name is Harvey Pettit and he hails from a little town down in Illinois—Thebes, to be exact,—a place about 25 miles above Cairo in what the folks know as Egypt.

But Harvey was raised in St. Louis, Mo., and there it was that he got his fistic groundwork, a foundation that stood him in good stead in the way of making him today one of the outstanding managers of fighting men on the Pacific Coast.

Harvey is a sad-faced sort of an individual but he never was a cry-baby in his life. He learned early that there was a lot of bitter mixed in with the sugary portions of the game and with it all he got the notion in the back of that clever mind of his that these portions, mixed in the way that ingredients should be mixed, and if you do your own mixing, might result in a tremendous lot of good for the mixer.

So Harvey started to mix. And today he's mixing and mixing, here and there finding what the right concoction calls for and now, mayhap he is getting what they all are looking for—a great fighting man.

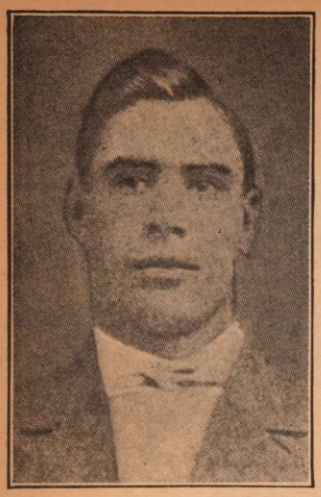
* * *

HARVEY has set his heart and soul on Leon Zorita, a Cuban Negro who has been going along in racehorse fashion in the Southland. For a little time on the area known as the Southland, Zorita boxed as Willie Collins, a sort of an effeminate title that Harvey Pettit quickly realized didn't fit the two-fisted puncher that he was guiding. So he changed the name over to the original that the boy had brought in from Cuba, where he was born less than 20 years ago. As a matter of fact, Willie is only 18 right now.

Willie's mother is rather light or a sort of olive shade but he gets his heavy dark complexion from the daddy, a real Cuban, but he took the name of his step-father Collins, when he first started fighting.

Willie had a strange career after being pushed around like a lot of other young kids are today, white, black and yellow. He liked to box and he did it so well that the first thing you knew he was a seriously dreaded young man on the coast.

It is a matter of record that both Barney Ross, Champion, and Bep Van Klaveren, a great contender *(Continued on page 44)*



STORIES of

Jim Barry, a rough, tough fighter of three decades ago.

By

ED W. SMITH

(Famous referee and sportsman)

JIM FLYNN was one of the best drawing cards around Denver and the promoters didn't want to have him beaten. And when they matched him with "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien back in 1909, they didn't intend that he should be beaten. And he wasn't.

Recent passing of the famous old "Pueblo Fireman" in Los Angeles recalls a real wealth of great fighting incidents in and around the career of this astonishingly game man of the ring and this yarn, coming from one of the sports writers who knew him well and was with him much in his final days, is one of the highlights in his really tremendous career.

It was suggested in Denver, at the time of which I speak, that a good excuse for having a smashing good fight in the mountain metropolis would be a benefit to the then declining Jack McKenna, a widely-known character and a one-time henchman of the mighty "Dry Dollar" Tim Sullivan of New York. Jack was one of the "bad men" of an early day around the "Dry Dollar" precincts and has endeared himself to that great leader by numerous acts of varying kinds, all of them meaning much to the political and perhaps physical well-being of Tim himself.

So when Jack got pretty well messed up in New York and his health had begun to fail him, Tim put Jack on the perpetual payroll, slipped him a sizable roll of currency and shipped him out to Denver in a tardy and, as it proved, a futile attempt to repair Jack's thoroughly shot lungs. At no time, though, could one classify Jack McKenna as an invalid. He refused to be such and immediately got into the sporting life of Denver and its environs in no uncertain manner.

* * *

HE was active in everything that required action and among other things, he became manager of Abe Attell, then just sprouting out into championship material. Likewise, Jack's son Eddie became something of a child wonder with the gloves and later, after his dad died, was quite a powerful boxer around Denver and later in the four-round days in Los Angeles.

Jack used to take Eddie and another kid, later to become well known under the title of Young Abe Attell, around to shows and collect nicely through the largess of sympathetic boxing throngs who liberally applauded the antics of the two kids.

At any rate, the passing of "Big Tim" in New York brought an end to the pension and Jack found himself in financial extremities. Then it was that a benefit was suggested for him.

Jim Flynn by that time had established himself as one of the toughest men that ever came out of the Rocky Mountain district and was something of an idol in that territory. He had been campaigning out on the Pacific Coast and although Jack Johnson had whipped him in eleven rounds, Jim had beaten numerous other and good men, so he was well regarded.

Now, to find an opponent for him for this benefit show was not an easy task, but it finally got down to "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, who happened to be in the neighborhood. O'Brien readily accepted the terms offered. Being at his best right then, and the affair slated for only ten rounds and the prospects of an ample house, Jack hopped into Denver and began training at the ball park.

* * *

O'BRIEN being what he was at the time and Flynn also an open book with little boxing ability and not of much account, it was admitted, over such a route as ten rounds, a distance that severely cramped the old Fireman's style and peculiar fighting talents, it was foreseen that Jack would undoubtedly swarm over Jim like a nest of hornets and make a sorry fool of him. If it were twenty rounds, that would be entirely different and Jim would have a chance to wear his famous opponent down and cut him to bits like a meat chopper.

So Jack McKenna, who was running his own show, having a few cute little ideas of his own, decided he would see to it that Denver's stellar fistic attraction should not be made a fool of. So quite unbeknown to anybody, Jack got a few carpenters in the big pavilion where the benefit was to be held and had constructed a ring according to his own specifications. As this was a minor detail to which not even the fighters had given heed, Jack had it all his own way.

* * *

THERE was a sixty-five-hundred-dollar house there that night and things were going along swimmingly and everybody happy until it came time for the wind-up of ten rounds between O'Brien and Flynn. The jaunty O'Brien, all unsuspecting of the trick that had been played on him, sauntered down the long aisle towards the ring with his usual elastic manner and his fetching Irish smile, bowing right and left to the tremendous applause that should be the meed of such a mighty man of fistic skill.

Jack McKenna, Horton Law days' character, who managed Abe Attell.

Getting close to the ring, Jack took one look, only one. Then he knew that he had been tricked. It wasn't much more than twelve feet square inside the ropes and the padding was so thick and mushy that a man sank up to his ankles in the depth of the voluminous padding, formed by layer upon layer of bed comforters and such, on top of which a canvas cover had been stretched none too tightly, thus adding to the general insecurity of the footing.

ONE LOOK at that layout and Jack O'Brien let out a yelp of surprise and pain that could be heard as far down as Curtiss Street in the heart of Denver's tenderloin district.

"Not for me!" yelled O'Brien. "I wouldn't try to fight in a ring like that with even a child for an opponent, let alone a tough guy like Jim Flynn. Do you think I'm crazy?" and Jack, with a wild look in his eye, appealed to the smiling promoter, Jack McKenna, who stood at his elbow.

Ring Celebrities

McKENNA had expected just exactly such a squawk and had an immediate reply. He carried one of those tough weapons known at that time as a bull-snake cane and he waved it threateningly. "I've got a great house here and it means money to me to have this fight go through successfully," he said with a great deal of feeling. "You're not going to mess things up at this stage, surely, are you? But if you don't get into that ring, and get in there pronto, I'll have to knock you into it," and Jack looked as if he meant every word of what he said.

Evidently Jack, after looking around helplessly and finding he was outvoted by about eight thousand to one and outbullsnaked by one desperate promoter, reluctantly dragged himself into the ring and slowly began peeling for the battle that he knew was lost before it began.

To start with, that ring wasn't a bit over twelve feet square inside the ropes and that gave Flynn a chance to keep everlastingly on top of the fast-moving —ordinarily—O'Brien, and that ankle-deep padding didn't give Jack a single chance to step around and do his fancy footwork upon which he depended almost altogether for his ring victories.

And the result was exactly what O'Brien had foreseen as soon as he looked at the ring and exactly what the exultant McKenna had aimed at—Flynn gave O'Brien one of the most unmerciful lacings that a first-class fighting man ever got in any ring, big or little. Jack kept up a running fire of comments of an extremely derogatory nature directed over Flynn's shoulder at the grinning McKenna, who was occupying a prominent ringside seat and enjoying it all immensely, especially enjoying the thought that a little later in the evening he would be fingering quite a roll of bills for the first time in many months.

Pueblo Jim Flynn, who recently died in California.

* * *

BUT every time O'Brien opened his mouth to say something nasty to McKenna about his chicanery, the old Fireman would drive a fist into Jack's face and say something extremely unpleasant about the Philadelphia Irishman and his family and social connections. As Flynn was a great favorite at the time and the stranger was just another boxer in the eyes of that vast crowd, an enjoyable evening was had by all—all but O'Brien, who didn't even go around to the office for his cut of the gate but sent a newspaper friend to collect for him, fearing that he might forget himself and engage McKenna in a free-for-all.

It fell to my rather unfortunate lot back in 1912 to be chosen as referee of the Jack Johnson-Jim Flynn championship fight in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and there are some strange stories to be told of that sensational meeting. I have been asked by my friend, Editor Nat Fleischer, to jot down my impressions for the readers of THE RING, along with some other yarns that are fresh in my mind about "Fireman Jim," with whom I consorted frequently during his final days in Los Angeles. It was in Los Angeles that Jim was running quite a prosperous beer parlor on Main Street, right across from the Main Street gymnasium, so capably run by Willie Orner, and Jim's final dying request was that his name be allowed to remain across the top of the building after his death. It's still up there.

* * *

THEY'LL be telling yarns about that grand old battler, Jim Flynn, as long as memory persists because the one-time railroad fireman from Pueblo, up in the vast Rockies, was one of the most fruitful subjects that the boxing ring ever had. A true saga of the remarkable old character who passed on out in Los Angeles a few weeks back of a heart attack would take up at least a complete issue of THE RING and then be not more than half complete.

Jim's favorite personal yarn, if you could get him just right and with a good audience, which this author always was to him, concerned a most remarkable and amusing incident that befell him back in 1908 or so around Denver, where Jim always was one of the athletic favorites. His rugged, picturesque personality exactly fitted in and matched the shaggy and at times uncouth environs of the mountain metropolis.

They were having no public fisticuffs in the city at the time and the boys and a smattering of the more courageous of the girls were forced outside of the city's limits to get their portions of the so-called manly art. So it happened that Jim Flynn was matched to take on that terrible man out of Culbertson, Mont., known as Jim Barry—another good fighting man, by the way, who was christened James J., like Corbett and Jeffries and Tunney and Braddock and some others.

* * *

BARRY was a strange belicose mixture of Irish and French and when he got into action, he was about as tough and rough a personality as one could wish to avoid. Not natively endowed with more than a tremendous physique and unquestioned courage and stamina, Jim carried on sans skill or fistic cleverness. But he had power and force and the will to do. A bad egg, if you ask me, in every fistic way and a not-too-lovable chap in repose, a state of mind in which his pals seldom found him. It was reported some years ago that Jim met a violent end down in the Canal Zone, a type of country at the time that exactly fitted the vacillating moods of the big man. That country was wild and Jim was all of that and a little more thrown in for good measure or bad as the case might be.

Jim Flynn was just as bad in the ring but of more decent deportment when finished with a ring encounter. Although Flynn cordially hated an opponent as soon as the gloves were laced on, he carried few grudges out of the battle enclosure, and then perhaps when he did it was for publicity purposes only. You see, latterly he got the advantage of shrewd management and that means taking advantage of all opportunities for the ballyhoo.

So back in 1908, Flynn and Barry were matched for ten rounds out at a suburban place called *(Continued on page 45)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

NOT so long ago, in the "Question Box" of THE RING, Nat Fleischer told an enquirer that he was at a loss to explain why the public did not support the paper more liberally. Prior to that, I was under the impression that a magazine of THE RING's calibre should sell like hot tamales. But if the circulation really has fallen off, and the editor is seeking a reason, I beg space to offer one.

Briefly, then, Nat, you have become one of the genus knocker! And if you are losing readers, you can put it down to that, in my opinion.

I can remember the time when you lauded Max Schmeling to the skies. But now you insist on painting him as black as possible. You must admit that Schmeling's exemplary sportsmanship, in and out of the ring, brought him high praise from every newspaper in the U. S. A., including THE RING. He always fought the good fight, to the best of his capabilities, and wasted little time squealing or play-acting. After riding the toboggan for a while, he has now staged a brilliant comeback, the failure to K.O. Uzcudun notwithstanding. (After all, how many have looked well against the old woodchopper, much less belt him out?) Yet now that Max is back to his best form, and in a line for either a title shot, or, at worst, an elimination tilt at Joe Louis, THE RING is giving him the raspberry. And all because of politics!

Hitler's politics go against the grain of many people, I admit. But so do Roosevelt's, Ramsay MacDonald's, and anyone else's. All our ideas can't be alike. What is rank crime to one man, is merciful justice to another. Besides, politics and sport—especially boxing, which is so international—should be kept poles apart. And, anyway, Schmeling is *NOT* Hitler. So why pan Max because you disagree with Adolf? It's unreasonable, and certainly unsporting.

You harp a good deal on the Nazi treatment of Jews and Catholics in Germany. Much of the ballyhoo may be true. But you can bet your shirt that the press outside Germany is not giving Hitler the benefit of any doubt. And to be consistent, why not start roasting Mexican boxers? After all, if Jews and Catholics in Germany are treated worse than Catholics in Mexico (according to what we're told), then things are sure tough for them.

Schmeling can't help it if Hitler is not a white-haired boy. So why show lack of sportsmanship by boycotting him?

You make much of the fact that Max goes back to Germany with his good American dollars. But why shouldn't he? Nothing is more natural for a man to do. If Max is wrong to go home with his cash, then what about Steve Hamas, Freddie Miller, and those Americans who come down here to Australia? Do they stay long enough to spend their winnings, and go home "broke"? I ask you! Do you expect Schmeling to give up his country, and his people, live in a foreign country until his money is all gone, and sneak home bankrupt, in the evening of his life, to sponge on charity? (Aw, Nat!)

It is all very well to say that Max is ungrateful to the American promoters who enabled him to carry away a fortune to Germany. Doubtless the kind-hearted promoters were so enamoured of Der Maxie that they begged him to come over and get a pile of Uncle Sam's dollars to take home! Fight promoters are built that way! They delight in giving a boxer something for nothing! Schmeling is wise enough to know that no promoters, American or otherwise, ever put in a bid for his services without a definite knowledge that they were on a good wicket. It might just as logically be claimed that the promoters owe a debt of gratitude to Schmeling for enabling them to make a fortune!

THE RING is an international paper, and deals with sport. If it hopes to retain its prestige, and create respect for its comments, let it continue as a sporting magazine, and leave politics to the politicians. A fighter can justifiably be ranked or roasted according to his performances in the ring. To drag in somebody else's political stunts is taking a mean advantage of the boxer. It is unjust to him, and unpalatable to any open-minded reader.

Your Open Letter to the American Olympic Committee put the whole German people into the same unenviable line as Schmeling. Such a letter, in a sports publication, looked as fitting, to my mind, as the conventional idea of a parson at a brewers' picnic. I can quite understand your being all het up about this business, Nat. But why thrust your political and racial feelings on your readers, especially when they represent such a variety of creeds and countries? There is an old gag about letting the cobbler stick to his last. It also means let the sports writers stick to their sport, and leave politics to the politically inclined.

To send an American team to Berlin would NOT, as you claim, "be tantamount to approval of the policies of the Hitler government." As a matter of fact, it would have nothing to do with the policies of the Hitler, or any other, government. The Olympics are the ideal in sport, and one of the finest and most noble movements under the sun. And they are truly international. Even Hitler realizes that, and is preparing accordingly. The games have nothing whatever to do with politics. Yet they are one of the outstanding arguments for world peace, and for that reason, if no other, every nation should bury its political differences for the duration of the games, at least. The Olympics will be free of strife so long as the nations conduct them in the right spirit. But they will become a political shuttlecock once any country takes the stand advocated by you in the October RING. The best weapon to use against Hitler is to ignore his politics, and show that you are above such puerile stunts as racial boycotting by entering the Olympics in full strength. No other country is taking the stand you advocate. Stand up and cheer with the rest, Nat!

JAMES J. MANNION,
Prospect, South Australia.

[*Thanks, Mr. Mannion. I appreciate and respect your sentiments. But when you say I've dabbled in politics, you're all wrong.* THE RING'S *open letter to the American Olympic Committee certainly was not politics. Far from it.* THE RING *most assuredly is concerned with the future of boxing, and since the Hitler government has vacated the titles owned by Jews and Catholics, as, for example, in the case of Eric Seelig, middleweight king, who has been doing splendid work in the U. S., then I declare that is fitting news for comment in* THE RING.

As for Max Schmeling, your wish has been granted, and I dare say Herr Max will quit boxing after Louis gets through with him. Since you've written to me, Mannion, you see what happened to Paulino? You can now understand probably why I said Max was going back. Paulino had fifteen rounds with Schmeling but got a terrible beating from Louis, who stopped him in four. I hope you've now changed your mind and will believe me when I say that I never mix politics with sport and always use my personal judgment in praising when I feel praise is due. I am no knocker, Mannion. Far from that. Foreign fighters usually get more praise from me than do native sons. Ask the English boys, the Germans and South Americans who have come to our shores.

And now for the good news, Mannion! Since Joe Louis' rise, THE RING *has gained close to eleven thousand in circulation, of which twenty-one hundred comes from England. Aren't you happy? Won't you rejoice with me? I'm sure you will, for you must be aware of the good we have done for the sport for the hospital sick, for the soldiers and sailors in far-off lands, and for good sportsmanship. Do you know that several hundred mothers have written to me during the Christmas holidays asking me to place their offspring on* THE RING'S *subscription list. There must be a reason, Mannion.*

No, Mannion, I didn't lose readers because I've become the king of the genus knocker. I lost paid readers for three years owing to the international depression, but am getting all and many more back into the fold. They remained readers, but found it necessary to borrow THE RING *from others, but now purchase it because prosperity is rapidly returning. Think it over, Mannion; and let's be friends. Write to me again. I'd like to hear from others on the points raised by you.—Editor's Note.*]

I AM writing a few lines just to tell you that THE RING is by far the best boxing and wrestling magazine I have read. I have missed about four copies since 1929. Not bad, eh, Nat?

I enjoyed reading the Milo-to-Londos series, and I hope to get the book form when it is published. Keep up the album of famous fighters, old-timer; it is a very good idea. I heard the Braddock and Baer bout and also the Louis and Carnera bout over the air. I think Louis will be the next world champ.

Well, that is all for the present, Nat, so wishing you every success in the future.

FIGHT FAN,
Wellington, New Zealand.

* * *

I MUST congratulate you, Mr. Fleischer, on your recent editions of THE RING, in which you give Joe Louis all the credit which he richly deserves. This has been an admirable feature of your paper all alone. The giving of credit where it is due to boxers, irrespective of race, color, or creed. This is as it should be, and should be applied to all walks in life. Kindest regards and a long life to THE RING, "the best ever."

JOSEPH MCKEON,
Dunfermline, Scotland.

[*Please note, Mr. Mannion!—Editor's Note.*]

* * *

FIRST of all, may I congratulate you on your open letter to the American Olympic Committee which appeared in the October RING. A really wonderful letter and a blow under the chin to Mr. Hitler and his family. Honestly, Nat, it's a great letter, and I'm sorry you didn't succeed in your task of stopping the Olympic team from going to Berlin. I only wish I were somewhere near, so that I could shake your hand and compliment you on the splendid letter.

I am glad that you are not downhearted because THE RING has been banned in Germany, and I hope that the American public will make it up in support of your splendid magazine. I am not soft-soaping at all, Nat, but I really cannot tell you how appreciative I am of THE RING.

A TRUE FRIEND,
Glen Falls.

[*Here's another letter for you to peruse, Mr. Mannion.—Editor's Note.*]

* * *

I SUBSCRIBED to your great magazine not long ago and already agree that it is "The World's Foremost Boxing Magazine," and the only one of its kind in publication. My only regret is not to have subscribed sooner, because I certainly missed many happy hours of reading. Everywhere I have been—and I have been in most every country—THE RING holds first and undisputed place in the opinion of all boxing fans.

I like everything your magazine contains, and especially the articles written by yourself. "Flat-Footed Fighters," "Louis' Rise Revives an Old Topic," and "Science Again to the Fore," were specially interesting. You are always impartial in every respect and when one is in doubt, your opinion may be taken as final.

To end up, I wish to shout, "Long life to Mr. Nat Fleischer and to THE RING, the world's foremost boxing magazine."

M. ALONZO-ROMERO, JR.,
Caracas, Venezuela.

[*It seems that I can't get a letter that will back Mr. Mannion's claim of prejudice and knocking!—Editor's Note.*]

* * *

I BECAME interested in boxing six years ago. Did not have any personal experience. So I bought your "Universal Boxing Course." After about eight months of constant study and practise, I began teaching a boy who lived in my neighborhood. The boy's name is Lucius Fleet.

Since then I have bought every Method you have placed on sale. Fleet, since he began, has fought in Los Angeles, Sioux City, Chicago, Denver, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New Haven, Detroit, and is at present the best gate attraction in New Orleans.

Started him as an amateur in Los Angeles. He won thirty-eight consecutive fights. Due to financial needs, was forced to turn him professional. Since then he has won over Star Frisco, Duke Calloway, Freddie Encinias, Lenny Cohen, Guy Stubbs, Santos Maniano, Wally Hally and many other noted boys. He has never been defeated.

In a recent fire I lost every book. Now I am buying a new set. Last week I wrote for two. I am thankful to you for my success as a trainer. Could not have learned nearly as much any other way. Will boost your Course at all times.

PAUL GRAY,
New Orleans, La.

* * *

I'M enclosing a dollar for your "Blocking" book. I'm glad to say I have practically all your books and I bought several at THE RING Store when on a visit in September, 1929, and got several more since returning. *You* should get that trophy for the "Best in Boxing" as none of the scrappers have done half as much for the game as you have done and *are* doing.

I'm glad to say Tommy Loughran is showing them at this side what a "boxer" is. I'm reading THE RING for years. Get it direct from New York. No praise can be too much for what it is doing. Good luck. All the best.

MICK HARTIGAN,
Limerick.

[*Still another for you, Mr. Mannion.—Editor's Note.*]

* * *

WE fans of that great he-man sport known as pugilism, or better known now as boxing, are always rating the ten leading fighters of all time, or the ten leading fighters in each division. I am going to do what I have wanted to do several issues back, to rate what I thought was the ten best articles in THE RING, the champion of all magazines:

September Issue

1. Race Riots, Color Line, Just a Lot of Hooey—THE RING Editor.
2. Photographs of the Carnera-Louis Battle.
3. A Corner in the Fistic Market—Eddie Borden.
4. Better Get Those White Hopes Ready—Nat Fleischer.
5. Nat Fleischer Says . . . .
6. Sepia Socker Louis, Mauler With Mission—Daniel M. Daniel.
7. THE RING's Album of Famous Fighters.
8. In Our Question Box.
9. Letters From Our Readers.
10. THE RING's Globe Trotter—D. M. Daniel.

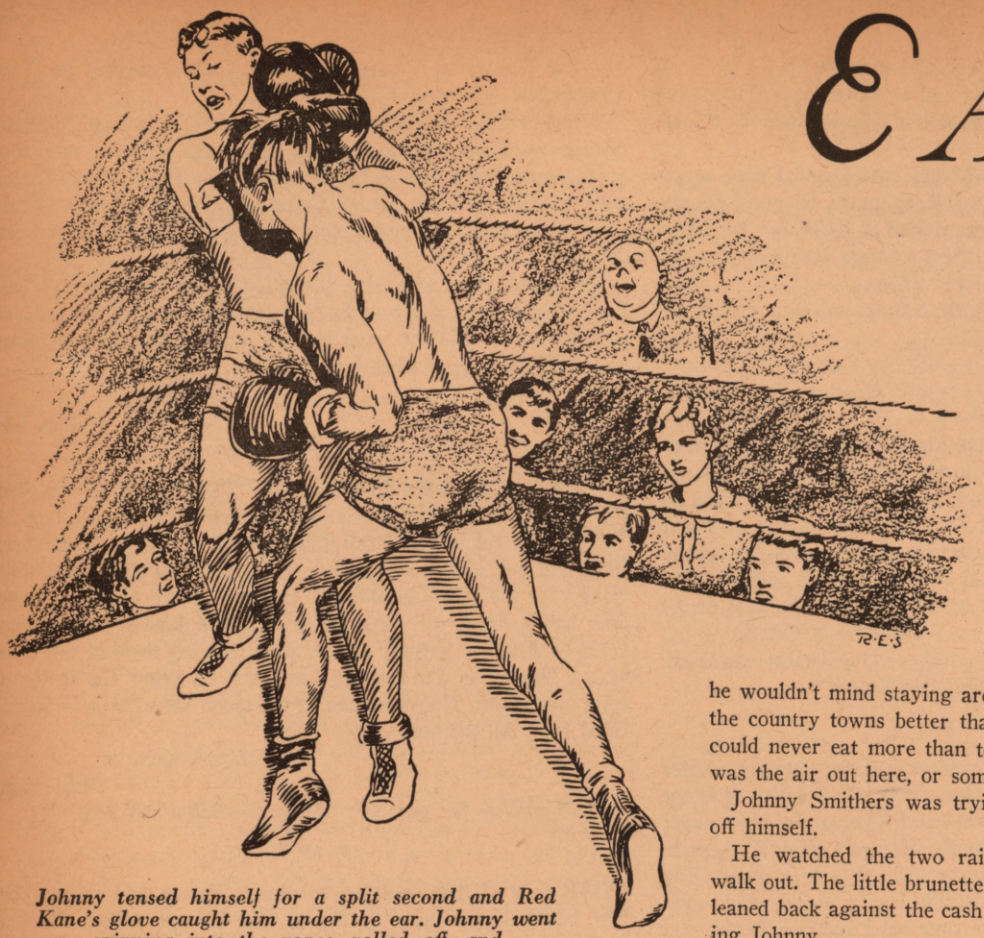
October Issue

1. An Open Letter to the American Olympic Committee—Nat Fleischer.
2. Can Joe Louis Take It?—Nat Fleischer.
3. A Corner in the Fistic Market—Eddie Borden.
4. Photographs of the Levinsky-Louis Battle.
5. Nat Fleischer Says . . . .
6. Flat-Footed Fighters—The Editor.
7. THE RING's Album of Famous Fighters.
8. In Our Question Box.
9. Letters From Our Readers.
10. THE RING's Globe Trotter—Daniel M. Daniel.

Those are my choice. All the articles about boxing are very interesting to me. I never read about wrestling. I look at the pictures, but cannot get interested in anything pertaining to wrestling. Sometimes I do read "From Milo to Londos," by that great writer, A. D. Phillips, and other stories about the sport when Gotch, Strangler Lewis (original), Muldoon, Whistler, Burns and Hack were doing their number.

JOHN BRUEN, SR.,
Goshen, N. Y.

EASY



Johnny tensed himself for a split second and Red Kane's glove caught him under the ear. Johnny went spinning into the ropes, rolled off, and slid out of the way.

JOHNNY SMITHERS fought well during the first four rounds but in the fifth, Red Kane planted a heavy heel on Johnny's toes as they came out of a clinch.

"Hey!" said Johnny.

Red Kane pulled him into another clinch and stabbed him with his elbows.

"Bum!"

"Aw, quit cryin'," admonished Mr. Kane, and slapped Johnny across the face so that the glove lace raked his cheek and dry lips in a manner that was both illegal and painful.

Johnny Smithers tried to keep from exploding. He turned towards the referee, and Mr. Kane promptly belted him on the chin. Johnny fell to one knee, bounced up like a dollar golf ball, and lunged forward with both hands flailing wildly in the general direction of his leering opponent.

A dull jar snapped his head back and Johnny saw a white streak go shooting up, and up, and up.

When he opened his eyes, he was stretched on the rubbing table with a towel draped across his middle. He blinked twice. "What happened?"

Monk Jones, straw hat pushed back on his bald head, took the cigar out of his mouth. "Nothin' out of the ordinary," said Mr. Jones. "You lost your head again. An' you lost your fight again. An' this time you're losin' your manager." He pulled out a greasy billfold. "Here's your cut—an' don't say I didn't warn you."

Monk Jones tossed the bills on the towel across Johnny's middle; then he tipped the straw hat forward and kicked open the door of the narrow locker room.

"Better go back to the old man's garage, Johnny—a monkey wrench won't talk nasty at you, far as I know. Person'ly, I never handle 'em. So long."

Johnny took his time under the shower, packed his togs slowly, and went back to Bernville's three-story hotel. He didn't sleep very well because there was a dull ache in his jaw and because he was wondering what he would do. He wasn't ready to quit fighting yet, but he always let the other fellow get his goat, so what was the use. And Dad's garage was paying poorly; he'd only be in the way there.

In the morning, he went across to the Nickelette. Two railroad men were emptying their coffee mugs; a little brunette, alert and neat in her starched white apron, came forward.

"Coffee and toast," Johnny said, "and eggs and sausage."

The girl placed a paper napkin and a glass of water in front of him. She had sparkling dark eyes and a clear skin, with hardly any powder or lipstick; not much was needed.

If he could find something in Bernville, Johnny thought, he wouldn't mind staying around a while. Somehow he liked the country towns better than the city stops. In the city, he could never eat more than toast and coffee for breakfast. It was the air out here, or something.

Johnny Smithers was trying very hard to keep his mind off himself.

He watched the two railroad men light cigarettes and walk out. The little brunette came back from the kitchen and leaned back against the cash register, her arms folded, studying Johnny.

"What's the matter?" Johnny asked. "My face dirty?"

"Huh-uh, just trying to place you." She thought a little, then: "I know. You fought at the Opera House last night, didn't you?"

"Thanks," said Johnny.

"What for?"

"For calling it fighting."

"Oh—" her tone became less impersonal, "you were all right—at first."

"Yes—" he laughed, queerly, "at first."

She poured out his coffee and milk and pushed the sugar towards him, and leaned back again against the cash register.

Johnny used the milk but pushed away the sugar. "I didn't think girls like you cared about fighting—out here, I mean."

"I've got two brothers, Eddie and Luke," she said. "Eddie's thirteen and he makes me take him to all the bouts at the Opera House. And Luke's fighting out on the Pacific Coast. Calls himself Lefty Adams. Maybe you've heard of him."

"Sure, I remember Lefty. I was on a card with him once. Carson City, I think. Dark and sort of slim, like you, isn't he? Lightweight."

"That's him."

"So you're Lefty's sister. Say 'Hello' to him for me, will you? I'm Johnny Smithers."

"I'll tell him you were here." She added, "I'm Helen Adams."

"Glad to meet somebody I know," said Johnny. He stirred his coffee reminiscently. "Lefty's clever with his mitts—but you have to be pretty good to make anything at that weight, these days."

* * *

THE girl, starting towards the kitchen, said over her shoulder, "You have to be pretty good at anything to make anything these days."

She came back with the toast. "Eggs aren't quite ready."

"No hurry, I'm not going any place," Johnny said, his thoughts coming back to himself.

"Where do you fight next?" asked the girl.

"I don't. I got the gate after last night's."

"Oh, gee!" The dark eyes clouded with sympathy. "Just because you lost?"

DOES IT

By JAY WORTHINGTON

"No, because I got mad and forgot to box. I lost eight out of my last eleven that way. I don't blame Monk. He's square, but he can't waste time on fellows like me."

"What makes you get mad?"

"I don't know. A fellow like Red Kane starts fighting dirty, or making cracks, or the crowd gives me the razzberry, or something—and then I go off like a firecracker. The more it happened, the worse I got."

A bell jingled in the kitchen.

"I was so wide open when I went at Red Kane last night," continued Johnny, "I'm lucky he didn't blast me out of the hall. Or maybe it'd been better if he had."

"You mustn't talk like that," scolded the girl. She brought him the eggs and sausage. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know." He put little pats of butter on the three pieces of toast and watched them melt. "Look for a job, I guess."

* * *

HELEN ADAMS went back to her post against the cash register, silently watching him eat for a few minutes. Presently:

"You know, I thought it looked sort of funny last night. Neither of you seemed to be hurting each other and then all of a sudden he hit you and—and you went down."

"Yes, it seemed funny when I woke up in the dressing room, too," said Johnny, "and Monk handing me money and saying we were all washed up."

"Oh, I didn't mean really funny! I meant—oh, I'm sorry!"

He smiled feebly. "It's all right, kid. I know you didn't mean that." He picked up his fork, studied it, put it down again. He began to chuckle.

"I guess I did look funny, at that," he said. He laughed aloud, that queer, strained laugh. "Busting in there one second and flat on my back the next." He laughed louder and louder; the girl watched him with frightened eyes.

He picked up his coffee, still laughing. His hand began to shake violently, and the cup slipped suddenly out of his fingers. It crashed on the wooden counter and the coffee started dripping on the metal containers on the other side.

"Gosh!" He stared at the girl, and she saw fear in his eyes. "I guess I—I must be going nuts—"

"You're sick!" said Helen Adams, her own face white. "Joe! Joe!" she called towards the kitchen. "Come here—quick!"

"The X-rays show nothing whatever; it's purely a nervous condition, I'm certain," the doctor told Helen Adams. "He was obviously at the breaking point—exhausted physically, worrying, empty stomach, strange surroundings. But he'll be all right. He needs rest, that's all. And no excitement."

"I'll take care of him," said Helen.

"You?" The doctor looked at her curiously.

"I've got a brother about his age," the girl said quietly. "He's a fighter, too. Maybe some day he'll be sick or hurt—away from home."

Two days at the hospital were too much for Johnny Smithers. "I'm all right now," he complained. "I can't stay here. I got to get busy."

"Easy, Johnny," soothed Helen. "You've got to rest."

"I can't." He told her about his father's garage. "It's got to be fixed up before it falls apart. I want to make it more modern. Dad's getting old."

Somehow her hand had slipped over his. He became conscious of it. "Say, you're all right," he said suddenly.

"Never mind that." She pulled the hand away quickly. "Now listen. Our place isn't very big, but Mrs. Miller has a nice room you can have for next to nothing. She's our neighbor. Promise you'll behave and I'll ask the doctor to let you go there."

Johnny's grimace wasn't very convincing.

"Well?"

"Oh, all right, I guess—if you'll be next door."

That was Friday. On Saturday morning there was a letter for Johnny postmarked Halsbury. He tore open the envelope. It was from Monk.

"Read about you in the papers. You better take a rest before you go back to the monkey wrench job.

MONK JONES.

"P. S.—I always said you was a little cracked."

But under the note lay a hundred-dollar bill. Johnny grinned. "Poor Monk, he tries so hard to be tough," he said.

At night, Helen let him walk her to the local movie house. On the way back, they passed a pool parlor, where a couple of hoodlums were wrestling around on the sidewalk. One of them spun himself vigorously, losing his balancing and knocking against Helen. Johnny Smithers steadied her and then wheeled on the local grappler. "Why, you—"

"Easy, Johnny." The small hand on his wrist had a grip that surprised him. "Come on," said the girl. "I'm not hurt and anyway it was an accident." She led him away.

The idlers recognized Johnny; anything approaching news travelled fast in Bernville. One of them muttered something about "punch-drunk ham."

Again Johnny's muscles tightened but Helen held his arm as in a vise; he didn't want to shake her off. "Will you behave," she whispered, "or do I walk home alone?" He behaved.

* * *

SHE steered him into the corner drugstore and ordered chocolate milk shakes. Then she said quietly, "Do you know what's the matter with you, Johnny Smithers?"

He tore a straw to bits. "I'm a punch-drunk ham."

"You may be soon, if you don't relax. You take everything so seriously, Johnny—especially yourself. When that half drunk idiot bumped into us, you acted as if he'd been waiting all his life just to insult you. You go into a prize fight to earn your living and then try to make something personal out of it."

She reached across the narrow table and yanked his ear.

"Ow!" said Johnny.

"Stop looking so miserable. There's really nothing the matter with you. Or with the rest of the world. It's the way you take everything. Look!"

He looked.

"You've saved some money, haven't you?"

"Some."

"And you've got the hundred Monk sent you."

"Oh—but that's just a loan."

"All right, then it's a loan. But you've got it. And you can fight again, can't you? I mean, you're not crippled or anything."

"No-o—yes. I mean—"

"Let it go. And your father made out all right before you came along, didn't he?"

"Well, yes, I guess he did."

"I guess so." She smiled sweetly. "Now, please tell me what other thing you can possibly worry about?"

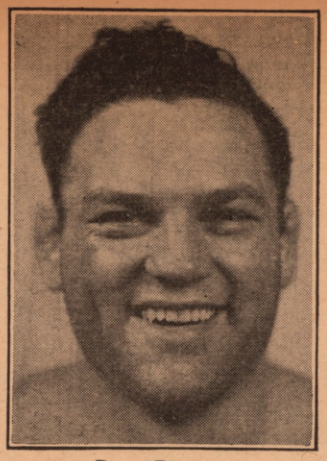
He was grinning broadly now. "Well," he said, "I was just wondering if you'd get mad if I tried to kiss you . . . . Hey—Ow!"

She took him to church the next morning. In the afternoon they went for a walk, later resting on the shore of Cook's Pond.

"What am I going to do," asked Johnny, "while you're on the job at the Nickelette?" He was sprawled on the grass at her side.

(Continued on page 43)

Ernie Dusek



Dean Detton

Earl McCready

Ed Don George

WORLD WRESTLERS

LAST year, THE RING enlisted the services of Jack Curley, my colleague, for that publication's annual ranking of wrestlers, and from what I heard in the way of comment, Jack's choice met with the approval of those who know their mat sport. At best, the task of selecting fifteen or twenty wrestlers as the leaders in their field is a Herculean task, and when the final choices appear in print, arguments, pro and con, are certain to follow. Those who agree on one man's standing, disagree on another, and there are some critics who think that the entire selection is so poor that it would have been far better to toss them all into the ash heap than to waste such valuable space as is allotted to them.

It is with that in mind that I tackle this job this year. Nat Fleischer, who has done so much for boxing and wrestling, has asked me to be the man at the helm this year, and though I candidly believe that there aren't many wrestling followers more up on the sport than I, and that, therefore, I qualify for such a task, yet I tremble for fear that I might tread on the toes of some friend whom I might offend by leaving his name out of my listing. But I have been asked to give a rating based on what the wrestlers did in 1935, not on what they might do this year, or what their record was in previous years, and considering the stars of the wrestling world from this standpoint, I have reached the conclusion that, no matter what some critics might think of the ability of Danno O'Mahoney, in my opinion, he is the outstanding wrestler of the year, the man who has stood the test against the cream of the world talent and therefore deserves the highest ranking. You may question this, but that is your privilege.

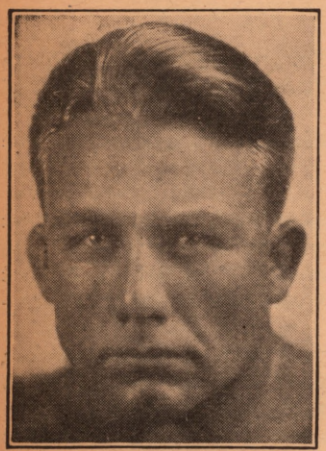
Danno O'Mahoney

I PROBABLY have seen more wrestlers of note perform in this country in 1935 than any other man and feel competent, therefore, to be a judge and I think that anyone, considering the talent from an unbiased point, will agree that my choices are what they should be. I have seen the men perform in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Galveston, Houston, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, and many other sections, countless smaller cities included. Therefore, I have an unusually good line on the men and, regardless of what criticism might be hurled at me by promoters and managers who think I have an ax to grind, I think that the list I have chosen is by far the best that could possibly be selected on work accomplished last year.

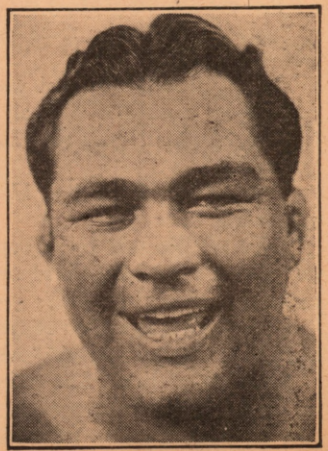
Since Jack Curley made his choice for 1934, we have had a new champion crowned, Danno O'Mahoney. Before the rise of the young Irishman, a cloud hung over the championship with Jim Londos and Ed Don George as the chief claimants—and both, for good reasons. However, since then, O'Mahoney defeated Londos for the crown and then clinched the claim beyond shadow of doubt by tossing George, not once, but three times. In addition, he threw such men as Lewis, Browning, Shikat and other title contenders who meant something. Is it any wonder, therefore, that I choose the Irish star as the head man, the No. 1 wrestler in my world ranking of matmen?

* * *

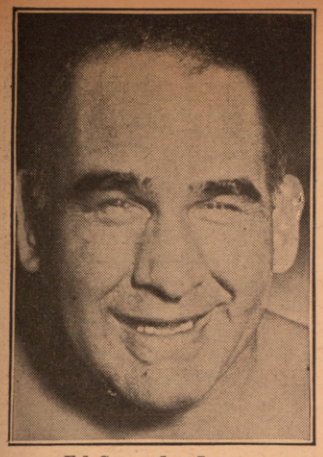
MY No. 2 man will be a surprise, no doubt, to many in the East who have never seen the man. I place the great Mexican wrestler, Vince Lopez, in that post. Vince not only won the international



Everette Marshall

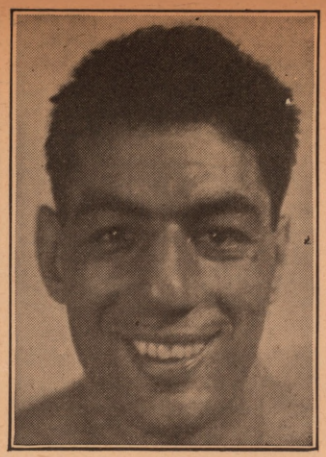


Chief Little Wolf

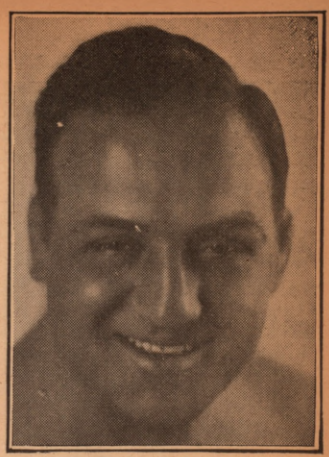


Ed Strangler Lewis

Jim Browning



Hank Barber



Dick Shikat

RANKED *by* MONDT

"Toots" Gives Highest Award to O'Mahoney With Vince Lopez Second and Ernie Dusek, Third

By JOE "TOOTS" MONDT

tournament staged in Los Angeles last summer, but since has put the shoulders of the world's best men to the mat in Coast competition. I know a good wrestler when I see one, and I feel that you'll have to go far and wide to get a few better matmen than Lopez.

It was in that tournament that he was declared not only the California champion, but the world title-holder, so far as California was concerned. It will be recalled that at the time when the final round of that Coast tourney was reached, Londos balked at meeting Chief Little Wolf and was suspended, and Lopez won the honors.

* * *

ERNIE DUSEK, who held O'Mahoney to an hour draw in Cleveland, I place third. Dean Detton, the "Salt Lake City Flash," who might have won the Los Angeles tourney had he not been injured after winning nine straight bouts, I rank next to Ernie. Watch this young man. He's a wrestler, boys. Out West, he's considered the kingpin among the newcomers.

Vince Lopez

Earl McCready, the big Canadian, who has all the wrestling attributes and who may some day prove to be a world's champion, if he gets the right opportunity, I rank fifth. "Mac" has been hailed as the greatest wrestling star we have ever sent to the Antipodes in years and they have a move on foot to declare him champion of the British Empire down there. That's how good they think he is.

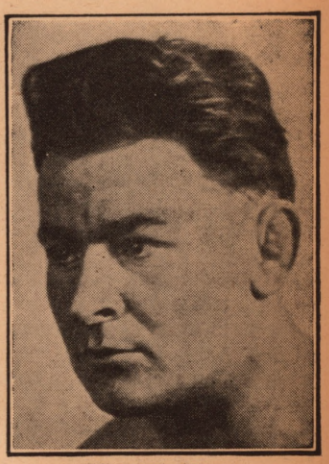
Jack Sherry

Ed Don George, who has been twice world's champion and who has failed in his attempts to regain the crown from the Irishman, I place sixth in line. If Ed Lewis, whom I place next in line, had his old ambition, he might be right near the top yet and probably win the title for the fifth time, but Ed hasn't been taking the sport any too seriously and doesn't train sufficiently, so he is seventh.

Jim Browning, another veteran who has been world's champion, and who is still a dangerous factor, is next in line. Jim has gone back a little, however, and fared as well last year as he did the year before.

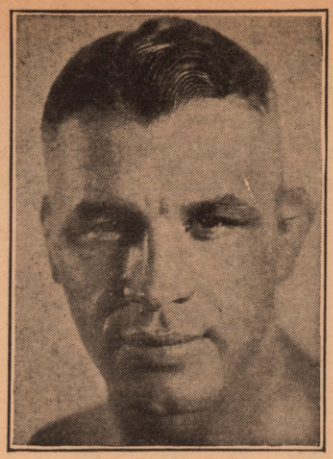
I'm putting Hank Barber, the star Jewish athlete and former all-around Dartmouth king, in ninth place. I suppose I will be severely criticized by followers of other wrestlers for placing a newcomer so high in the roll of honor list, but let me remind them right here that Barber has accomplished marvels in 1935. He has bowled over some of the best men in the game, including Gus Sonnenberg, former champion, and other top-notchers. I place him ahead of the great Dick Shikat, the well-conditioned German, also an ex-king. Shikat is truly a great wrestler but he did not perform to his usual standard in 1935, and that's why he has failed to be placed as high as he was by Jack Curley last year.

Then there is Everette Marshall, who is claiming the world title because he was so crowned by the Colorado Commission. Everette is an excellent wrestler, with plenty of quality, but his record for the



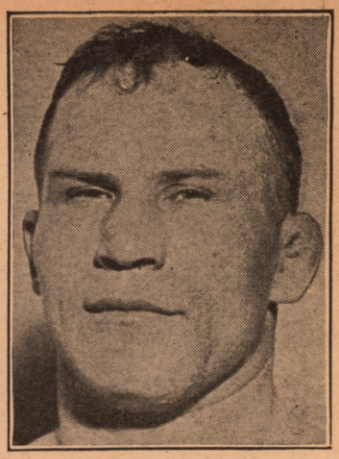
Henri DeGlane

Joe Savoldi



Jim McMillen

Ray Steele



Hans Steinke

year is below par. He doesn't rate any better than eleventh, despite his championship claims. At least, that is my opinion, and I'm offering it without prejudice.

Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, disagrees with me. He thinks that Marshall ranks no worse than third for 1935, but as I said at the start of this article, the selection is wholly mine and each of our readers, including THE RING Editor, is entitled to his opinion, just as I am entitled to mine.

After Marshall, I place Chief Little Wolf, the sensational Navajo. Here's a wrestler who, with his death grip, took the wrestling fans by storm for a while, but somehow he didn't live up to expectations for a time, then came back with a bang and now is again in the spotlight. If he performs in 1936 as he is capable of doing, I look for him to get within the first eight wrestlers this year.

* * *

OVER in England, Jack Sherry, an American, is performing and is being billed as the world champion, but Sherry is far from that. Such claim does neither the game nor Sherry any good as it is purely the bunk, and Sherry is too good a wrestler to appear in a false light before the public. Sherry, a few years ago, ranked among the first half dozen, but not on his work of 1935. The best he can get from me is thirteenth position. He doesn't belong among the first ten world ranking wrestlers.

Henri DeGlane, Canadian former title-holder, gets next choice. Henri has been performing abroad, but has not done sufficient against the cream of the topnotchers to be honored with a higher post. Next comes Joe Savoldi, the Jumping Jack of the wrestling profession, the man who started Jim Londos on the downgrade. Joe is not a consistent performer. He looks like a champion one day and then shows medium form the next.

Jim McMillen, who has made a good comeback, follows in sixteenth place, ahead of the veteran Ray Steele, with the big, sturdy Hans Steinke next in line, followed by George Zaharias and Man Mountain Dean.

Dean is a disappointment. It seemed for a time in 1935 that the whiskered grappler would be among the first ten for the year, but he is a wrestling freak who is too ponderous to go the route. He shows at his best only when he can win in a jiffy. He is dangerous at all times and likely to toss anyone, but he is not consistent.

As for Jim Londos, one of the best wrestlers of all time, I fail to give him a position because Jim has retired, at least temporarily. I hope his army of admirers won't find fault with me for that, because I feel that he cannot be properly rated on his few performances for the year. The fact that he decided on a long rest after losing the title, cuts him off the list for 1935.

The game can use another Jim Londos and we hope we will find one shortly.

* * *

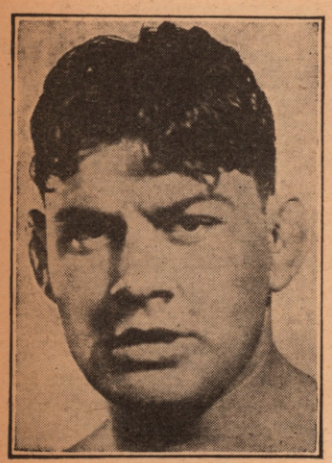
IN the light-heavyweight and lower classes, the situation as regards the champions and contenders is even more complicated than in the heavyweight ranks. There are almost as many champions as there are competitors, hence I shall not attempt to name the leaders in those sections. I'm leaving that to one of THE RING'S correspondents, Jimmy Amann of Ohio, who is a close student of the wrestling game, and who, elsewhere in this issue, has his selections for 1935. I have looked over his list and, as is natural, there are many names which he ranks high that I feel do not belong, but there will probably be as much criticism about my ratings as I can hurl at his, so we'll let it go at that.

In my travels around the country I have visited, whenever possible, colleges where wrestling is part of the athletic curriculum and if what I have observed is a criterion, the American wrestling ranks will have among their newcomers next fall many fine athletes who are doing exceedingly well in college circles. In all my years as a wrestler and a promoter, I have never seen so many students following the sport as now. Wrestling has taken a firm hold on college students, thanks to excellent textbooks such as "Modern Wrestling" by Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer, and an excellent corps of instructors, and I look for many bright prospects being turned out for professional wrestling after the college year closes.

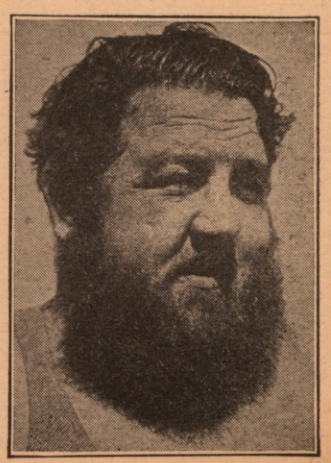
The greatest progress in interest in this country has been made in the Southwest.

Ranking of Wrestlers For 1935

1—DANNO O'MAHONEY
2—VINCE LOPEZ
3—ERNIE DUSEK
4—DEAN DETTON
5—EARL McCREADY
6—ED DON GEORGE
7—ED STRANGLER LEWIS
8—JIM BROWNING
9—HANK BARBER
10—DICK SHIKAT
11—EVERETTE MARSHALL
12—CHIEF LITTLE WOLF
13—JACK SHERRY
14—HENRI DeGLANE
15—JOE SAVOLDI
16—JIM McMILLEN
17—RAY STEELE
18—HANS STEINKE
19—GEORGE ZAHARIAS
20—MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN



George Zaharias



Man Mountain Dean

HANK BARBER *Making Good*

By ALEX SULLIVAN

ONE of the biggest features of the present wrestling season is the showing of Hank Barber, big Jewish grappler, graduate of Dartmouth with high academic and athletic honors, who trained down from 260 to 218 pounds. He is one of the finest looking matmen in the business, standing six feet one inch and not having an ounce of superfluous flesh on him. In the opinion of Rudy Dusek, veteran of the mat, Barber is the finest looking Jewish athlete in the history of the sport and he wouldn't be surprised if he proved a champion in time.

Barber recently met Champion Danno O'Mahoney in Newark and the strapping Hebrew was one of the few opponents of the many Danno met in the course of a year that the Irishman didn't pin. Hank was holding his own when he missed a flying tackle, was catapulted on to the ring-side seats, hit his shoulder on a seat-back and wasn't able to get back into the ring in time.

Barber has defeated many of the most seasoned grapplers, including such men as Dick Daviscourt, Frank Brunowicz, Stanley Pinto, Pat McKay, Al Getz, Sid Westrich, Mike Romano, Dick Raines, George Hagen, Len Hall, Stan Sokolis, Little Beaver, Jack Donovan and scores of others.

Besides O'Mahoney, Barber wrestled an hour draw with Jumping Joe Savoldi.

* * *

THE biggest feat accomplished by Barber to date was performed in Philadelphia late in November when he tossed Gus Sonnenberg, former world's champion, in less than twenty-one minutes. The night that Gus tossed Ed Strangler Lewis in two straight falls in Boston some seven years ago Hank, then attending Cambridge Latin, was seated in the balcony, never dreaming that he one day would throw his idol.

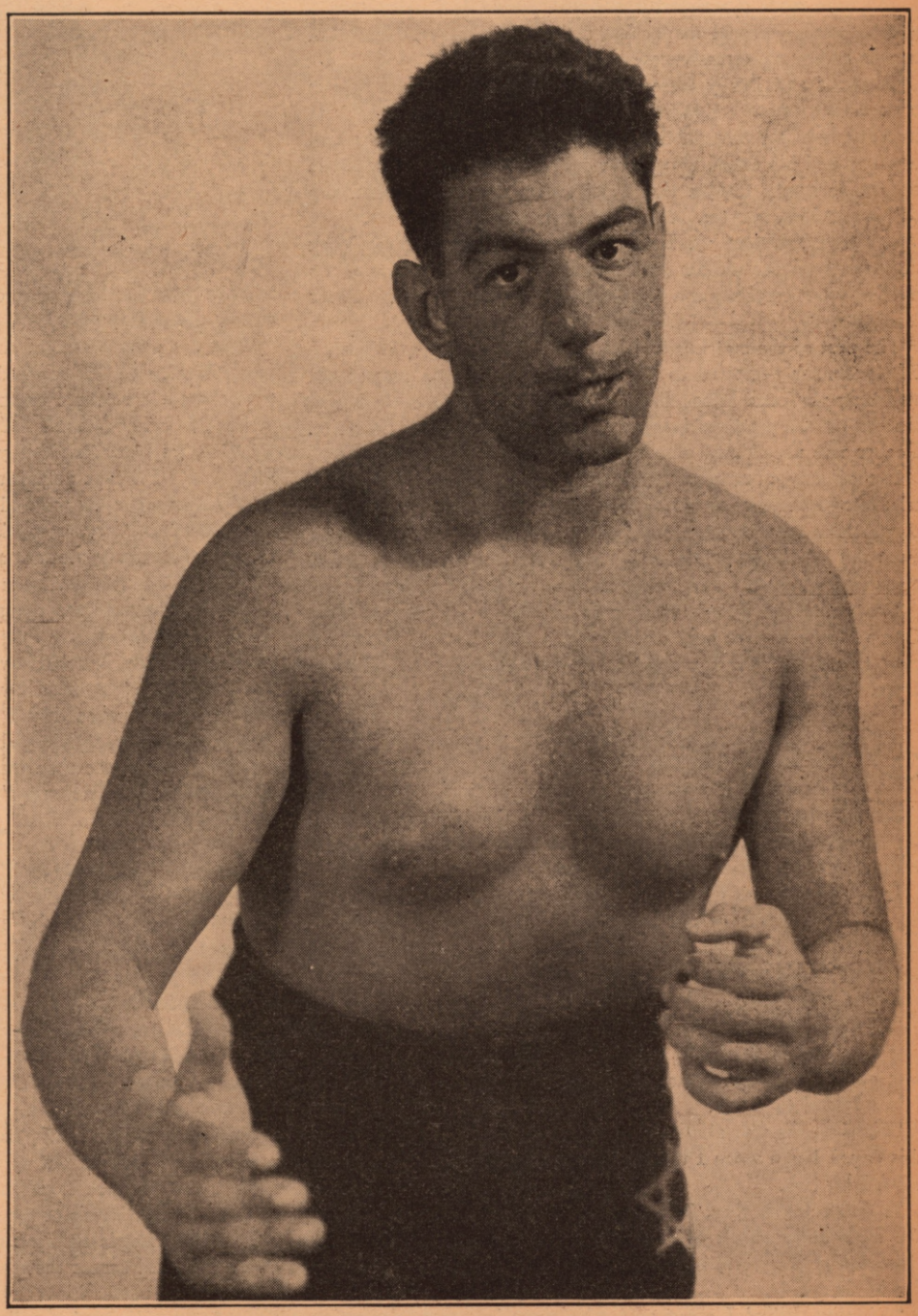
At the time, Hank had already made up his mind to attend Dartmouth, where Gus had won football fame at the same position—tackle—that Hank played there in 1930, 1931 and 1932. However, Sonnenberg had only starred at football whereas Hank won letters both at the gridiron sport and baseball. And the funny part of it all is that Hank tossed Gus with the "flying tackle," the weapon that catapulted Gus to fame and fortune and which revolutionized the modern mat game.

"Following in Gus Sonnenberg's foot-steps," might be a good title for the story of the rise in the wrestling rank of Barber. The Des Moines lad, among other feats, held Jim Browning, former world's champion and now staging a big comeback campaign, to a ninety-minute draw in Newark last season.

PROMOTER JACK CURLEY is hoping that Barber lives up to his present promise and that if he keeps on as he has been going, before the winter passes, Curley will have one of the biggest attractions New York ever had in a Danno O'Mahoney-Hank Barber bout for the title. It would be a case of an Irishman against a Hebrew—and would prove a big drawing card in the Metropolis, as have been many notable ring battles of its kind.

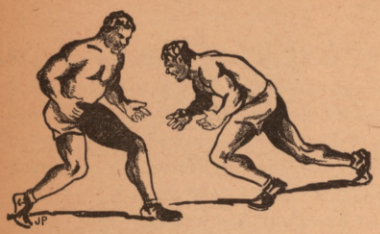
Curley recalls what tremendous houses Sammy Stein and Herbie Freeman, both former Jewish stars, drew against Jim Londos when champion, and as Barber looms as a better prospect than either, because of his background and his greater physique, there is no telling what an O'Mahoney-Barber battle might draw.

Because of his superior size Barber is said to execute the "flying tackle" with more deadliness *(Continued on page 44)*



Hank Barber, Cambridge, Mass., Jewish wrestler who is making rapid progress.

HALF A CENTURY



By GEORGE BOTHNER

(Physical culture instructor and New York State referee.)

CHAPTER III

YOUSSOUF, the Terrible Turk, to whom we devoted considerable space in the last chapter, had a penchant for getting into the headlines. The Turk had plenty of color, and the sports writers always could find something to write about his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. His biggest publicity asset, however, was his manager, William A. Brady.

In sport, theatricals, politics or anything else there never was a publicity getter like William A. Brady. He had a nose for news and knew what the newspapers would and would not print. He would have made a wonderful reporter. Brady had great intelligence, strong personal magnetism and colossal nerve. He feared no one and was aggressiveness incarnate.

Youssouf and Brady were always getting into trouble. It was noticed that they never failed to get plenty of publicity over it. If it hadn't been for that publicity, we doubt that the giant Turkish wrestler and his astute manager would have gotten into a single scrape. It wasn't trouble that Brady, with the ever-present chip on his shoulder, courted. It was the attendant publicity.

The two Youssouf vs. Ernest Roeber matches in New York illustrate how the public, intentionally or unintentionally we do not know but certainly can surmise, was kept in a fever heat over Youssouf.

The first of the matches took place in Madison Square Garden. The promoter neglected to have any rope or railing around the wrestling platform. When the Turk, with a bull-like rush, butted Roeber off the platform into the audience, there was a near-riot. Roeber was proclaimed winner.

Immediately afterward Brady took Youssouf on a Western trip, but while away he took great care to keep feeding the flames of publicity on Youssouf and Roeber. When the Turk returned from the West, the public, figuratively, rose on its hind legs and demanded a return match between Youssouf and Roeber.

Brady induced Frank Sanger to rent him the Metropolitan Opera House for the occasion. The public had been so stirred up over things that the big show house was packed from cellar to dome.

* * *

IT took Roeber only a few minutes to realize that he was but an infant in the grasp of the herculean Turk. Ernest knew that it was a question only of time, and precious little time, before Youssouf would pin his shoulders to the mat. So Roeber decided to make the affair a rough-and-tumble. Ernie drew back his ponderous fist and smashed the Turk in the face.

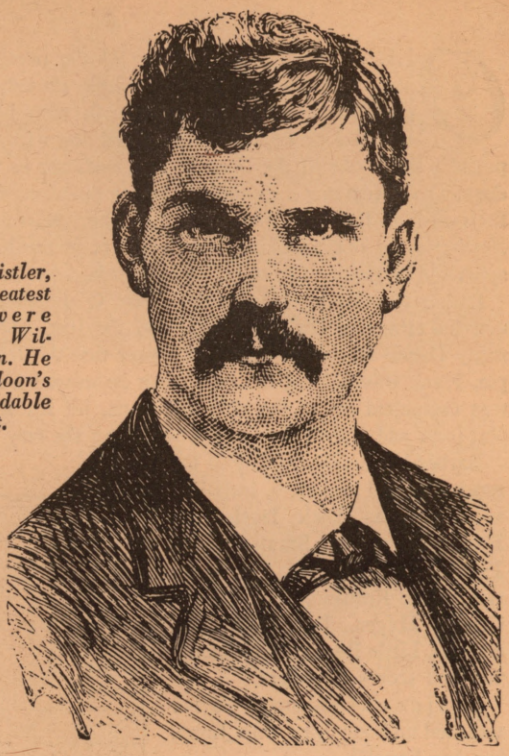
In three shakes of the proverbial lamb's tail, the beautiful opera house looked as if a cyclone had struck it. Bedlam broke loose and pandemonium reigned. Everybody wanted to get at Roeber, Youssouf or his neighbor. In the center of the melee was the irrepressible Billy Brady.

"I jumped into the ring," said Brady. "Bob Fitzsimmons, who was a second of Roeber's, followed me. Fitz grabbed me by the arm and I promptly socked Fitz on the jaw, putting everything I had behind the blow.

"Fitzsimmons was almost knocked out—from surprise. Even to this day, I laugh when I think of the look on Freckled Bob's face when I hit him.

"I didn't laugh then, however, for when Bob recovered from the momentary shock of having me plant one on his jaw, the champion of the world became a bit riled and started for me with fire in his eye.

"'Goodby, Billy,' I communed with myself, 'now you're going to have your head knocked off your shoulders and deposited up among the gallery gods.'



Clarence Whistler, whose greatest matches were staged with William Muldoon. He was Muldoon's most formidable opponent.

"But the strong arm of the law saved me. When the trouble first started, an Irish cop had jumped into the ring. Before Fitzsimmons could retaliate on me for having hit him, the policeman grabbed Fitzsimmons and bellowed:

"'Bob, ye blackguard, if you as much as place wan hand on little Brady I'll cave your head in wit' me club!'

"With one eye on me and the other on the nightstick of the big policeman Fitzsimmons lost no time in arriving at the conclusion he had better let me alone.

"'Bill, I don't believe you knew how near you was to being knocked right over the ropes,' Fitzsimmons told me long afterward. 'I had completely lost my head and was so enraged that, small as you are, I would have smacked you.'

"Well, I'm mighty glad I was saved from one of Fitz's smacks. Bigger, stronger men than I have been wafted into more or less long periods of forgetfulness by one of old Bob's 'smacks.' He was so mad at me at the time that if he had 'smacked' me I doubt if I ever would have woke up."

* * *

ANOTHER most exciting match which Youssouf figured in was the memorable clash with Evan (Strangler) Lewis, in Chicago. The sports of the Middle West considered Lewis invincible. Enough persons, however, had been tipped off to the wonderful prowess of Youssouf to bring about a strong diversity of opinion and hence a world of betting.

The Lewis crowd was especially confident, inasmuch as Brady had permitted Lewis to name his own referee. Youssouf faced the Strangler before a hostile crowd and with Lewis' own referee as the third man on the mat.

Before the match, Lewis' backers had insisted that the Strangler would choke the life out of the Turk—the match was made no holds barred—before Youssouf knew what it was all about.

The direct antithesis of the expected happened, however.

Instead of Lewis securing the dreaded strangle hold, the Turk did. He walked across the mat, reached out with one hand, pulled Lewis' head under his armpit and quickly had the celebrated Strangler gasping and gurgling for mercy.

WITH WRESTLERS

George Bothner, Gray-Haired Marvel of the Mat Sport, Relates His Ring Experiences and Discusses Grapplers, Past and Present

The referee, Lewis' man, promptly disqualified Youssouf.

In the midst of the ensuing pandemonium, Brady walked to the center of the mat, and, after getting a semblance of quiet among the spectators, the majority of whom were wild-eyed Lewis rooters from the stockyards who wanted to "kill" the Turk, clarioned:

"Gentlemen, we will concede the fall. But you want a run for your money and so do we. Youssouf beat Lewis with Lewis' own hold, the strangle hold. I'll guarantee that the Turk will beat him just as quickly without the use of the strangle hold. But before going on again, I shall insist that a fair and square referee be appointed. All we want is a square deal, and I am going to see we get one."

After considerable wrangling, a new referee took charge and Youssouf and Lewis went on the mat again.

The Terrible Turk tossed Lewis on his back again twice inside of six minutes.

That's what a remarkable wrestler Youssouf really was.

* * *

DID you ever know that the late Charlie White, "Old Good Eye" the referee, once managed a wrestler? He did. Charlie's wrestler was called Heraclides.

While wandering in New York's great East Side one day, Charlie ran across a gigantic Greek pushcart peddler. He was an enormous man of herculean physique and imposing presence. It was Heraclides. He took part in one match, only one, and then went back to selling collar buttons and suspenders.

The match Heraclides had was with Youssouf.

It took place in Madison Square Garden.

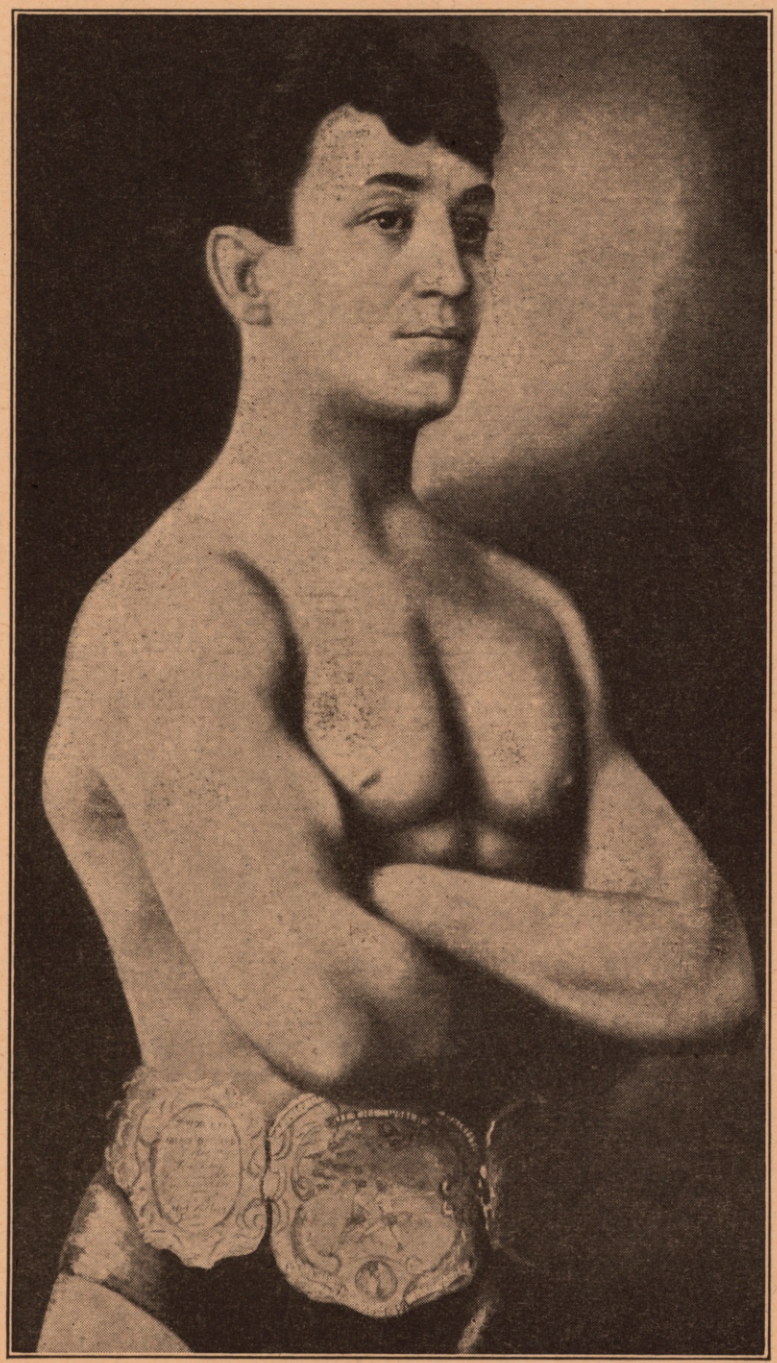
The great arena was jammed as seldom before.

Every pushcart peddler on the East Side was there. Every Russian was there, every Turk, every Greek. The Consulate and Greek Legation in Washington were represented. The Greek colors, blue and white, were everywhere.

Heraclides, stripped to the buff save wrestling trunks of blue and white, jumped on the mat with the lightness of a ballet dancer. A Hercules in build and an Apollo in looks, he drew salvos of admiring "ahs" and cheers.

Jim Corbett split his gloves applauding. Honest John Kelly leaned over and told the scribes in the press stand that Heraclides was the most wonderful physical specimen he ever had looked upon. John W. Gates and the Wall Street crowd thought Heraclides was worthy of the chisel and mallet of a Phidias, the brush of an old master.

Well, Charlie White's Greek work of art rushed at Youssouf. No one seemed more surprised than the Terrible Turk at the easy way Youssouf held him off. Youssouf smilingly faced the next rush of "The Man Eating Greek."



George Bothner wearing the "Police Gazette" Gold Belt, emblematic of the world championship.

When it came, the Turk put out one arm, wrapped it around the Greek and would have squeezed him to death if his seconds hadn't jumped in to save him.

"Me seeck," groaned Heraclides as he retired to the dressing room, "send for a doc."

Instead of a doctor, Charlie White brought a sergeant of police.

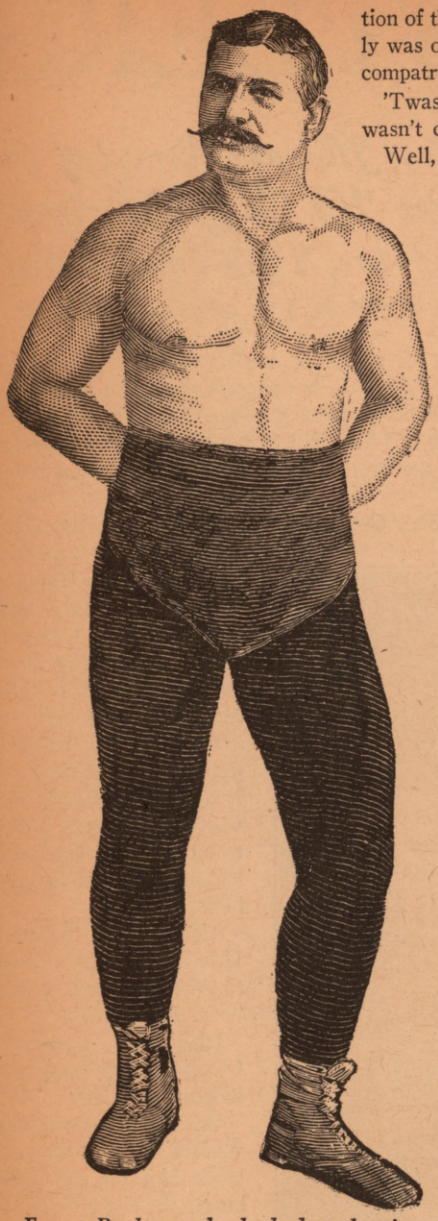
"If this man will not wrestle," ordered Charlie, "lock him up and send him to the electric chair."

Only threats of the electric chair brought Heraclides out for the finale.

* * *

THE poor fellow was pale as a ghost and trembled like a leaf as he came down the aisle amid a storm of jeers and boohs. The minions of the law had to restrain the Greek spectators or they would have torn Heraclides limb from limb. Thus always to fallen idols.

You all know what happened. Youssouf picked up Heraclides, shivering and scared to death, like a sack of meal, slammed him down on the mat, turned him over on his back, planted his foot on him, folded his arms and majestically and tauntingly faced that sec-



Ernest Roeber as he looked at the time he engaged Youssouf in New York.

tion of the house which chiefly was occupied by the Greek compatriots of Heraclides.

'Twas a wonder murder wasn't committed that night.

Well, anyway, good old Charlie White's Greek wrestling champion looked the part. But looking the part and acting it are two different things.

Public interest in wrestling in this country started in the late seventies. Wrestling got its first foothold in the Far West, where it was popularized by Professor Theodore Bauer, the "Russian Bear," who a few years previously had reigned as the wrestling sensation of France, appearing under the guise of "The Masked Wrestler of Paris" and throwing everyone who faced him.

No one would wrestle Bauer when he first came to New York, in 1875. So Bauer hurried to California, where Professor Louis Gerichten of the Olympic A. C. of San Francisco had a great reputation. Bauer beat him.

The Olympic Club sent to Australia and imported Professor William Miller. Bauer beat him, too. The Bauer-Miller match created a furor, and interest and enthusiasm for wrestling spread all over the country.

* * *

WHEN Bauer came back East, he found opponents aplenty. Talent had sprung up everywhere. The cock of the walk in wrestling circles in New York was William Muldoon, the "Dandy of the Broadway Squad."

Billy Muldoon was one of the handsomest physical specimens that ever breathed. From the waist up, he was a Hercules. His facial features were as handsome as his physical build was sturdy. Modjeska, the famous Russian actress, fell in love with him at first sight and induced him to play opposite her as Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It."

It was Muldoon that the sporting writers first fastened on the phrase, "The noblest Roman of them all." Later John L. Sullivan was so alluded to, and still later Charlie Comiskey, the popular owner of the White Sox.

Muldoon, with his massive physique, was peculiarly fitted for the Graeco-Roman style of wrestling, which prohibits holds below the waist. For a time he was invincible.

Shrewd and intelligent, of keen business instincts, and having the backing of Boss Tweed and other politicians, Muldoon organized what virtually amounted to a wrestling trust with himself at the head.

Included in it were the aforementioned Theodore Bauer, the "Russian bear"; Matsada Sorakichi, the Jap; Andre Christol, the Little French Giant; Edwin Bibby, England's Graeco-Roman champ; Tom Connor, England's collar and elbow champion; Duncan Ross of Scotland, and others.

Muldoon and Roeber were inseparable friends. It was Roeber who succeeded Muldoon as Graeco-Roman champion. It was two years before Muldoon had added to his renown by bringing back John L. Sullivan in such magnificent condition for his fight with Jake Kilrain that they first met, and from then on, Roeber was a pal of Muldoon.

It was back in 1887 at the old Miner's Theatre on the Bowery, where Muldoon was appearing and offering twenty-five dollars to any man who would stay with him for fifteen minutes. Roeber didn't want to meet him, but his friends insisted and the outcome was a severe shellacking for Ernest.

About two months later, Ernest and Muldoon chanced to meet on the street and Roeber informed Muldoon that he had tossed up his job to take charge of a brother's saloon in Brooklyn. Muldoon didn't like that and shortly after, while Roeber was behind the bar, in walked Muldoon and surprised him by telling him to quit and join Muldoon's touring wrestlers. Ernest accepted and, with Muldoon's training, he succeeded in winning the title after Muldoon's retirement. Their friendship was of the brotherly kind.

Until the advent of Evan Lewis, the Strangler, and Clarence Whistler, who was known, and rightly, as "The Demon," Muldoon reigned supreme. Whistler proved Muldoon's Nemesis—Whistler and the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling.

* * *

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN wrestling is the product of several early English styles. In southwest England in the early days the wrestlers each wore a stout canvas jacket. Each would take hold of the other's jacket. Both shoulders and one hip on the ground constituted a fair fall.

In Lancashire, the wrestlers were allowed to take hold of any part of the body. In Cumberland and Westmoreland, the rules compelled the wrestlers to stand chest to chest, chin upon each other's right shoulder, right arm under opponent's left and joining hands in the back.

Catch-as-catch-can wrestling called for more speed, alertness and agility than did Graeco-Roman. Muldoon was a bit too ponderous of build to be as successful at it as he was at the Graeco-Roman style.

But until the St. Louis match with Clarence Whistler, Muldoon continued to reign as emperor of the wrestling world. Muldoon bearded Whistler in his own den. He shouldn't have done it.

The pair dressed in the same dressing room. Muldoon was seated, discarding his street clothes, when Whistler came in. Clarence pulled a six-shooter from one pocket and pulled a long bowie knife from a sheath inside his trousers, handing them to a friend with the instructions:

"Cut this Broadway cop's head off while I'm plugging him full of holes if he gets too fresh."

When Muldoon started for the door, Whistler's friend pulled a gun and warned him back, declaring he would fill Muldoon full of lead if he dared to precede "Whistler, the Champion," onto the stage.

Muldoon kept his peace, thinking he would crush all the fight out of Whistler on the stage, but Whistler, ignoring all wrestling rules, promptly clamped Muldoon in the barred strangle hold and choked him into submission. Whistler won.

After the match, Whistler followed Muldoon to the hotel, called him every name on the calendar, and dared him to come out into the street and finish things rough and tumble.

Muldoon was a gentleman and did not wish to court trouble.

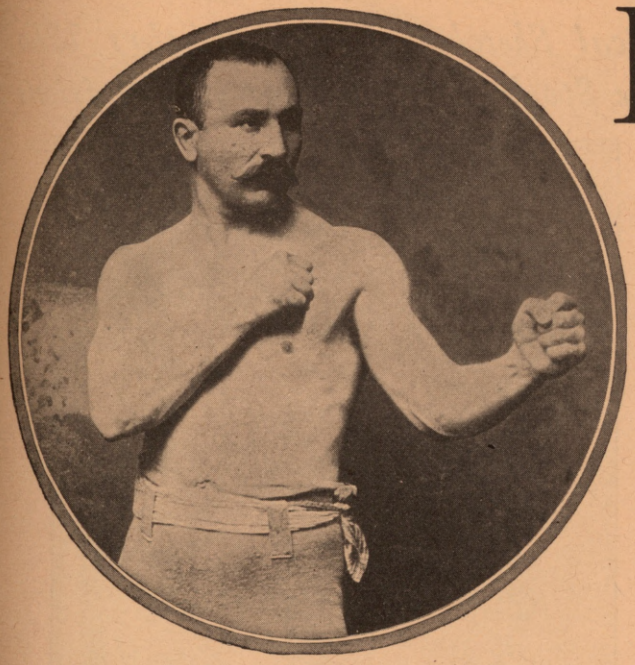
The Whistler episode, however, broke the hold Muldoon had on the other wrestlers and broke up Muldoon's wrestling trust. After the defeat by Whistler even Sorakichi, the Jap, would not pay him homage.

Whistler and Lewis formed a wrestling combine of their own and gradually Muldoon was pushed out of the wrestling spotlight.

(To be continued)

A PRINCE of BRAWLERS

By T. W. McNIEL



WHEN men gather to discuss the deeds of famous fighting men, the name of George La Blanche is sure to crop up sooner or later. And not without reason, for back in the dim and almost forgotten 'eighties and 'nineties, the name La Blanche was splashed across the sporting sheets with monotonous regularity. Perhaps you'd like to know something about this sterling old two-fisted product of the bare-knuckle days.

La Blanche, whose correct name is George Blais, first saw the light of day in the little city of Point Levi, Quebec, Canada. Of French-Canadian extraction, young Blais grew up in the big woods and naturally became a lumberjack, since timbering was the principal occupation in that vicinity. Not only did that sort of work demand a man of rugged physique, but it also required that he be no blushing violet when it came to fighting his fellow man.

Since bare-knuckle, rough-and-tumble scraps was the principal vocation in the big woods when working hours were over, Young Blais, though only standing five foot, eight inches in height and weighing about 160 pounds (though he later grew into a full-fledged heavyweight) was soon able to take care of himself in most any kind of fracas that might demand his presence.

After several years at the log-felling game, Blais decided to move to the States. He located in Boston, where he worked on the shipping docks. There his pugilistic traits were discovered. After several impromptu dock battles, the French-Canadian lad was induced to fight professionally.

The prospect of getting paid for fighting appealed to him, so in March of 1882, Blais, now a sturdy specimen of manhood, 26 years old, fought his first ring contest. Nowadays, that age would be considered an insurmountable barrier to a fistic career. But apparently it didn't hinder the transplanted Canadian a bit. Blais dropped that name in favor of La Blanche, and in his first bout defeated a fellow dockman, Joe Peitman, in four rounds.

La Blanche thought so well of his ability that he challenged Tom Preston, a man who had fought a good many years. Preston beat the Canadian in four rounds, but far from being discouraged, La Blanche began climbing steadily up the fistic ladder. Within the next two years La Blanche had met and defeated such seasoned bare-knuckle battlers as Danny Kelliher, Ned Harnnety, Jay Hurst, Tom McManus, Tom Henry and George Smith. None of which names mean a thing to the present generation. But back in the hectic 'eighties, they were all tough customers to handle.

In 1885, La Blanche came into prominence with victories over Frank Bosworth, Pete McCoy and Danny Kelliher. Next year La Blanche journeyed back up to Canada where he put the skids under Sam Brittle in the first round of a fight at Toronto. Then he made the then long trip out to Denver, Colorado, to fight the pride of the mining camps, Nat Bramble. He had little difficulty in bowling over Bramble, scoring a knockout in three rounds. Then back to New York to meet the famous Nonpareil Dempsey in the first of their two historic battles.

Dempsey, in the heyday of his glory, cut and slashed La Blanche to ribbons, finally knocking him out in the thirteenth round of a one-sided battle at Larchmont. That ended the Marine's fighting for that year. But in 1887 he went to the post on eleven different occasions, doing all his fighting in and around Boston and Wilmington, except for one trip out to Omaha, Neb., where he fought a six-round draw with Jack Hanley. Among his victims in '87 were Ed Buchanan, Bill Dunn, Mike Boden, and his old foe, Danny Kelliher.

* * *

IN 1889, he answered the call of the western gold fields. The booming cities of Denver, Virginia City, Butte and Central City gave promise of being a fertile fistic field. His first Denver appearance was against Denver Ed Smith, a full-fledged heavyweight. The fight was stopped in the second round to save Smith further punishment. He followed this victory by going up to Butte, where he kayoed a well-thought-of miner, Murdy Buchanan, in one round.

Butte thought so well of him that George Kessler, a western heavyweight, was imported to meet George. They fought in Butte on November 17th and Kessler scored a knockout in thirteen bloody, brutal rounds. La Blanche laid off then until the following August when his immortal 32-round battle with Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey was staged in San Francisco.

The story of that fight has been told and retold times without number. Suffice to say, La Blanche knocked out his famous opponent in the thirty second round after he had absorbed a beating that would have killed off a less hardy soul than the Marine.

La Blanche was out on his feet and stumbling around the ring, his back to Dempsey. Suddenly, with a last supreme effort, La Blanche swung his right, pivoting on his left foot as he did so. By some element of luck, the blow struck Dempsey full on the jaw, knocking him completely out.

It was a perfect execution of the now illegal "pivot" punch. There was quite a hullabaloo about the punch at that time, many claiming that Dempsey was fouled, but up until then the "pivot" blow was not considered an illegal punch. By the rules in effect at the time of the fight, La Blanche scored a well-deserved victory. But instead of the victory making him a hero, it had the adverse effect.

* * *

THE Nonpareil was such a popular figure, the fans would not be satisfied until they saw his conquerer beaten. They hadn't long to wait. On February 20, 1891, Young Mitchell, a heavyweight, beat him in the twelfth round of a scheduled finish fight at San Francisco. By this time, La Blanche was considered a heavyweight, though in reality he was about a 170-pounder. The same year, 1891, he lost two bloody fights at Salt Lake City, Utah, one to Jim Williams, a well-known battler of the 'nineties, the other to that famous *(Continued on page 45)*

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE

THE "Wrestling Quins"—that's what they are calling the famous Dusek Brothers of Omaha, Neb., now that a fifth brother—Walter—has cast his lot with the pachyderms. He has been wrestling for many years, chiefly training with his brother Rudy, the oldest of the flock in the grappling ranks. For a long, long time Rudy has endeavored to have him become a pro as are Ernie, Emil, Joe and Rudy himself, but it was only recently that he decided to do so—and he bids fair to become just as good a man as his other brothers.

The Dionnes—all girls—have made Quins the byword in every family and Rudy and his brothers hope to make the Wrestling Quins the talk of the mat world. Already on several occasions all four brothers have appeared against worthy opponents on the same mat, and who knows, before long, some enterprising promoter may have all five Dusek Brothers against five good men on the same bill. And what a card it should prove!

Many fans thought that Rudy had retired from the sport, but the truth of the matter is that last spring he injured his back in a bout and he has been taking things easy, waiting until he was completely cured before again taking chances on the mat. He is fit again and doing business at the same old stand, that is, appearing against the best the sport affords and always exciting the fans to the utmost in his wild endeavors to win.

Walter is starting in pro mat work later in life than did the other brothers, but he has had the advantage of years of training with Rudy and the rest of them—and he knew the game backwards even before he made his public debut. They say that most of the time that the Dusek brothers wrestle among themselves in the privacy of their own gym it is with all the earnestness and effort of a real match and oftimes more so.

Walter is thirty-two years old, weighs 200 pounds and stands five feet nine inches, which compares favorably with the measurements of the other members of the famous Riot Squad of the Mat.

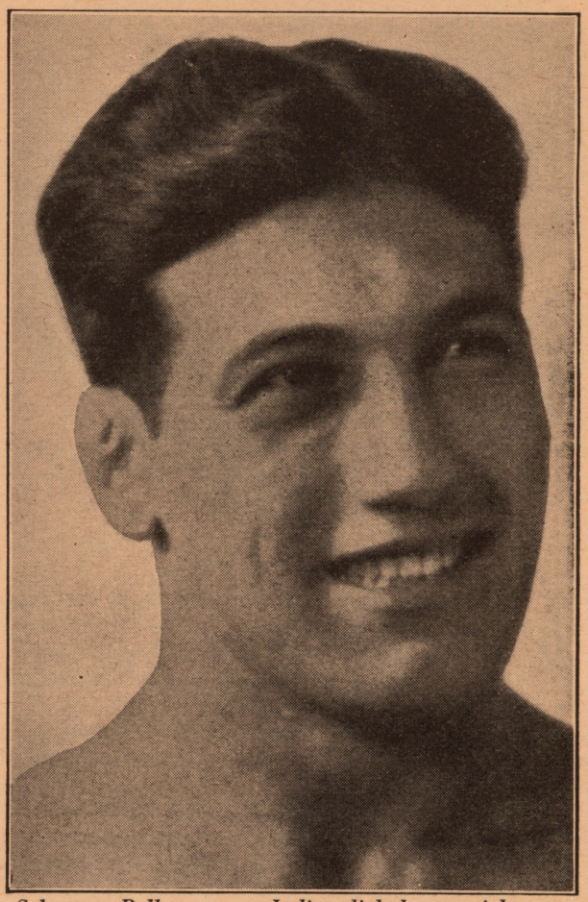
There are eight brothers in all in the Dusek family—and the other three members of the clan are all able to wrestle—but so far prefer other callings. And the funny part of it all is that although Pa and Ma Dusek—their right name is Hason, they being Bohemians—have so many boys, their married sons all have daughters. Rudy has three, Ernie two and Emil two daughters. Joe is married but he hasn't any offspring.

It was bad enough with four such fiery brothers on the mat—but now that there are five, wow!

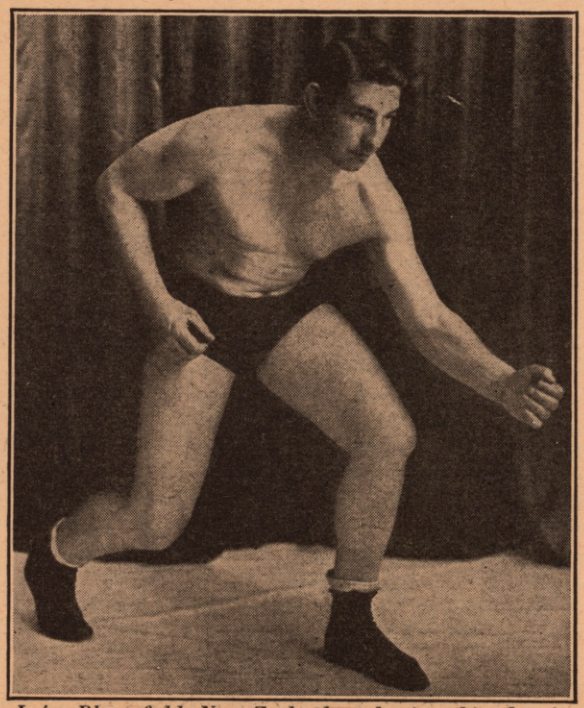
* * *

BOBBY WAGNER, young Polish lad from Manchester, N. H., has been proving a sensation wherever he has wrestled with his spectacular, speedy and clever brand of grappling.

Born Wojcieck Abula, in 1910, he changed his name to one much easier to spell and pronounce when he started wrestling about seven years ago.



Salvatore Balbo, young Italian light-heavyweight now campaigning in the U. S.



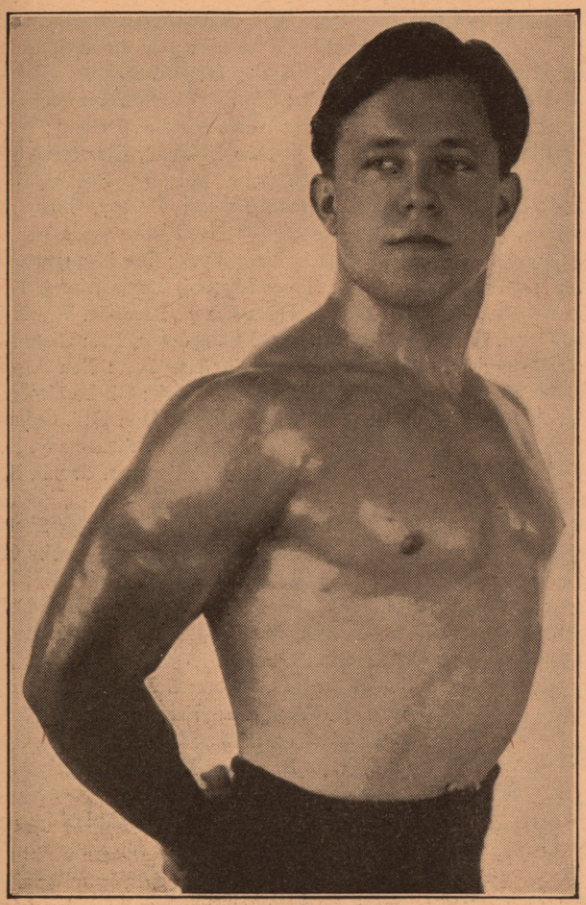
Lefty Bloomfield, New Zealander who is a big shot in his country.

For a year or so, Bobby wrestled in the amateur class at the Y. M. C. A. and then turned professional. He had some instruction from the great old grappler Waino Ketonen and then started out to take on all comers in the middleweight division including Champion Gus Kallio, Joe Gunther, the Black Panther, Buck Weaver, Martonio Angelo, Joe Parelli, Bobby Chick and a host of others.

During the last year or so, Bobby has grown into the light-heavyweight class and has met such outstanding 175-pounders as Champion Leroy McGuirk, Red Berry, Stanley Rogers, Frank Wolff, and Sailor Moran, wrestling in the East, the Middlewest, South and Southwest and on the Pacific Coast.

At present he is in New England on a short vacation but he expects to return to the mat game within a month in an effort to get another title match with McGuirk. He thinks he can win.

ACQUAINTED



George Becker, German-American, a product of Yorkville, New York.

GEORGE BECKER, German-American, a product of Yorkville now residing in Brooklyn, was born in this country although his folks hail from Frankfort-am-Mein. Long before he joined the professional ranks of wrestlers, which was only six months ago, he had acquired the nickname of the "German Bomber" because of the speed with which he dispatched his opponents while still an amateur.

In fact, it was this stock in trade which first attracted Jack Pfefer to the young man who was at that time a member of the Cooper A. C. a popular German athletic Club in Ridgewood where youngsters train and otherwise indulge in athletics without the cost being too hard on their purse strings.

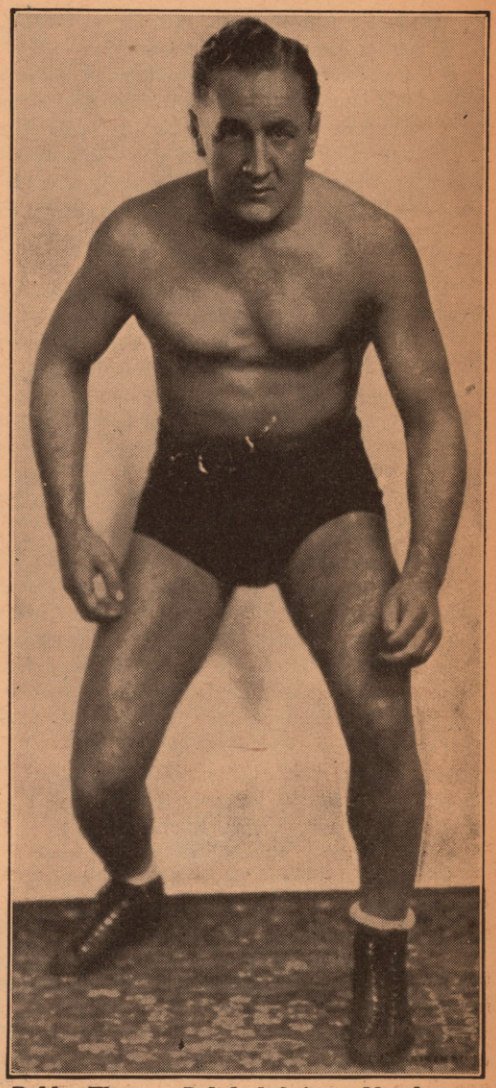
What first struck Pfefer, was Becker's resemblance to Dave Levin, another of Jack's discoveries which has paid them both so well. George is an absolute replica in a smaller way of the great Levin, and although he has been at the game only six months he is regarded a very experienced youngster. In his case he did not acquire the knowledge of the mat by years of competition but rather he must be classed as a natural wrestler, very much like Jack Dempsey was a natural boxer.

George Becker has the faculty of anticipating the moves of an opponent and that has helped him. He also can withstand punishment like a veteran and come back when the going is real tough. He seldom loses his head. This particular phase of his make up has won him a big following and also many a match. His cool, well calculated work, not only disheartens his opponents but leads them into all sorts of blunders which they would not be expected to make ordinarily.

Dave Levin and George Becker are both classed as members of the New School of wrestling—the School of Action.

George Becker, Dave Levin, Maurice La Chappelle, Lieut. Wendell Odell, Leo Wallick and several other young men all well under thirty, strong, active and splendidly trained, are in that school. They are quick and seldom get caught napping. George Becker is a great addition to these young athletes and experts view his mat future a very bright one.

Benny Katz, Palestine light-heavyweight wrestler now in this country.



Bobby Wagner, Polish lad from Manchester, New Hampshire.

* * *

ONE of the most colorful invaders of the present wrestling season in New York is Salvatore Balbo who arrived here only a few months ago. Only 22 years old, dark complexioned with a thatch of jet black hair, he is a handsome looking fellow. He hails from Naples where his parents own one of the biggest vineyards in that fertile land.

Balbo is a product of what we may call the New Italy, the Italy which has devoted so much to the building up of its younger sons under the tutelage of Il Duce. Among the thousand and one things which have occupied Mussolini in the fourteen years he has ruled Fascism with an iron

(Continued on page 48)

JUST RASSLIN'

By EDWARD MERRILL

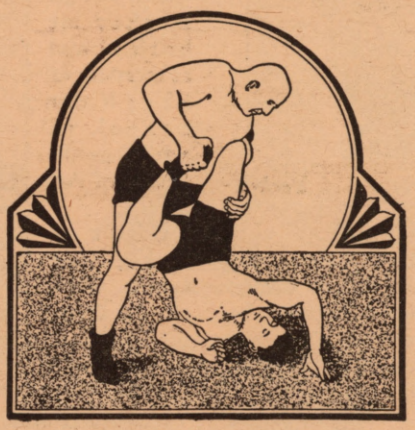
JIMMY AMANN, THE RING'S reporter from Ohio, has been asked to contribute his Annual Ranking of Wrestlers for 1935, for this issue, in order to give our readers an opportunity to compare them with those of Toots Mondt. There are few followers of the mat sport who know their wrestling better than does Amann, and whether we agree with his RING selections or not, at least we are confident that his choices will furnish interesting reading and offer food for plenty of arguments. Here are Amann's rankings.

HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION: (Group 1)—1. Dan O'Mahoney, Ireland; Everette Marshall, LaJunta, Colo.

(Group 2)—Carlos Henriquez, Mexico; Emil Dusek, Omaha, Neb.; Vincent Lopez, Mexico; Jim Browning, Verona, Mo.; Hank Barber, New York; Man Mountain Dean, Waycross, Ga.; Jim Londos, St. Louis, Mo.; Dean Detton, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Gino Garibaldi, Italy; Ed Don George, North Java, N. Y.; Joe Savoldi, Three Oaks, Mich.; Gus Sonnenberg, Boston, Mass.; Ray Steele, Glendale, Calif.; Chief Little Wolf, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ruby Wright, Ft. Worth, Texas.

(Group 3)—Sandor Szabo, Hungary; Abe Coleman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hans Kampfer, Germany; Ernie Dusek, Omaha, Neb.; Jack Donovan, Los Angeles, Cal.; Andy Chicos, Chicago, Ill.; Orville Brown, Topeka, Kansas; King Kong Cox, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charlie Santon, Omaha, Neb.; Fred Grubmier, Lincoln, Neb.; Strangler Lewis, Lexington, Ky.; Cassie de Collemo, Italy; Jim McMillan, Chicago, Ill:; Von Roberts, St. Louis, Mo.

(Group 4)—Roland Kirchmeyer, Stillwater, Okla.; Cliff Olsen, Minneapolis, Minn.; John Pesek, Ravenna, Neb.; Alphonso Bisignano, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; George Zaharias, Pueblo, Colo.; Henri Steinborn, Germany; Tom Alley, Australia; Paul Jones, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Joe Malciewicz, Utica, N. Y.; Bull Martin, St. Louis, Mo.; Dick Daviscourt, Memphis, Tenn.; Howard Cantowine, Columbus, O.; Mike Mazurki, New York City; Henry Piers, Holland.



(Group 5)—Daniel Boone Savage, Nashville, Tenn.; Nick Lutze, Los Angeles, Calif.; Kinman Kudo, Japan; Leo Numa, Seattle, Wash.; Dick Raines, Dallas, Tex.; Chief Osley Sunoco, Cherokee, N. C.; George McLeod, Davenport, Ia.; Karl Schultz, Germany; Allen Eustace, Wakefield, Kans.; Baron Casimir, Russia; Sergi Kalmikoff, Bulgaria; Sammy Stein, New York City; Richard Shikat, Philadelphia, Pa.; Len Macaluso, Utica, N. Y.; Douglas Clark, England; Dutch Heffner, Sherman, Texas; Ernie Kelley, Atlanta, Ga.

(Group 6)—Rudy Dusek, Omaha, Neb.; Lefty Bloomfield, England; Abe Goldberg, New York City; Jack Sherry, Cleveland, O.; Bert Assarti, France; Paul Boesch, Long Island, N. Y.; Martin Plestina, Chicago, Ill.; Karl Pojello, Chicago, Ill.; Tony Osborne, Chicago, Ill.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION: (Group 1)—Walter Roxey, Detroit, Mich.

(Group 2)—Charlie Fischer, Butternut, Wis.; Sammy Nichols, New York City; George Becker, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Maurice LaChappele, France; Dave Levin, Bronx, N. Y.; Melsmeka, Russia; LeRoy McGuirk, Ponca City, Okla.; Leo Wallick, New York City; Wendell O'Dell, England; Ivan Rasputin, Russia; Stanley Buresch, Australia; Tony Siano, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank Malciezwicz, Utica, N. Y.; Bull Curry, Canada.

(Group 3)—Cowboy Hughes, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Wilhelm Wagner, Germany; Salavatore Balbo, Italy; George Dusette, Canada; Whitey Walberg, Boston, Mass.; Jackie Nichols, Miami, Fla.; Hans Schacht, Germany; Zimbah Parker, Ethipoia; Joe Banaski, Chicago, Ill.; Hugh Nichols, Mexia, Texas; Hans Schnable, Germany; Frankie Boehm, Cleveland, O.; Jim Heffner, Sherman, Texas; Young Gotch, Kansas City, Mo.; Eddie Malone, Ireland; Herman Donchin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Clarence Ecklund, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Bill Kief, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. John Murphy, Boston, Mass.; Alex Kasaboski, Canada; Steve Passas, Boston, Mass.; Leo Shepsky, New York City.

(Group 4)—Barney Cosneck, New York; Joe Montana, Utica, N. Y.; Les Ryan, Ireland; Tony Morelli, Long Island, N. Y.; Joe Parellia, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dude Chick, Laramie, Wyo.; Karl von Zuppe, Germany; Fred Bruno, Philadelphia, Pa.; Clete Kaufman, Columbus, O.; Roy Lumpkin, Dallas, Tex.; Ben Sherman, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George Sauer, Glendale, Cal.; Gil La Crosse, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Ray Carpenter, Lancaster, O.; Don Hill, Columbus, O.; Frankie Hart, Holland; Pinkey Gardner, Schenectady, N. Y.; Jack Bloomfield, Stamford, Conn.; Max Edelmeyer, Bronx, N. Y.; Marion Mynster, Charlotte, N. C.

(Group 5)—Paul Orth, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Peter Sherman, Columbus, O.; Dropkick Murphy, New York City; Bobby Chick, Laramie, Wyoming; Eddie Pope, Mount Airy, N. C.; Bill Rudy, Chicago, Ill.; Fred Koehler, Chicago, Ill.; Al Williams, Detroit, Mich.; Jack Muldoon, Boston, Mass.; Jean Callet, France; Vic Weber, Cleveland, O.; Max Martin, New York City; Alex Madsen, Sweden; Stanley Rogers, Texas; Sulleyman Bey, India; Steve Budynas, Utica, N. Y.; John Kilonis, Columbus, O.; Ralph Garibaldi, St. Louis, Mo.; Paddy Mack, Boston, Mass.; Doug Marcel, France.

MIDDLEWEIGHT DIVISION:

(Group 1)—Gus Kallio, Finland.

(Group 2)—Billy Thom, Bloomington, Ind.; Jack Kennedy, Corpus Christi, Texas; Marshall Carter, Little Rock, Ark.; George Gable, Cincinnati, O.

(Group 3)—Sailor Parker, Cincinnati, O.; Ted Germaine, Boston, Mass.; Black Panther, Louisville, Ky.; Speedy Lawrence, Canada; Walter Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Gustave Johnson, Sweden; Jack Lipscomb, Birmingham, Ala.; Martini Angelo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Olaf Hanson, Sweden; Honey Hackney, Atlanta, Ga.; Buck O'Neill, Ireland; Otis Clingman, Dallas, Tex.; Toughy Aberg, Sweden; Prince Mihalis, Russia; Charlie Carr, Shreveport, La.; George Pettula, Portland, Ore.; Elmer Garrigan, Detroit, Mich.; Bull Smith, Paducah, Ky.; Bob Meyers, Chicago, Ill.; Mike London, Pontiac, Mich.; Jack Rollins, St. Paul, Minn.

(Group 4)—Charlie Pfiester, Milwaukee, Wis.; Bobby Roscoe, Chicago, Ill.; Bill Hassen, Detroit, Mich.; Henry Koln, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Boris Romanoff, Birmingham, Ala.; Bobby Sampson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Scotty McNaught, Little Rock, Ark.; Tom Galbos, Cleveland, O.; Dale Haddock, Detroit, Mich.; Tiger Tsakoff, San Francisco, Calif.; Bill Brooks, Canada; Alvin Britt, Salina, Kansas; Buck Jones, Pueblo, Colo.; Ben Bolt, New Orleans, La.; Joe Wolfe, Nashville, Tenn.; George Lee, Berlin, N. H.; Mike Chacoma, Shawnee, Okla.; George Craig, Ada, Mich.

WELTERWEIGHT DIVISION: (Group 1)—1. Jack Reynolds, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 2. Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y.

(Group 2)—Ralph Red Berry, Little Rock, Ark.

(Group 3)—Walter Achui, Dayton, O.; Speedy Schaeffer, Detroit, Mich.; Robin Reed, Portland, Ore.; Lord Landowne Finnegan, England; Sammy Klein, Cincinnati, O.; Wildcat McCann, Portland, Ore.; Bulldog Jackson, Alaska; Raoul Lopez, Mexico; Gordon Arquette, Tacoma, Wash.; Buddy O'Brien, Los

Angeles, Calif.; Bob Burns, Centralia, Wash.; Leo Donaghue, Flint, Mich.; Paddy Nolan, Boston, Mass.; George Hortay, Hungary; Stacey Hall, Columbus, O.; Les Fishbaugh, Newark, O.; Frankie Hill, Jackson, Mich.

(Group 4)—Everett Rattan, Dallas, Tex.; Blacksmith Pedigo, Paducah, Ky.; Scotty Williams, Louisville, Ky.; Spike Ashby, Columbus, O.; Steve Nenoff, Bulgaria; Don Suagi, Japan; Joe Domar, Aberdeen, Texas; Joe Hulsey, Little Rock, Ark.; Doug Henderson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Pete Weber, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Tetsura Sato, Japan.

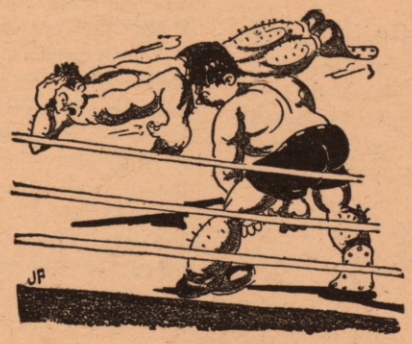
(Group 5)—Dutch Holland, New York City; Bobby Pearce, Los Angeles, Calif.; Cyclone Burns, Miami, Fla.; Ali Kaba Shaba, Persia; Art Perkins, Detroit, Mich.; Hy Sharmen, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Terry Mullen, Omaha, Neb.; Toots Estes, Oakland, Calif.; Red Sims, Toledo, O.; Luis Kodrick, Australia; Des Andreson, Seattle, Wash.; Ray Meyers, Louisville, Ky.; Ace Freeman, New York City.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above rankings for the world wrestlers for the year 1935 were based solely after 12 months of steady account of the results, etc. and not based on ability, but activity during the year of 1935 and are copyrighted by Jimmy Amann.

* * *

AND here are the wrestling notes if Jim Amann, our Ohio ace:

Dan O'Mahoney and Everette Marshall, top ranking heavyweights continue to forge ahead, each in their own individual territory. O'Mahoney the real champion, in so far as successorship is concerned, should meet the LaJunta claimant and end all the squabbling which isn't doing the wrestling game any bit of good.



Marshall met Chief Osley Sunoco in a match at Columbus, Ohio which saw the fans riot, landing the Indian in a hospital. Attempts by Al Haft, Columbus promoter, to rematch the pair went in vain.

Promoter Ross Leader at Cincinnati stepped in a lucrative offer to Marshall for a New Year's Day match, but the Colorado heavyweight and his manager Dave Sandow held out for a better purse. Leader couldn't see it, but Sunoco, in a final attempt to get the 'champion' into the ring again, offered to pay the remaining amount necessary to close the match. They are to meet New Year's Day for the title at the Music Hall sports arena and the advance sale looked like one of the best starters of the year for the mat game since Jack Reynolds was the big thing around here. Marshall's belt, token of his "title claims" was placed in the hands of the Cincinnati Wrestling Commission.

Speaking of Stote, the Eastern boy is still going like a house afire, with champion Reynolds still avoiding the issue. A Reynolds-Stote title match in Los Angeles, Toledo, Cincinnati or Ft. Wayne, Ind. would be a sellout. Stote is now located in Toledo.

Joe Carroll was recently crowned Wrestling Champion of the Middle West by the Federal Wrestling Association. Carroll has turned back the best in the middle west. The F.W.A. has set down a ruling that all matches Carroll engages in will be titular matches and he must defend his title within 30 days of each match, unless incapacitated. Carrol, formerly hailed from Oregon, but is now making his home in Covington, Ky. in ruling with the Association.

The leading challengers for Carroll's crown at present are Benny Suddarth, the Alabama school boy, Stretcher Lewis, Birmingham dreadnaught, Jackie Adams, Toledo collegian and Bill Allen, Indianapolis's blonde thunderbolt.

Ace Freeman, New York welterweight, is the latest sensation in southern rings, including mostly the territory of Mississippi and Tennessee. Freeman is continually hounding the haunts of Johnny Stote, rated alongside of Jack Reynolds as world's champion. Stote is rated by the Federal and also the American Wrestling Associations.

WRESTLING RATINGS continues on its merry way to recognition. Several southern states, including South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee and Mississippi are the latest under the banner. The ratings include over 1000 wrestlers and can be obtained from the writer at 2810 Sidney, Cincinnati, O.

* * *

GOOD old Doc Almy, writing from Boston, says:

A new challenger for top wrestling honors to appear in Boston is Yvon Robert, a French-Canadian, hailing from Montreal, and piloted by Eddie Quinn of Waltham, Mass., a mat promoter in that city. Though but little more than 21 years old, Robert has had plenty of mat experience, he starting when he was about 16 as a pupil of Henri DeGlane, former world's heavy mat champion. Yvon weighs 215 pounds and seemingly has plenty of "it." It is possible he may be the fair-haired boy as regards the world's crown.

Robert made a real hit here in December by tossing Hans Steinke in 7:23 in the Boston Garden, following which bout he was signed to meet Danno O'Mahoney on December 27, the title at stake. Inasmuch as Danno had been talking for weeks about returning to Ireland, many "opined" that this bout was to be the grand climax. However, after much heating up, the contest fell flat when O'Mahoney refused to meet the Canadian.

Next, Ed Don George was signed on as a "sub" for Danno. There was some more ballyhoo—then George, who at this writing is reported to be suffering from a serious eye affliction at his home in North Java, N. Y., stepped down and out. Left swinging on the gate, Yvon returned to Montreal.

Promoter Paul Bowser, badly handicapped by an attack of the "flu" that has kept him confined to his Lexington, Mass., farm since before Christmas, finally secured Jim Browning to give Robert a testing, and the result of this bout will not be known until after this issue goes to press.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST Wrestling News by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follows:

Before going into the usual grapple gossip of the last month, I should like to correct a statement made by our fair Texas correspondent, Miss Bernice Sandboe. In a recent "Ramblin's on Rasslers" she stated that both Man Mountain Dean and Chief Little Wolf appeared in the recent fillum "We're in the Money." This is incorrect; the part of the Indian chief in the flicker was taken by wrestler Myron Cox and not Chief Little Wolf.

Joe Malcewicz, who for years was the "uncrowned ruler of the heavyweight division," was made promoter in San Francisco a few weeks ago. Malcy succeeded Jack Ganson who has held the reins of San Francisco wrestling for the last few years. It is rumored in grapple circles that Jack Reynolds and his cut rate prices drew bigger crowds than those attending Ganson's wrestling offerings.

Tetsura Higami arrived on the Coast recently with a junior middleweight championship belt which he claims he won in a tournament held two years ago. Lord Lansdowne was matched with the tricky little Japanese and was awarded the title when Higami was disqualified. Ten days later, they were rematched and Higami regained his title by pinning the monocled Englishman two out of three falls.

Rumors are flying about as to the identity of "The Mysterious Mr. X." The current one is that the hooded matman is the scion of a wealthy Chicago family. The hooded laddie won more than thirty consecutive matches before he was downed by the "Persian Sheik" Ben Ali Mar Allah. In the rematch, "Mr. X" threw the Sheik and thus avenged his only defeat on the Coast. It would be mighty funny to have a masked matman as the welterweight mat monarch but this "Mysterious Mr. X" is a dandy grappler and one of the best we have seen on the Coast.

Sandor Szabo, Gino Garibaldi, George Calza, Mayes McLain, Wee Will Davis, Pat Fraley and others donated their services on a card, the proceeds of which went to the Will Rogers Mem-

orial Fund. It was a fitting tribute from the world of wrestling to the memory of the homely American sage.

Coastal gallery gods gasped when . . . . Lanky Sam Leathers won from Bob Kruse and pinned Ivan "The Terrible" Mannagoff . . . . Al (Gangster) Williams scored a double victory over the veteran Otis Clingman . . . . Ted Christy handed Shinich Shikuma a whipping in twelve minutes . . . . Doctor Barney Coznek beat Dude Chick two out of three falls . . . . Gino Garibaldi threw Sandor Szabo . . . . Al Pereira was returned the victor over Joe Malcewicz . . . . Vic Chambers (the wrestling hobo of nowhere) tossed Ben Sherman . . . . Chief Thunderbird, the Canadian Indian warrior, threw Abe Coleman.

Gabbing with Grapplers . . . . A giant Hindu matman, without a doubt the Ixman Bux Gama mentioned in a recent article by Jack Curley, arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, during the last month. He will be seen in action just as soon as he becomes accustomed to the climate. He is certainly a big fellow scaling in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. The giant Hindu will appear in Vancouver under the banner of George Fitch, Western Canada's foremost wrestling promoter.

In Stockton, California, Doctor Irving Zeimer refused to allow "Gentleman" Jack Washburn to engage in a wrestling bout with Al Pereira. The medico stated that Washburn was suffering from "high blood pressure."

Bobby Pearce, the Olympic champion, arrived on the Coast with what he calls a new hold. Bobby has given the hold the nickname "Oklahoma Kip" after his home state. Dude Chick, the Pole Creek, Wyoming cowboy, also has given his new airplane spin hold a nickname. Chick calls his specialty "the Lariat Spin."

Leroy McGuirk, clever light-heavyweight monarch, was seen in action on the Coast during the last month.

Chief Little Wolf, Joe Savoldi, Kimon Kudo, Milo Steinborn, George Calza, Al Baffert, Ted Christy, Frank Taylor, Ali Yumid are a few of the California headliners.

* * *

AUREL LEBEL was born twenty-five years ago in Montreal, Canada. Mr. LeBel Sr. wanted to make Aurel Jr. a boxer, but the youngster had ideas of his own. At twelve years of age, he decided to take up wrestling. He did. Two years ago LeBel beat Paul Le Brun in a bitterly fought match, in which he annexed the Eastern Canada Middleweight championship.

Following this, Aurel made a tour of the U.S.A. and in two years wrestled some five hundred times. During his sojourn in the U. S. his name Aurel LeBel was changed to Gene La Belle. Since then he has beaten such middleweights as Ernie Arthur (challenger for Canadian crown held by Jack MacLauglan), Ben Shearman, Marvin Barackman, Paddy Nolan, Cyclone Stockton, Carl Van Wurden and others. To top this Gene La Belle has held Gus Kallio to two draws, which is something to rave about. This boy is destined to go a long way in the squirm game.

Miniatures of Matmen . . . . "Gentleman" Jack Washburn: Jack Washburn, one of the veterans of the grapple game, was born at Paris, Illinois on October 14, 1899. He served as a soldier in the World War where he studied wrestling under the great Earl Caddock. Washburn, known in some parts as the "Bully from Boston" hails from Los Angeles. He has beaten Charlie Strack, Mike Romano, Pat McGill, Ted Cox, Jack Ganson, Abe Kaplan, Ole Anderson, Matros Kirilenko, Pete Mehringer, Howard Cantowine, Al Baffert, Jack Forsgren, and Dick Daviscourt. "Gentleman" Jack has played in the films and has doubled for a number of stars. He is a gentleman outside the ring but a "mad demon" when he enters the squared circle.

It is customary when Lord Lansdowne enters the ring, for the band to play "God Save the King." Count Von Bomberg, monocled matman from the land of Adolph Hitler, requests the playing of "Die Wacht Am Rhein" upon his entrance. I wonder what next the publicity boys of the Reynolds' circuit will conceive.

Curfew Chatter . . . . As this goes to New York, Vincent Lopez has just added a big time scalp to his collection by tossing the veteran Gino Garibaldi in forty-five minutes . . . . The Dusek Four are due to arrive on the Coast and the wrestling fans up and down the Pacific seaboard are looking forward to seeing these rowdy grapplers in action . . . . Ed. "Don" George is heading this way, so it looks like Vincent Lopez will have his hands full . . . .

Regards to Nat Fleischer on the fourteenth anniversary of the founding of THE RING. Without this grand magazine, there would be no boxing or wrestling. Wrestlers, promoters, and mat fans up and down the Pacific Coast, join me in saying "Long Live THE RING."

Thanks Mascall—I received letters from all over the world congratulating me on the long life of THE RING, *and I appreciate it. Incidentally, in the month of January, we received letters from so many parts of the world, that I decided to paste the stamped envelopes on display in my Book Shop window in the Garden. Your letters are all appreciated. Continue to write to me. Your constructive criticism is always welcome, dear readers.*]—*Editor's comment.*

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S by Bernice Sandboe, follow: Probably because he realizes that he has already reached the pinnacle of his mat career and is not booked for sensational success himself, one of the well-known mat scientists is devoting considerable time to discovering and developing new wrestling talent down here. Although a kindly gesture, it strikes me as rather pathetic. A last outcry to capture the fame he has missed.

Wonder what's happened to dapper Doc Karl Van Horn. The good-looking "Doc" performed only once for local fans but certainly showed in that bout that he possessed the skill and speed of a topnotcher. He got around the ring like greased lightning and had a fundamental knowledge of the grips and holds as well as two plenty tough fists. Offering, he was a swell fellow and got his nickname "Doc" because he studied two years to become an m.d. before he turned to wrestling. Lots of luck to you Doc and hurry back to Texas!

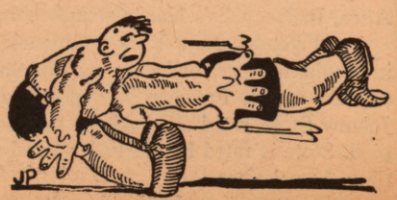
My friendly enemy, Darna Ostopavich, created quite a furor down here a few weeks ago. Pouting because he had not been offered a chance to try his hand at throwing the erstwhile Leo Daniel Boone Savage, he rose up in his wrath and announced from the ring that Promoter Sigel had deliberately whisked Leo away from the scene of action (actually Leo had made a brief visit back home to Kentucky) so that he would not have to tangle with him. This of course provided an ideal setting for a grudge fight and the next week, Leo was brought back to scuffle with the wounded Ostopavich. However, Darna's demurrings were all in vain for he was tossed in very short order by the bearded biggie.

In all fairness to Mister Ostopavich, let me add that if you like your wrestling straight and scientific, he can certainly fill the bill. A superbly and powerfully built man, he gets about the ring with the grace of a panther, and adheres strictly to cagey, clever mat work.

An interesting side-light on the Ostopavich-Savage bout occurred in the dressing rooms. When the m.d. announced that Darna could not return to the affray, Ellis Bashara, the sinister Syrian villain, offered to go out and finish the fight with Savage making some rather disparaging remarks about the hillbilly. This so aroused Leo Daniel Boone, that he took after Bashara and they staged an impromptu but nevertheless intense battle backstage.

While the spotlight remains focused on the sensational Savage down here, many of the younger and less spectacular boys are piling up some hard

(*Cont. on page* 48)



Easy Does It

(Continued from page 29)

"Nothing," said Helen. "Walk, read, and laugh."

"Not me. I got to do something."

She didn't argue with him. "I know," she said presently, "you can fish."

"Fish?"

"Yes—put a hook on a line and a worm on the hook and throw it in the water; when the fish bites, you pull him in."

"I know, but . . . . me fish?"

"Why not? It's fun."

"Well, I suppose I could try it. Where'll I fish?"

"Here, in Cook's Pond."

He borrowed Eddie Adams' bamboo pole and line Monday morning—while Eddie trotted enviously to school—and headed for the pond. He baited the hook, threw it in, and propped himself against the bole of a big tree, watching the bobber grimly.

Nothing happened. He let the pole rest on his knees, and began to look around.

* * *

AN hour later, the pole was propped up by a forked branch stuck in the ground, and Johnny was on his back, arms folded under his head, watching a big hawk circle round and round and round against a vast sky of blue. For the first time in his life, Johnny Smithers knew that gentle thrill which has been the lure of countless vagabonds and gentlemen of the road since time began—the thrill of doing absolutely nothing, and knowing that nothing has to be done—sheer loafing, all by one's lonesome.

Once Johnny heard a sound in the brush behind him. Just as he reached the edge, in a mood of investigation, something brown shot out with a thunderous roar, from under his foot. He leaped backwards, fists up for battle. It was a pheasant. Johnny grinned sheepishly and went back and sprawled under the tree. Presently he began to snore.

He went over and sat on the Adams' porch railing after supper. Eddie was reading the comic strips. Helen, in a light green frock, moved idly back and forth in a creaking wooden rocker. The chain on the porch swing was broken.

"You were right about the fishing," said Johnny. "It was fun."

"Did you catch any?"

"No, but I had some swell bites," said Johnny with the instinct of the true fisherman.

"You're pretty good." Helen's eyes twinkled. "There haven't been any fish in Cook's Pond for twelve years."

* * *

EDDIE ADAMS snickered noisily. Johnny pulled a shoot from Mrs. Adams' honeysuckle vine and threw it at Helen. He said: "You weren't taking any chances on my getting excited about anything, were you?"

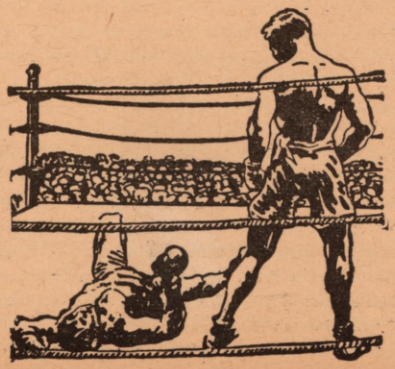
But he went again. He also went hiking. He even followed the mountain stream and caught some real fish. And he actually read some of the books Helen gave him. Many times he fell to dreaming about different things: his childhood in the city, his father's garage, fighting and Monk Jones, the future; but more often about a little dark-haired girl named Helen Adams.

In October he got a job as mechanic in the garage at the east end of Bernville.

"I've been thinking," he said to Helen. "It wouldn't cost me much more to build here than to try and make over Dad's old garage. I think Dad would like it better here, anyway."

Seeing her eyebrows raise, he added: "Not right away. In about five or ten years, I mean. Maybe."

Lefty Adams came home for a well earned vacation. He was very much like Helen, with the same dark eyes and hair and the same warm smile; naturally Johnny liked him.



They put on the gloves together, and Johnny learned some things he hadn't known before. They worked on Johnny's weakness.

"Watch the other fellow's feet, or his eyes," said Lefty, "but don't listen to what he says or what anybody else says. Don't even listen to the referee." Eddie Adams was the referee.

Lefty was small and he lacked a good wallop, but Johnny always had his hands full. The lightweight's shadowy moves kept him guessing; his slim left hand would dart out like a striking snake, and pepper him all over. As a result, Johnny began to grasp the art of concentration.

The three Adamses and Johnny Smithers became a familiar foursome at the Opera House on Tuesday nights. After the bouts, Lefty would say to Eddie, "Come on, kid, it's time you were getting to bed. Helen and Johnny got some things they want to talk over by themselves—maybe."

Johnny would grin and say, "Maybe." Then he would take Helen in the corner drugstore, where they would sip chocolate milk shakes and look at each other.

* * *

ONE night Johnny was tuning in the radio at the back of the store. When he returned to his booth he found a big towhead leaning over Helen; Johnny caught a strong whiff of alcohol.

"You oughtn't to act like that," the towhead was saying. "You ought to act more friendly."

Johnny tapped him on the shoulder. "Hey," he said, "no touch—private."

The towhead bristled. "Says who?" he mouthed.

Johnny turned him around and put his hands on his shoulders. "Go away," he said, and sat down with Helen.

The towhead turned around again, glared a little uncertainly, and then ambled out.

Johnny opened his mouth to say something and then shut it again and stared at Helen.

"Hey, I'm cured!" he said.

"What of—housemaid's knee?"

"No, me—my temper! Why, a year ago I'd have popped that egg for even looking at you!" He grinned happily. "Kid, I start training tomorrow."

"Easy, Johnny," said Helen, but she said it with a smile.

Late one afternoon, six months later, on his way home from the garage, Johnny saw a familiar figure reading the card in front of the Opera House. Crossing the street swiftly, Johnny touched him on the shoulder. "Hello, Monk," he said.

"Eh?" Monk Jones pushed the straw hat back on his head, took the cigar out of his mouth, and stared at the greasy overalled figure. "Oh—it's you." He shook hands. "How you been, Johnny?"

"Just the best," said Johnny.

"Back at the monkey wrench job, eh?"

"No, I'm going to fight again."

"Yeah? Who's taking you on?"

"You are."

"Yeah?" Monk scratched the top of his bald head. "Why am I?"

"Well, I'm a better fighter than I was, I'm in the pink, and I don't get mad any more."

"Yeah?"

They went over to the Nickelette and talked over their coffee. Helen helped things along. Little brunettes didn't bother Monk Jones, but he knew Lefty Adams, and respected him.

"Well, I'll tell you," Monk said finally. "One of my boys is supposed to take on Red Kane over at Halsbury on Saturday, but he's got a bad wrist and I don't want him to use it yet—my boy, I mean. I'll put you on and if you show me something I'll think it over."

"The chance is all I want," said Johnny. "You'll get it. This Red Kane is a tough baby now. In a couple of years the heavy champs will shy away from him. He was just startin' out when he chopped you down last year." Monk relit his cigar. "You ought to see him now." (Continued on page 47)

The Ring's Anniversary

(Continued from page 17)

interesting to note that since the first publication of THE RING over two thousand fight clubs have been added to those then in operation throughout the country, a fact which speaks volumes for the increased popularity of the game. The dark, evil-smelling barns and cellars in which boxers conditioned themselves for battle in Horton Law days have given place to sanitary surroundings in well equipped gymnasiums.

And among the benefits conferred by boxing on the general public, outside of its entertaining facilities, what of the help given by boxing in the shape of taxes and gifts to charity?

Most of the evils which once handicapped the game in its struggle for respectability have vanished. The various boxing commissions have largely succeeded in eliminating the hoodlum element, fixed fights and other objectionable methods of the past, with the aid of discreet legislation by the authorities. Control by gangsters of fighters and promoters, such as existed in the hectic days of unrest and Prohibition following the World War, is no longer a menace. High class executives have gradually weeded out the parasites of the sport. These latter still remain, but only to a minor extent, and they are no longer a power to reckon with.

* * *

ANOTHER great commercial development is the part that moving pictures have come to play in boxing. Everyone knows what the potential value of a movie of a big fight is today, and that the opportunity to see the gladiators on the screen, which draws thousands to the movie theatres, must be reckoned as powerful propaganda in bringing new patrons to see actual battles in the flesh.

If a further certificate of respectability be needed, it is only necessary to point to the introduction of boxing in schools as part of the educational system. As for social prestige and Blue Book patronage, everyone knows how the elite attend the big fights. That all started in the days when Anne Morgan accepted a benefit for the Devastated France Fund in wartime. The show took place at the old Garden, and lightweight Benny Leonard had Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee for an opponent in the wind-up.

One can point to the rise of big indoor and outdoor stadiums erected with money derived from boxing events, such as Madison Square Garden, the Garden Bowl, the Olympic Indoor Stadium of Detroit, Boston's Garden, Chicago's Stadium, the Olympic Club of Los Angeles, the Miami Outdoor Stadium, the Providence Arena, and others, scattered throughout the country.

There is the increase in culture and volume which distinguishes the trend in boxing literature! Consider the class superiority of THE RING when compared, for instance, with the early British works on the fight game. Between 1820 and 1870, there were such crude journals as Pierce Eagen's Boxiana, covering the period up to the days of Jem Mace. These were replete with bad grammar, underworld slang, and mechanical, uninteresting, totally-without-color accounts of the bare knuckle fights. Which didn't matter greatly, so far as the publishers were concerned, for their appeal, with the exception of the comparatively few members of an aristocracy that patronized the ring, was directed to mob-members, most of whom could but spell out a printed article anyway, and were not disposed to be critical.

* * *

HOW things have changed, even in the last decade! Today there is a veritable army of textbooks, compiled for the edification of ring patrons of a high type of intelligence, biographies, endless works of fiction, magazine stories—all dealing with the game of hit-stop-and-get-away. And of these, Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, is credited with thirty-two publications—a record unsurpassed in the history of the prize ring.

Artists paint spectacular pictures of the men of fistic fame engaged in conflict. Sculptors choose the splendidly athletic figures that wield the gloves as fitting models for statuary.

Isn't it natural that THE RING editor and staff should take particular pride in the magazine's past achievements as a leading factor in all that relates to the development of a sport that has, with their constant aid, weathered the vicissitudes of the years of storm and stress, to reach the goal of legal recognition and public confidence?

We extend a fraternal greeting to our numerous readers in Canada, England, Australia, and the many other foreign lands where English-speaking folks look forward to our monthly budget of news; knowing that they, too, will join heartily in the appreciation of the issue which marks THE FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY!

Hank Barber Is Making Good

(Continued from page 33)

than its inventor Sonnenberg.

It was in 1928 at the Boston Garden that Sonnenberg won the world's title from Ed "Strangler" Lewis before a record indoor crowd, which still stands and which paid $78,000 at a time when Barber was just entering Dartmouth.

* * *

HANK was born in Cambridge, Mass., where Harvard is located. He stands six feet one inch, weighs around 225 pounds and is twenty-five years old. He has been wrestling professionally two years. He graduated from the big university at Hanover, N. H. with an AB degree. He prepared at Cambridge Latin, where he won the All-Interscholastic tennis championship. He later attended Dean Academy.

Hank played three years at tackle at Dartmouth, the same position that Sonnenberg played there, and also covered first-base for three years and was a member of the track, water-polo and basketball teams. He ran a hundred yards in twelve seconds flat—fast time for such a big fellow.

Barber made the All-American college nine in 1932 and the same year won the Eastern Intercollegiate League batting championship with a mark of .500. He was given a tryout with the Braves that Spring, but was "farmed" to Lowell of the North Eastern League (formerly the New England) and he led the entire organization with a batting mark of .374.

Although he was recalled by the Braves for the Spring of 1933, Paul Bowser, famous Boston promoter, talked him into becoming a pro grappler. However, Paul was so busy looking after his huge wrestling interests and driving harness horses on the Grand Circuit that he neglected Hank. So he became a salesman, only wrestling off and on, until he decided last Spring, at the suggestion of Rudy Dusek, who had seen him work out in a Boston gym, to come to New York and try his luck.

The Human Side of Managers

(Continued from page 23)

for the title, tossed him out of different camps at different times because he was just a little too tough for them to use, because, you know, a man in training, must look good for the newspaper boys or it's no dice.

So Willie Collins, now Leon Zorita, the best man on the Pacific Coast, once of 140 pounds and now only 147, hired out to Maxie Rosenbloom. It wasn't just the same in that spot for Maxie loved the colored boy's tremendous speed and found it one of the most available things he has found in many a day.

So it perhaps is within the bounds of reason, that one of these days the highly popular Harvey Pettit may come through with a real champion in the person of Leon Zorita, Cuban colored chap, today a student at Jefferson High School, in Los Angeles, the same place where Frankie Castillo, the little Mexican boy is studying and is about to become one of the strongest contenders for the bantam or feather weight titles under the direction of Al Lang.

Harvey has had his groundwork, there is little doubt of that. He boxed in the army in 1912 and not only knows most of the answers when it comes to ring work but also is clever enough to devise a few of his own.

His ambition is to match his man with Ceferino Garcia for the welterweight title on the Coast and then to go on for bigger things.

Harvey had Benny Chavez at one time and in conjunction with the late Otto Floto, sports editor of the Denver Post, exploited that great Colorado Mexican when he fought Johnny Kilbane in 1912.

After having Eddie Trillo of Colorado, Harvey considers his greatest achievement, and it probably was, the development of Goldie Hess of Los Angeles. This kid, who was one of the best drawing cards Southern California ever had, went elsewhere and won plenty of money.

In fact, Goldie took down in a matter of two years and nine months a total of $95,750. In the winning of that money, he fought four world's champions, Bud Taylor, Tony Canzoneri, Tod Morgan and Jackie Kid Berg.

Really I'd rank Harvey Pettit up among the best and most capable of the managers I've known over a period of a great many years. The more so, because he saw to it that Goldie Hess accumulated some property out in Southern California and a butcher shop at Ocean Park that he cares for diligently.

A Prince of Brawlers

(Continued from page 37)

old Pacific Coast star, Alex Greggains. Williams won in seventeen rounds and Greggains in three.

Regardless of whether he was winning or losing, La Blanche was sure to put on a knockdown, drag-out affair.

The fans of that day and time revelled in his slugging bar-room tactics. Practically all he knew about fighting was to go out and start swinging and keep at it till somebody dropped. La Blanche opened a saloon in 'Frisco in 1892 and in between times found time to fight two battles in Los Angeles. He lost both of them by the kayo route, one to Jim Lawson in seven rounds and the other to Frank Childs, famous Negro star of that time.

* * *

A YEAR or so later, La Blanche tired of the coast. He was anxious to visit the scenes of his early conquests, and in 1893 he was back in the New England States, meeting such brawlers as Dick O'Brien, Bob Manning, Billy Maber and others of that type. True, he was definitely on the long grade that eventually leads to oblivion. But the sturdy old warhorse still loved the hustle and bustle of the prize-ring, the smell of resin was still a tonic to the batle-scarred old brawler, now 37 years old. Eleven years, now, he had already served in the beak-smearing business, but the lure of the hempen arena was still irresistible. He fought two battles in '94 and lost both of them, one to Charley Wickey at Muskegon, Mich., in five rounds, and the other loss went to Buffalo Costello, one of the most famous pugilists ever turned out on the Pacific Coast. The Costello battle took place in Montreal, La Blanche losing in six rounds.

Though he was now only a shell of his former self, La Blanche could always get a battle whenever the urge overtook him. He was still a slam-bang brawler, although by this time he was standing in the shadow of forty years of age. Though the spirit was willing, flesh and blood will withstand just so much punishment. La Blanche was no exception. Finally, after losing to Bert Woods in a miserable four-round battle at Toledo, Ohio, the battered Canadian became convinced that his days of usefulness as a pugilist were over. Once more he turned his eyes to the Pacific Coast.

* * *

THERE must be something in the sunshiny state that has an appeal to fighters when they are all through. Again La Blanche opened a bar in 'Frisco and for a good many years after the turn of the century, his place was a mecca of sportdom. But about the time of the World War, the grand old bruiser sold out, lock, stock and barrel, and once more located in Boston. On May 3, 1918, he died in the Lawrence Municipal Hospital of Lawrence, Mass., at the age of 60.

Yes, indeed, the name of George La Blanche will occupy a niche in pugilism's hall of fame, long after his remains have turned to dust, and that memorable battle with Jack Dempsey on the shores of the Golden Gate forty-five years ago will go down in history as one of the most desperate and savagely contested fights in the annals of the prize-ring.

Tales of Ring Celebrities

(Continued from page 25)

Petersburg, a resort spot that furnished Denverites with the rougher sorts of "amusements." They had built an arena there and it was used, too, as a training quarters for various and sundry of the fighting men of the neighborhood and the transients who happened along at various times.

* * *

A CAR line ran to within four miles of the joint and when the end of the line was reached, one had to do the best he could, unless one had an auto, and back in 1908 autos were not quite as common as they are today.

Anyway, there was quite a throng out to see the two Jims do battle that night and there were comfortable financial returns. As the fight was a merry one, with all sorts of rough stuff scattered through and around it, an enjoyable time was had by all. All, that is, but Barry, who didn't seem to enjoy the stiff peppering that Flynn gave him. They went through the ten rounds to a no-decision but Barry left the ring muttering ominously. He was good and sore at Flynn, claiming the fireman had gouged him and did other things that weren't within the boundaries of the Queensberry code.

So within a couple of minutes of the finish of the affair, and while Flynn was chatting gaily with some friends in his dressing room, Barry appeared at the door. He was still in ring attire, as was Flynn, but he carried in his right hand a .44 that looked about as mean as anything Flynn had ever seen in the way of blue hardware.

Barry introduced himself by way of a string of oaths and, pointing to a badly damaged eye, announced that he was there for the purpose of removing the Flynn person, the dirty so-and-so, from this earthly sphere.

* * *

NOW, game as Flynn was and always had been, he was terrorized at the sight of that weapon and the insane look in those tremendously black eyes of his late opponent. He felt that Barry meant business and having heard that old gag about discretion being the better part of valor, he slid off the rubbing board on which he had been seated, shoved a bunch of his friends between him and the roaring Barry and, with one daring leap, he dived out of a nearby window that was open.

Flynn sprawled on a grass plot five feet below, gathered himself and made for the road, intending to hide in a grove that adjoined the place, feeling that his friends would seize Barry and cool him off in a short time.

Flynn was entirely wrong. Barry knew the lay of the land and, shaking off the bunch that tried to grab him, he dashed out the door and caught sight of Flynn tearing down the road about a hundred yards away.

With a roar like an enraged animal, Barry was off in pursuit, yelling like a Comanche and waving the huge revolver. It was dark on that road, but Flynn was easily discernible because of his white tights. And incredible as it may seem, Flynn plunged on down that road towards the city with Barry in keen but futile pursuit.

Maybe it was because Flynn was in better physical shape and was egged on by sheer fright, but he kept gaining on Barry over that long four-mile stretch of gravel road and wound up at the end of the car line in a state of exhaustion but safely ahead of Barry. Luckily there was the car just leaving for Denver and into it Flynn dropped, hastily explained himself and was taken into the city, the train crew getting a great laugh out of Flynn's unusual predicament.

Meantime, the promoter had pursued the men with an auto, overtook Barry, quickly got him cooled off and relieved him of the gun. Next day, the men were brought together for a reconciliation and a friendly drink or two. But Flynn declined a rematch, saying secretly that he had had quite enough of James J. Barry.

* * *

FLYNN was married to Fannie Vedder, at one time a great stage favorite and a really beautiful woman. They have one son, a fine chap of around twenty, and although the parents were separated years ago, Jim had sincere affection for his wife and child and was in constant communication with them. Latterly, Jim got some work in pictures and then went into partnership with a friend in the cafe and saloon business in Los Angeles.

"Fireman Jim" always had a misguided idea that he had something on the colored fighters of his time. But he didn't. Jack Johnson beat him twice and Sam Langford, admitted by Flynn later to be by far the best fighter he ever tackled, always had it on Jim, game and tough as he was.

As proof of that, Tom McCarey, famous old Los Angeles promoter, tells a little yarn. He had Langford and Flynn matched for Naud Junction Arena, near Los Angeles, and meeting Sam one afternoon, kidded him about how Flynn was going to do him up this time.

"Not so fast, Mistah Tom," said Sam, who thereupon got a piece of paper and an envelope and wrote something, sealing it up. He gave the envelope to McCarey's partner, Greenwald, with the request that it not be opened until after the fight. They agreed to this and when it was opened they read this: "Sam Langford will knock out Jim Flynn in the seventh round." And that was exactly the round in which the fight ended.

Flynn always insisted that the border police in Las Vegas, N. M., had no business stopping his fight with Jack Johnson in 1912 when they did in the ninth round. But the border police were sore at the fight and quite anxious to accept the slightest excuse for halting it. The battle was one of the foulest and toughest I ever saw but the colored champion had it on Jim that day easily and after four rounds, Flynn didn't have a chance.

Jack had beaten Jim previously in eleven rounds and could have done it again. Johnson was a great fighter right at that time.

Louis Better Than Johnson?

(Continued from page 10)

LOUIS is being well handled. His two managers are wealthy men with no greed in their souls. They have the interests of their own group at heart in getting this young chap to the top. They believe in him for his own sake and not for the pot of gold that may soon be his. It is an honest, sincere effort on their parts. The million dollar gate will be grateful to them but it must come naturally. There is no chicanery in their hearts.

And what an astonishing situation that is!

It is on the excellence of the Louis boxing skill, coupled with his tremendous punching shock, that commands the respect in which the young fellow is held. He is built perfectly with a physical balance that is just about ideal—his 200 pounds being so beautifully distributed over a grand bony structure that no fault could be found with him. He has the somewhat slim, trim legs that denote speed, the depth of chest and torso that tell of ability to go the route and a well-shaped head that indicates the thinker and a calmness when the heat is highest.

They say he hasn't been proved acidly. Such an argument can scarcely stand for he has been hit, has been on the floor, and got up fighting with a clear brain. He is getting heavier at what may be a rather alarming speed. That is what may beat him in the end. But just now there is no immediate danger of excess poundage standing in his way.

* * *

SO much for the very young and quite brave boxer who is to take on the champion one of these days. He will have everything to gain and little or nothing to lose in that battle. But by winning it, as many think he surely will, he can place himself in just the highest possible position.

Meantime scan this table of past champions from John L. Sullivan down to the days of Gene Tunney, last of the really proven title holders, and see what figures show regarding the general tenure of office. Since Tunney there have been such champions as Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling, Primo Carnera, Max Baer and James J. Braddock but figures on them does not change the general complexion of the table much. Here are the figures:

	Born	Won at	Lost at	Held it	Came Back
Sullivan	1858	24	34	10	None
Corbett	1866	26	31	5	1898-1903
Fitzsimmons	1862	35	37	2	1899-1909
Jeffries	1875	24	31	8	1910
Burns	1881	25	27	2	1910-1920
Johnson	1878	30	37	7	1916-1926
Willard	1887	28	32	4	1923
Dempsey	1895	24	31	7	1931-1933
Tunney	1893	28	*31	3	None

*Voluntarily resigned title and retired.

But those figures do not mean that champions were through as soon as they lost the title. John L. held it a long time but that was under prize ring rules. It may be noted that the first time he defended it under the more polite Queensberry code, he dropped it to the late Jim Corbett.

Jim came in at 26 and went out at 31 but don't forget that he fought with great brilliancy long afterwards. He nearly licked Jim Jeffries in 1900, three years after Jeff had licked Fitz for the honors.

Also he knocked out the sprightly Kid McCoy in five rounds and that was at the age of 37 with "Gentleman Jim" still going strong.

Jeffries was kidded into coming out of well-deserved retirement for that awful smearing in Reno, Nev., at the hands of Jack Johnson. Jeff was beyond 35 then and his liberal method of living precluded any chance of getting him into condition. It was the serious mistake of a lifetime. But he got a fortune for doing it.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON was the champion old man of the ring when it came to champions. He was a marvel in many respects but didn't take his fighting any too seriously. In cleverness and hitting power and feinting, he was a master.

Willard won the title at 28, and lasted four years but he did a comeback in 1923 when he was 40 and did very well in fights with Floyd Johnson and Luis Firpo, the huge man from South America.

No heavyweight champion came back to win the title after being beaten although men in other classes have done so. And Jack Johnson was the only colored man to gain the honors.

He was a native of Galveston, Texas, and in this connection it is interesting to note that five of the greatest colored guerrillas of the fighting game were born outside of this country. They were Peter Jackson, born in St. Croix, West Indies; George Dixon, who came from Halifax, Nova Scotia; Sam Langford, from Weymouth, Nova Scotia; the original George Godfrey ("Old Chocolate") from Prince Edward Island, and Joe Walcott, a squatty black boy from Barbadoes, West Indies.

Jackson, Dixon and Walcott reached championship heights, the latter two in the smaller divisions of boxing, so one can see that it isn't always the American Negro who has been the big factor among the colored stars of ring history.

But if Joe Louis continues on his courageous and altogether sensational course, he will be the one American born Negro of whom his people may well be proud.

Fistic Attractions That Hold Spotlight

(Continued from page 4)

Lefty Gwynne, Harry Gerson, and Patsy Erra look very promising in their work. Here are boys who can furnish real action and bouts in which they are paired would revive interest in the division.

* * *

IN the flyweight class we find only two worth-while contenders. There seems to be a dispute over their claims, with small Montana billed by the RING as the champion while Benny Lynch reigns in Europe as the titleholder of the universe. There is no question but that a meeting between them would go big, especially abroad, and I hope it is made in the very near future. Montana and Escobar bout would also be a corking bout. Montana has done most of his battling among bantams and could spot Escobar that weight without suffering by the handicap.

Tuffy Pierpont and Joey Puig are the only Americans left in the flyweight class while in England there are: Pat Palmer, Harry Orton, Jim Campbell, Phil Milligan, Bobby Magee, Syd Parker among the best. By 1937 we may have this division as strong as it was when Villa, Jimmy Wilde and other notables were in the spotlight.

Before closing, I cannot help but compliment Nat Fleischer and THE RING magazine on the good work being done for the constructive side of boxing. They have been firm boosters of the sport for many years and where criticism is meted out, it is done in constructive form only.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Springfield, Colo.—Jim Perry, Fort Sumner, N. Mex., light-heavyweight, knocked out Dorsey Dunn, Springfield, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round battle. It was Dunn's first defeat by the knockout route.

At Fort Sumner, N. Mex.—Jim Perry knocked out Dick Cortes, New Orleans light-heavy, in the sixth round. Incidentally, this Perry boy is about the busiest battler in this country. A week after the Cortes bout, he went over to Estancia, N. Mex., and whaled the daylights out of Don Anderson in ten rounds. With hardly time to catch the next train, he went back to Springfield and scored a surprising upset when he kayoed Cyclone Lynch, hard-hitting Walsenburg Negro, in the third round of a scheduled ten-round go.

Joe Perry, a kid brother of Jim's, is also on a winning spree. Only seventeen, the kid has defeated practically every featherweight in New Mexico.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Emilio Martinez, Denver light-heavy, kayoed "Kid" Carter, a Pacific Coast mittman, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Carter was completely outclassed by the Denver Mexican.

At Denver, Colo.—Fred Lenhart, Spokane light-heavy, scored a technical kayo over Chuck Hefner, Denver battler, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Lenhart was Hefner's master from the opening gong and gave the Denverite a terrific body beating before Chuck was forced to call it a day. Chuck Reed was awarded the decision over Jimmy Reed, Portland welter, in a knock down and drag out semi-windup. Each man scored three knockdowns. It was Denver's first show in several months.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.—George Manley, battle-scarred Denver light-heavy, scored a ten-round victory over Jim Perry of Fort Sumner, N. Mex. A fast finish enabled Manley to the nod.

At Canon City, Colo.—June Hack, La Junta middleweight, knocked out Russ Storey, Pueblo Negro, in the opening round of a scheduled ten-round bout. A shot to the solar plexus turned the trick.

Johnny Moore, Canon City, stopped Joe Chavez, Pueblo, in the second heat of the semi-windup. The boys were lightweights.

At Denver, Colo.—Emilio Martinez, Denver light-heavy, was awarded an extremely unpopular decision over Fred Lenhart, Spokane battler. Lenhart dropped the Mexican in the opening round with a left to the jaw. The bout was fairly good but only a little better than fifteen hundred dollars was dropped in the till. The battle was a ten-rounder. Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas, N. Mex., lightweight, decisioned Sol Levinson of Denver in a sparkling eight-round semi-windup.

Unpopular decisions seem to be the plague of Denver boxing. About the time the mitt game gets started good, one of these awkward decisions crop up to kill what interest has been created.

At Lovell, Wyo.—George Manley, Denver light-heavy, scored a knockout over Lou Couzzens of Lovell, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round battle.

The writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt game in this section, but don't forget to enclose postage if you expect a reply.

Also, I have a complete list of boxing promoters out here that you can have for a thin dime. Address all inquiries to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Easy Does It

(Continued from page 43)

"I like you," said Helen, "you're so cheerful."

The three Adamses were in the first row at Halsbury when the odd member of their foursome went out to shake hands with Red Kane and the two of them pretended to be listening to the referee's instructions. There was a puzzled frown on Mr. Kane's generous features as he went back to his corner, but he came out wearing a broad grin. They touched off.

"I just remembered," he growled, "you're little Johnny Smithereens, the kid who cried when I stepped on his toe over at Bernville."

Despite himself, Johnny tensed for a split second and Red Kane's glove caught him under the ear. Johnny went spinning into the ropes, rolled off, and slid out of the way.

"Easy, Johnny," he muttered, raging at himself at the same time for making such a dumb start. He went slowly the rest of the round, trying to learn just how good Red Kane was. He decided that he was plenty good. Johnny kept out of clinches and stayed away from that murderous right. Red Kane took the first round on points by a small margin.

The second and third were about even. The fourth was slightly Johnny's. He sat on his stool, waiting for the fifth.

"What's the matter?" said Monk Jones in his ear. "When are you gonna start?"

* * *

JOHNNY glanced towards the Adams clan for his encouragement, and got it, although he saw only one of them.

Red Kane had made a private bet that the fight wouldn't last six rounds. He began to rough things up a little, using his thumbs and elbows to advantage. He tried a low punch, which the referee missed. Johnny ignored it.

Mr. Kane became impatient. He tried to rush Johnny and took a poke in the ribs for his pains. He backed off, and began to scowl and grin at Johnny. "Your little brunette friend wouldn't be bad," he muttered, "if her teeth were straight."

Johnny Smithers stuck his left in Mr. Kane's eye. "Easy, Johnny," he kept repeating.

Red Kane made additional comment on the little brunette, but without effect, and presently he subsided. He tried to draw Johnny into several clinches, futilely. He began to fight more like a gentleman, and Johnny relaxed somewhat.

They fenced, and Red Kane came in close. "I guess she ain't your dame, after all," he made comment. He paused for breath and dramatic effect. "She just walked out."

Johnny's eye told him to duck but his ear betrayed him; as a result the powerhouse right landed a little high, but Johnny went down, his head buzzing. He scrambled to spring up, then relaxed.

"Three . . . . four . . . ."

"Easy, Johnny, you dope—almost got you that time."

". . . . Seven . . . ."

His thoughts were a little fuzzy but he managed to pick out Helen's face and grin confidently. He got up at nine, and found his legs a bit rubbery. Red Kane charged in eagerly, but Johnny backed away.

"Stan' up an' fight," raged Mr. Kane. "Yella belly!" Johnny slid away. The fans began to boo, and stamp their feet in unison, but Johnny grinned. Presently the bell rang.

* * *

"YOU sure are showin' me something," was Monk Jones's remark before the sixth opened. "Especially how you can lead with your chin."

Red Kane came out fast, determined to polish off Johnny and collect his bet. He tried to crowd him against the ropes but Johnny ducked out and clipped him on the ear. Red Kane looked startled, and scowled. Johnny tapped him twice on the nose, and the fans laughed. Mr. Kane began to snort. He circled in and connected under Johnny's belt.

"Low," warned the referee.

Mr. Kane started to beef. "Aw—"

Wham! Johnny rocked him with a hard left hook, and followed with three straight rights. Red shook his head and fumbled for a clinch but Johnny held him off and planted a short uppercut just under the heart. Mr. Kane began to breathe heavily.

"The little brunette," said Johnny, "is laughing at you."

Red Kane tensed, and Johnny timed his left hook perfectly. Mr. Kane went down on one knee, bounced up like a dollar golf ball, and lunged forward with something between a pant and a bellow, both hands flailing wildly.

Johnny saw the image of himself in the Bernville Opera House almost exactly one year before, blundering in furiously, blindly. Had he time, he probably would have felt a touch of compassion for his opponent. Instead, he did exactly as Mr. Kane had done on that occasion—ducked to the left, balanced all his weight on the ball of his left foot, and brought his right hand up from the floor.

". . . . ten," said the referee.

Mr. Red Kane had won his bet.

* * *

JOHNNY SMITHERS was stretched on the rubbing table with a towel draped across his middle. A trainer was trying to keep the door shut. "There's a dame and a guy and a kid here," said the trainer. "They all say their name's Adams."

Monk Jones, straw hat pushed back on his bald head, took the cigar out of his mouth. "Well," he said, "what are you waitin' for? Let 'em in!"

They were already in, with Eddie Adams leading the interference. "Gee!" yipped Eddie, "you're almost as good as my brother!"

"Hey," said Johnny, "that's a compliment."

"Come on, kid," said Lefty Adams, "it's time you were getting to bed. Helen and Johnny got some things they want to talk over by themselves—maybe."

Said Johnny Smithers: "What do you mean—*maybe!*"

Taped powerful hands reached out and for once, despite the circle of grinning spectators, Helen Adams forgot to say: "Easy, Johnny."

John Bull's Fistic Star

(Continued from page 9)

a firmer grip when I punch and get the full power of my shoulder behind the blows," replied McAvoy.

Jock was christened Joseph Bamford and was born on November 10, 1910, at Burnley, Lancashire, England. He started his amateur career at the age of sixteen but after returning home with a pair of black eyes, his mother's remonstrance was too much for him and he ceased his pugilistic activities. For four years he forgot his ambition but the urge got the better of him and he participated in his first professional start and received the munificent sum of "five bob" for the fight, or $1.25 to be exact in American currency, when he was twenty years old.

The only hobby that Jock has outside of seeing movies and attending shows in the evenings, is to attack the bridle path for a stirring gallop on a horse. Every morning when not in training in this country, Jock cantered around Central Park on a speedy pacer without any regard for speeding laws.

Jock's pleasures are simple and he is content when the people he is with are enjoying themselves. His temperament is even and he rarely if ever gets riled. Jock is not so much concerned in the financial returns of a bout as in attaining progress in a pugilistic sense. He is speedily destroying the English tradition of ill fortune that our British cousins have met in this country and his objective is to bring back the world's title to his country. Were he matched with John Henry Lewis tomorrow for the title, it is a certainty that Jock would enter the ring favorite in the betting.

Dave Lumiansky, who started McAvoy off, knows the game from A to Z.

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Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 39)

hand, physical culture has been one of his chief hobbies.

Wrestling, in particular, is regarded by Il Duce as one of the finest forms of physical development and it was not so long ago that Renato Gardini, great wrestler of a few years ago, was given an important position to teach wrestling to Young Italy. Gardini has his headquarters in Naples where our young hero Salvatore Balbo spent most of his life before coming to America.

Balbo has shown remarkable ability in the wrestling field. He attracted the attention of his teachers and also that of Il Duce himself. A tournament was held in the principal cities of Italy the winner of which was to be recompensed with a trip to America to seek wrestling honors for Italy. Salvatore Balbo was the lucky winner in competition with representatives from many Italian cities.

Long before Balbo came to America, Jack Pfefer, New York promoter, heard of him through his agents abroad. The young Italian, a light-heavyweight, is doing well now in New York.

Salvatore Balbo, upon his arrival in this country, went to Quincy, Mass., where some friends of his family lived, they decided to give a party for the 22-year-old Italian athlete and right off the bat, Salvatore got a taste of the time honored American custom when the road house where the party was held was held up. Through ignorance young Salvatore put up a fight and luckily escaped unscathed but not so the would-be robbers who got very mussed up, each boasting a perfect "shiner" when they appeared before the judge the following morning. It will be some time before they are around again but when they are, you can bet they'll steer clear of Salvatore Balbo.

Since making his debut, Balbo has lived up to his advance notices. The young Italian has about everything an athlete requires and he may fulfil his wish and that of his countrymen and return to his native Italy with the crown emblematic of world superiority among light-heavyweight grapplers.

* * *

WALTER MILLER, who brought Earl McCready to New Zealand and Australia, writes that New Zealand has a splendid wrestler in a young chap named Lofty Bloomfield. He is a New Zealander who for the past two seasons has been a top-notcher. He is 26 years old, stands 6 feet 1½ inches, weighs 237 pounds and has an appealing style. He is very aggressive, rough and knows the mat sport thoroughly.

Just Rasslin'

(Continued from page 42)

work and valuable experience. Outstanding in this group, is young Ernest Kelley, the 24-year-old youngster who never fails to turn in a good performance. He has scored some surprising and valuable wins lately. I shouldn't be at all surprised if this Irish laddie is front page wrestling news some day.

Here are a couple of brief biographies on two other outstanding young boys performing in the south:—

Jack Warner, the 212-pound Boston boy, who came up through the amateur wrestling ranks at the Boston Y.M.C.A. and while a Simon-pure did not suffer a single defeat. He attended Northeastern University in Boston and earned distinction in football and wrestling. While Jack was wrestling as an amateur he earned himself a tryout for the 1932 Olympics and was the survivor of an elimination tournament in Boston but was unable to compete further because of an injury.

George "Red" Ryan is one of the most colorful young men ever to show in the southwest. As Irish as his name sounds, Red has flaming, eye-scorching red hair, weighs 215 and measures a little less than six foot tall. He was born in Philadelphia on August 5, twenty-four years ago. He's single and has no intention of marrying any time soon. His wrestling is nothing short of sensational. He combines acrobatics and grappling in such a way that he keeps the fans either open-mouthed in amazement or doubled-up in laughter all the time. Before he turned to wrestling, Red was a fighter and held the Delaware light heavy and heavyweight title a few years ago. His ambition is to win the wrestling title, save his earnings and in later life become the owner of a racing stable. Good luck to you Red!

Sooner or later you will want to know something about Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the droll mountaineer for whom fame is inevitable. Leo is a cinch for success and when he does reach the top it shan't be my fault if you have never heard of him. I'm writing a lengthy feature on him to appear soon in THE RING.

* * *

SEEN AND HEARD AT THE RINGSIDE—The veteran middleweight, Joe Parelli has a new stunt for ringsiders. He enters the roped circle with his toenails painted . . . . We are sorry to hear that blindness has terminated the splendid career of that fine Jewish laddie, Sammy Stein . . . . Ernie Dusek is one of the roughest gentlemen to show in Los Angeles, Jagat Singh, the thigh slapping Hindu matman, who has met the best in America, is en route to the wrestling fields of Australia . . . . Lefty Bloomfield represented Australia at the recent tournament in Los Angeles.

* * *

Sheik Mar Allah, the welterweight, has been seen in action around San Francisco. Recently Mar Allah met the Welterweight champion, Jack Reynolds, and just before the bout, the Sheik announced that he was sure that it was a man in the Reynolds outfit that stabbed him in the back in the Benton Harbour affray nearly two years ago. You can imagine what Jack did to the Sheik for that unkind remark.

* * *

FROM Iowa, Bill Hawkins writes: wrestling at this writing is at a high peak out here in the tall corn state . . . . Large crowds in attendance in just about every one of the wrestling centers . . . . Earl Wampler Scranton, Iowa, heavyweight wrestler, received an offer to make a trip to South America from Sidney Rodriquez, Buenos Aires promoter . . . . Such well-known wrestlers as Jack Sherry, Wladek and Karol Zbyszko did well down there and are now in Europe . . . . Fred Grubmeier, of Harlan, Ia. is back in the part of this neck of the woods after being in the east . . . . Did you know that Iowa produced three of the world's greatest mat men . . . . Farmer Burns, Frank Gotch, and Earl Caddock . . . .

Here are a few of the results for the month . . . . On one of Abe Frankle's mat cards at Des Moines, Pat O'Shocker, Salt Lake City, Utah, heavy tossed Farmer Tobin of Bismark, No. Dak. two out of three falls . . . . Pat McClary, San Francisco heavyweight threw Otto Kuss, of Chicago . . . . Earl Wampler, of Scranton threw George Hausen, of Omaha . . . . Baron Ben Ginsberg, New York heavy drew with Doc Vic Muhl . . . . At Boone, Ia. Fred Grubmeier won two out of three falls from Tom Jenkins of Scotland . . . . Fred Brondell, of Des Moines tossed Gorilla Seals of Detroit . . . . Ray Morris, of Boone won on a foul from Tony Barsanti, of Des Moines. Down at Marshalltown, Ia. Bull Martin of Boston went on a wild spree, and knocked out one referee three times, and floored another twice, and in the end finished up by losing to Earl Wampler . . . . Jack O'Dell and Buddy Blair of Denver and Omaha, respectively went to a draw . . . . Sid Nabors, of Atlanta, Ga. threw Dr. Vic Muhl . . . . Looking things over at Cedar Rapids, Ia. we find Howard Cantonwine winning from Lee Henning . . . . Jimmy Bear beat Tony Barsanti, and Fred Grubmeier won over the Mystery Shadow . . . . This boy Lee Henning hails from Cresco, Ia. and had rung up a long list of wins before meeting up with Cantonwine . . . . He is a former football player from Upper Iowa college . . . .

John Eliades, Sioux City promoter drew one of the largest crowds ever to attend a mat show in recent years at the Auditorium . . . . The groan house was packed to the limit with no standing room left . . . . In the main attraction, Rudy Laditzi of Poughkeepsie, New York threw Farmer Tobin . . . . Bull Martin won over Sid Nabors . . . . Pat McGill won on a foul from Pat McClary . . . . Jack O'Dell, and Victor Soldat of Chicago went to a fast draw . . . . Soldat was so mad once during the match, that he yanked an overcoat from one of the customers, and started to toss it around, while getting his bearings after being kicked out of the ring.

From Walnut, Ia. . . . . we received an interesting note to the effect that Earl Caddock, the former mat king, has three sons who are carrying the name of Caddock on, only on the football field instead of the mat . . . . The three sons were all stars last season on the Walnut high-school football team. The oldest boy is Earl, Jr., and completed an outstanding career at the school . . . . Two times he was named on Southwest Iowa's Six Conference team as an end, and two times received honorable mention on the all state team . . . . The boy is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds . . . . Another boy is Robert who is 15 years old and tips the beam at 140 pounds, and is a star quarterback . . . . He also won a letter for track work, and hurdler . . . . Richard is two years younger, and also won a letter this past season as a guard and tackle . . . . Young Richard is slow and heavy and looks the part of a wrestler, while the other two boys are tall and slender looking . . . .

From Hollywood to New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT does seem like a coincidence that the writer is always running in between quarrels existing among boxing commissioners. If it isn't one Coast, then it is the other. After discovering many unsatisfactory conditions prevailing on the Pacific Coast, we return to New York and find conditions diabolically similar on the Eastern port. And in the middle of all the trouble is the serene, untroubled figure of Jack Kearns.

Kearns left California because he was disgusted with conditions there. Although things are not as comfortable for him as they were when he was in the money with Jack Dempsey, Kearns is one manager who has always preserved the class, characteristic of him, and his friends are legion from one part of the earth to the other.

The only enemies that he has are people who owe him money and those who could not get any from him. His pocket was always open for the unfortunate and he was the most liberal-hearted of any fight manager within memory. When Dempsey and Kearns parted company many years ago, there were some who stuck to Dempsey because Jack was still a public hero and they were nothing more than hero worshippers. The real people—those whom a friend in need could rely upon—stuck to Kearns because they knew the real story of the break between Dempsey and Kearns, and knew that Kearns was right in their controversy, which fact was brought out several years later.

The fact that Dempsey and Kearns do not talk to each other is beside the point, even though some of the papers printed that their antagonism was put on for the benefit of publicity. I happened to be with Kearns the day he arrived in New York and tried to inveigle him into going into Dempsey's Restaurant for dinner, but the invitation did not fall on receptive ears. They are still on the outs and were in the same status when Kearns left New York a week later.

The New York Commission, for some unexplained reason, refused to grant Hank Bath a license in time to go through with his scheduled bout with Red Burman at Madison Square Garden. Kearns, Bath and Trainer Ralph Volke remained in town for one week, went through the expenses essential to one who is training for a fight and then at the last minute was refused a license.

The reason that the Commission offered was so picayunish and nonsensical that it brings us back to our old quarrel with the New York Commission—the State Athletic Commission has an axe to grind against Madison Square Garden and Jimmy Johnston, and we were taken to task at the Commission offices two years ago when we brought out those theories. Now, two years later, we find the same Commission committing the same tactics which are detrimental to the boxing game and for the general prosperity of the sport.

It is time that the Governor stepped into the situation and appointed three capable men for such offices. If the present Commission are non-salaried men, then for the best of all concerned, pay the successors a comfortable salary.

When excuses ran dry, the Commission claimed that Bath was still suspended in California and they were awaiting word from the Coast commission before they would okay Bath. For the benefit of the Commission and all concerned—HANK BATH WAS NEVER DEFINITELY SUSPENDED IN CALIFORNIA. Dr. Harry W. Martin, then chairman of the Commission, was in New York at the time and only he had the power to authorize suspension. When he returned from New York and discovered the circumstances of the Bath incident on the Coast, he exonerated all parties and apologized for the Commission. If the Commission here got the bad news, how did they overlook the pleasant side of it? Perhaps they were blind to those flaws and were looking for something with which to annoy the Garden. For the sake of boxing, it would be better if it were abolished, than exist as it does under the present regime.

After getting our first glimpse of Joe Louis, it is easy to understand the furore he has created in the heavyweight division and at the present moment he stands out head and heels above the present heavyweight crop. There is no sign of anyone coming along who will give him a workout.

It will take years before one will have developed sufficiently to cope with this sombre figure. There is nothing about his personal appearance that would scare any opponent, but the moment he appears in action, his manner is so stolid and he is so mechanically perfect that it does not seem possible for him to make a wrong move. He is like an automaton, a relentless, cool, calculating machine.

Against Paulino's spell-like defense, he did not waste any punches but bided his time for three rounds until the right moment presented itself. A short right hand tumbled the husky Basque to the floor and he barely staggered up at the count of eight. Paulino was game to the finish and pluckily went towards Louis, but the finish was close at hand and another flurry of blows had Paulino ready for the kill and Referee Arthur Donovan stepped in at the right moment.

Another blow might have had serious consequences. All the praise coming his way is richly deserved and Mr. Louis can take the bows as the super-fighter of this age.

Al Ettore was too strong and rugged for Eddie Mader and won the verdict after eight rounds. Jack Gibbons outboxed Billy Ketchell from start to finish in six; Max Marek outroughed Joe Lipps in six; Nathan Mann won over Nick Masters in six, while Tiger Al Lewis whipped Jimmy Murray in the opening four. The figures for this show were $128,394.75 gross and it dwindled to $108,887.39 after the taxes were taken off. A total of 19,945 paid admissions were recorded at the door.

Paul Damski sailed for Europe with Walter Neusel and Erich Seelig and is also looking out after the affairs of Bob Olin in his European invasion. Damski intends to bring Americans to Europe and reverse the situation with foreigners—Indian Hurtado was on the short end of three-to-one in his bout with Leo Rodak, but through an uncanny display of boxing skill, came on to win a close decision. Hurtado has a most deceptive style but is a dangerous foeman for anyone to tackle in the lightweight class.

Al Morse announces that he intends making his own matches at Spokane, Wash., and can be reached at 425 West Main Ave.—Morse is also interested in the management of Tiger Jack Fox, Negro heavyweight from that city—Joe Gould has a unique system of getting Jimmy Braddock into first class condition. Jimmy has a tendency of increasing his poundage beyond reason so Gould plans a fifteen-round battle for him every three months, which is staged at Stillman's Gymnasium.

The setting is exactly like a fight arena and regulation gloves are used, and instead of facing one opponent, Jimmy meets four different men. They are three-minute rounds, with one minute of rest, and it puts Jimmy into a proper fighting frame. The opponents are given orders not to hold back, and Braddock follows the same system.

Patsy Haley was given shabby treatment for one of his position by one of the inspectors at a recent show at the St. Nicholas Palace. In the box office, which is used for the dressing room of the boxing officials, Haley engaged in conversation with Harold Seadron, manager of Bob Olin, who at that time was interested in Cleto Locatelli's management, unbeknown to Haley. They spoke in plain view of the ticket-sellers in the box office, and there was nothing private about their conversation. Haley asked Olin about the St. Louis fight in which Olin lost his title and Harold was busy explaining. At that moment, an inspector walked in and, noticing them, deducted the nature of the conversation. There is a time-worn fallacy that people not so clean themselves always suspect others of wrongdoing.

Nothing was said until Haley went into the ring to referee the fights and he worked through the entire preliminaries, the semi-final, and just when the star bout was ready between Cleto Locatelli and Izzy Jannazzo, Haley was ordered out of the ring and replaced by Johnny Marto, who happened to be sitting at the ringside.

Locatelli won the fight easily and received the decision after a good ten-round scrap. But what we are driving at is, why should the club be ordered to pay for another referee when one man always officiates at that club, and why should a fine old gentleman of the ring—Patsy Haley, a credit to the sport—be so openly humiliated for doing absolutely no wrong. Haley has devoted forty years of his life to the boxing game and has always been honorable, respectable and well liked by the fistic fraternity. One little uncalled for movement and then the buzzing starts, for which there is no foundation. I can never comment enough on the stupidity and short-sightedness of members of commissions for such rash actions.

Lou Ambers got back into action by giving Frankie Klick a sound beating at the Garden show. He floored Frankie in the seventh round and had no difficulty in displaying his supremacy in seven of the rounds. Bobby Pacho scored over Leonard Del Genio in the scorchiest tussle of the night. It was a biff-bang struggle with Bobby's heavier artillery showing to advantage, though Del Genio displayed courage galore in mixing it up with his opponent and always fought hardest when the going was most dangerous. Pacho dropped Leonard in the second round for a short count.

Aldo Spoldi, latest Italian importation, did not show to good form against Eddie Zivic, because of the latter's reach and boxing skill, but Aldo's ruggedness and willingness to fight at all times gave him the decided edge. Johnny Clinton outpointed Johnny Bellus in six rounds, while Pete Carocciola outslugged Sammy Calvin in the opening four, after a slashing fight. The card attracted a gate of $15,461 net receipts, after the taxes were deducted.

Another Hollywood fiasco resulted when Hank Hankinson knocked out Tony Cancela in two rounds, but Referee Jack Kennedy declared it "no contest." According to the Coast papers, Hankinson outclassed his foe and dropped him five times before the finish. It was a one-sided match and should never have been staged in the first place, but Matchmaker Charley McDonald had his own reasons for staging the fight.

I wonder if the heaving out process was caused by the fact that Joe Waterman, matchmaker for the Olympic, had Hankinson signed for two weeks later against King Levinsky, which was a standout attraction? Hankinson's manager, Suey Welsh, was inveigled into taking Cancela at the Legion as a presumed workout and the damaging publicity emanating from that encounter did not help Hank's cause in his quest for heavyweight honors.

Kennedy again pulled a boner, but maybe his continued activity among the various clubs is because he is acquainted with the right people. There are a few competent officials on the Coast, but they are never overworked with refereeing assignments.

Charley Randolph, the most competent referee on the Coast today, is shunted aside in preference to far more mediocre officials—Incidentally, Dr. Harry Martin has been replaced as the chairman of the California Athletic Commission by George Payne, a San Jose newspaperman—Joe Waterman was reinstated to his post as matchmaker, which was a foregone conclusion to those who believe in meting out justice. He was suspended on the flimsiest excuse ever offered by any boxing commission.

Pedro Montanez disposed of Joe Zodda in the first round at the Star Casino Club—Jack Kranz of Gary, Ind., sends in a complaint that the Kranz who was kayoed by Joe Knight is strictly a phony.

Lew Feldman showed some inconsistency in winning decisively over Tony Herrera at Pittsburgh, besides scoring two knockdowns. He returned one week later and lost the verdict to Herrera in their return. While Herrera is not a lightweight and is too light for the welterweights, Feldman can make the 135-pound mark without any trouble—Small Montana whipped Tuffy Pierpont for the "alleged" world's flyweight championship in Oakland. A match between Montana and Benny Lynch would definitely prove just who is the world's title-holder, and the match is expected to be staged this summer in England.

Leonard Del Genio gave a corking display of grit and courage against Lou Lombardi at the St. Nick Palace. Leonard was dropped in the second round for a count of seven and it seemed incredible that he could recover, but he did in grand style and floored Lombardi in the next session for an eight-count—It was the biggest house of the season for the St. Nick's, which seems to have developed a steady clientele.

Jock McAvoy, British invader, showed further evidence of his ability when he disposed of Babe Risko after two minutes and forty-eight seconds of the first session in their ten-round bout at the Garden. Risko went down six times before the ending and might have averted the disaster if he had taken the advantage of a count. Instead, Risko rushed up before a count could be started and tried his hardest to turn the tide. He was courageous in defeat and fought with the courage of a Viking.

Solly Krieger followed McAvoy's mode of battle by flattening Jack Ennis in one round, after scoring four knockdowns. Krieger looked highly impressive. Frankie Connolly stopped James J. Merriott in three rounds; Gordon Donahue scored over Charley Eagle, while Jimmy Fantini disposed of Sedgewick Harvey in the fourth session. A heavy snow and threatening weather kept the receipts down to $10,135, but should have been much more, following McAvoy's splendid defeat of McCoy.

Mike Belloise and Claude Varner staged their own featherweight tourney at the Star Casino at the orders of the Boxing Commission, and the affair ended disastrously for all concerned, with the possible exception of Belloise.

Mike was credited with winning by a technical knockout in the thirteenth round when Varner suffered from a badly injured eye. Varner was rough and relentless but the superior boxing skill of Belloise enabled him to handle the situation at all times. The house was not sufficient for the club to make any profit on their investment, even though they vainly tried to put it over in big league style. Maybe there will come a time in the distant future when the Commission will attend to their own affairs and leave the matchmaking to those who are more qualified.

(Continued on page 51)

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

EARL DIXON, 118-pounder, who hails from Sparks, Ga., is probably the leading bantamweight of the South. With only ten months as a professional, Earl has had fifteen encounters, winning fourteen, losing one. The Georgian is under the management of Leonard Dixon.

Where the late Young Stribling left off, another Georgian is now in the East to resume the task of bringing back a championship to the Peach State. Only twenty-two years of age, and tipping the beam at 180 pounds, Joe Lipps of Savannah and Ty-Ty is being groomed by Jack Dempsey and to date has appeared in the Madison Square Garden on several occasions.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—At Miami: Baby Manuel stopped Bobby Calmes. They are featherweights. On the same card, Tuffy Griffiths scored over Dave Bungy . . . . At Savannah: Little Joe Bandy T.K.O.'ed Bob Edwards on the Chino Alvarez-Joey Speigel card . . . . At Miami Beach: Billy Hood and Charlie Weise fought to a draw; Jimmy Buckler scored over Tommy Paul at Louisville, Ky.; Wishy Jones shaded Mickey Brown on the same card . . . . At Washington: Al Delaney, eighteen-year-old thumper, stopped Bob Godwin in two rounds and came back two weeks later to score over Terry Mitchell . . . . At Tampa: Tommy Freeman and Texas Joe Dundee fought to even terms; Sergeant Sammy Baker made his comeback by stopping Leo Bailey in one round in the semi-final . . . . At St. Petersburg: Frankie Hughes flattened Tod Sessoms in four stanzas . . . . Bob Godwin scored over Don Petrin at Miami Beach.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Joe Louis was invited to appear in Savannah for the benefit of the Charity Hospital, a Negro institute. He was unable to come, but sent to the directors a check for one hundred dollars . . . . Jack Griffin, lightweight puncher of Houston, is looking for a manager who can carry him to the top. Jack, who has scored over Jumbo Roviro, Lou Avery, Lou Jallos, Patsy Savero, Jimmy Watts, Honey Boy Snipes and quite a number of others, appears to have the goods. He can be reached at 316 McKinney Ave. . . . . Sammy Mandell's protege, Billy Celebron, is hitting the strides and appears to be going places . . . . Eldridge Davenport, 147-pounder of Ware Shoals, S. C., is being tutored by none other than Tony Canzoneri when he is in New York . . . . Bill Garrison, also of that city, has a promising boy in J. C. Chapman, a welterweight . . . . Credit can be given to Jim Downing for helping to bring the boxing sport back to the South, for he is importing the best talent available to fight in his arenas, which incidentally are scattered in eight different cities in Florida . . . . Jack Denning is gunning for Joe Knight, as well as Bob Godwin . . . . Denning still holds the championship of the Carolinas . . . . Battling Bozo is doing quite well in Ohio, where he is constantly winning bouts under the management of J. R. Basco of Barberton . . . . Bettis & Jones of 1066 Peidmont Ave. in Atlanta have organized a wrestling circuit . . . . Mitz Minikel wants to come South. He holds a win over Kingfish Levinsky . . . . Chino Alvarez is the tops in Tampa. He had the misfortune to knock out Baby Miller after the bell in the third round had rung . . . . He lost on a foul and as this goes to press, they are rematched . . . . Six thousand fans were on hand . . . . Johnny Segar, who held the Marine championship when he was in the service, is now in the East. He is a light-heavyweight . . . . Carl Knowles has moved from Savannah and is now making his home in Baltimore. Carl, who is a hard puncher, scored over Paul Marques at West Palm Beach.

On the writer's last two wrestling cards, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, five times world's champion, pinned Bruce Noland. Marshall Blackstock stole the show with his roughest when he tossed both the referee and his foe into the laps of the ringsiders. A very large gate witnessed this card. On the last show Gus Sonnenberg, ex-champion, scored over Marshall Blackstock when the latter was butted out of the ring and broke a shoulder blade.

I like to emphasize to the managers of good boys that I am in the market for talent to show in my shows. May I also state that I am looking for good boys to book here as well as in Florida. Be sure to enclose clippings and photos in first letters. The address is 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Georgia . . . . so, until next month, "I'll be seeing you."

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA fans were greatly disappointed in the cancellation of the Joe Louis-Izzy Gastanaga fight, and their chances of seeing the coming heavyweight champion in action are very slight. It is still a mystery why they ran out on us, but it probably can be solved by believing that they figured the show would be a financial bloomer.

Kid Chocolate, the famous keed who once ruled the realm of featherweights, made his comeback appearance at Tropical Stadium, scoring a three-round knockout over Pelon Guerra of Mexico. The Kid looked good in his work, displaying the old flash and effective punching. Another fight or two under his belt will tell whether he can make his comeback or else hang up the gloves for keeps.

Lorenzo Gomez, Pincho Gutierrez light-heavyweight, scored a nine-round knockout over Pedro Proenza, the hard-punching Cuban, when the referee stopped the contest.

Joe Legon, classy welterweight, won in ten rounds over Rene Sanchez, the Cuban welterweight champion. Legon's furious attack had Sanchez baffled. He is looking for a titular bout, and will probably get it.

Young Hurtado, the Panamanian featherweight, won over Pedro Cardenas, one of Cuba's best looking prospects, in the bantam class. Hurtado weighed too much, and had too much experience for the Cuban, but the latter gave a splendid account of himself.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—Tiny Tommy Muroda, flyweight king, fought a draw with Augie Curtis, bantam title-holder, in their championship scrap. Muroda floored Curtis for a nine-count in the seventh.

Kid Javellana scored an eight-count knockdown in the third frame over Larry Santana and won by a decision. Paul Howard T.K.O.'ed Young Malicio in the third. Jack Florida put away Lanky Hashimoto in two heats. Speedy Labang won from Kid Francis. Dan Hanakahi fought a draw with Kid Mariano.

Honolulu—An all-star card with all the best of the local boys fought in the *Advertiser* benefit show before four thousand fans, despite heavy downpour. In the feature event, Young Gildo won a close eight-round decision from Sonny Valdez, who is managed by George Blake. Gildo was hard pressed by the Mexican, letting himself in a tight spot on several occasions.

Augie Curtis avenged his defeat of several weeks ago by administering a terrific drubbing to Tiny Tommy Muroda in a six-round semi-windup. Curtis started out early, scoring a no-count and an eight-count knockdown in the first round. The game Japanese boy fought one of his gamest fights without backing out. Charley Miller earned a draw from Joe Velasco through his aggressiveness. Clever Sison beat Anson Rego by clever boxing. Joe Ledesma scored the only knockout by flattening Henry Callejo in five. Roaring Rodrigues beat Freddy Gomez. Abe Konaaihele won the decision from Little Hufana.

Honolulu—Manuel Calhau, owner of the local sport palace, the Civic Auditorium, met death in an automobile accident along the Volcano road in Hilo. Hawaii lost a great pal and a great wrestling promoter in Manuel Calhau, who brought the game to the front with a bang.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

SID BROWN K.O.'ed Pepe el Herrero, Cuban boxer, in the second round of a main bout. Brown had things all his own way from the first bell, the Cuban showing no fight at all.

Charley Perez got a well earned decision over Jack Cyclone; J. P. McGowan earned the decision over Pancho Valez; Dida Brown won from Sid White by T.K.O.; Baby Walcott drew with Frisco Roy in four rounds; Al Brown and Kid Temple divided honors.

Kid Silver, the welterweight champion of Jamaica, was in fine shape, finishing the bout in a masterly manner by belting out Kid Carpenter, the Cuban welter, in six rounds of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Lefty Flynn outpointed Buzz Barton in the semi-final; Battling Ergus defeated Ed Downer; Joe Gans earned the decision over Al Simmons; Kid Hartly met his Waterloo in four rounds with Black Bond; Baby Smiler scored over Tony Red.

Once again the efforts of our local fight promoter to give boxing fans a treat with the little masters of ringcraft as main bout, were treated with scant courtesy as a poor house turned out for the match between Young Chocolate and Andy Martin, classy featherweight from U. S. A. Both boys turned in ten rounds of classic boxing with Andy earning a close decision over our local champ. In a ten-round contest, Buzz Barton again defeated Charley Perez, the first of a series of elimination bouts for the middleweight belt.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

IF we are to judge by the sparkling work of youngsters in the year's opening shows, then there are many excellent prospects in line for 1936 honors. Joe Louis headed the list with his masterful four-round knockout over the rugged Paulino Uzcudun. John Henry Lewis, since winning the light - heavyweight title, has been performing in brilliant style. Jock McAvoy, British champion, furthered his prestige by his one-round knockout over Babe Risko. Jack Carroll, Australian welterweight entry, showed good form in whipping Bep Van Klaveren in Australia. Lou Ambers clinched his right to the leading contendership for the lightweight crown in winning over Frankie Klick. Freddy Miller's defeat at the hands of Young Casanova furnished the high lights in results during the month.

Louis' standout kayo over Paulino takes first place among the active heavyweights. Primo Carnera disposed of Big Boy Brackey in four rounds. Tommy Loughran fought a draw with Andre Lenglet in Paris. Al Ettore made further strides by winning over Eddie Mader and Ford Smith. Hank Hankinson and Tony Cancela was adjudged "no contest" after two rounds, when Hankinson scored five knockdowns and was really deprived of a knockout by a silly official. Al Delaney whipped Terry Mitchell, kayoed Bob Godwin in two rounds but lost to Steve Dudas. Dudas was beaten by Red Burman, while Godwin scored over Don Petrin.

Art Lasky started his comeback campaign by kayoing Frank Wallulis in four rounds. Max Marek won from Joe Lipps. Hank Bath disposed of Babe Davis in five rounds. Roy Lazer whipped Ben Foord. Salvatore Ruggirello scored a kayo over Al Massey in four rounds. Lorenzo Pack finished Red Barry in three. Maurice Strickland was beaten by Jim Wilde, but whipped Selah-El-Din. Leroy Haynes disposed of Willie Reddish in the second while Nathan Mann defeated Nick Masters.

The new light-heavyweight champion, John Henry Lewis, kayoed George Simpson and Coleman Johns in two rounds each, Tiger Jack Fox in three rounds and banged out a victory over Dutch Weimer. McAvoy kayoed Risko in the first. Al McCoy drew with Tony Shucco and whipped Bob Olin. Ray Actis disposed of Frank Rowsey in three rounds. Emilio Martinez kayoed Kid Carter in five rounds and defeated Fred Lenhart, while Lenhart scored over Chuck Heffner.

Charley Coates, new knockout sensation on the Coast, scored knockouts over Wesley Ketchell and Nash Garrison in three rounds apiece. Jack Gibbons won from Billy Ketchell, while Billy whipped Billy Nichy.

Lou Brouillard defeated Gustave Roth among the middleweight ranks. Babe Risko won over Frank Battaglia. Fred Henneberry disposed of Vincent Sereci in eleven rounds. Erich Seelig won over Paul Pirrone. Ken Overlin won from Al Quaill and Tony Brescia. Gorilla Jones disposed of Tait Littman in the first round. Solly Krieger scored a one-round knockout over Jack Ennis and a seven-round kayo over Jackie Aldare. Ennis whipped Young Terris, while Terry kayoed Willie Lewis in two rounds.

Oscar Rankins disposed of George Black in four rounds. Johnny Duca won from Jimmy Smith. Tommy Freeman drew with Joe Dundee and whipped Charley Weise. Johnny Rossi defeated Frankie Britt. Frank Goosby kayoed Paul Karsch in two rounds. Tommy King disposed of Al Burke in eight. Tiger Joe Randall won over Sammy Slaughter. Hooky Jackson whipped Bob Turner. Al Diamond drew with Harry Rowles. Alabama Kid won from Allen Matthews. George Baratko defeated Lou Halper, while Bruce Brown kayoed Kenny Austin in three rounds.

Jack Carroll heads the action in the welterweight class with his victory over Bep Van Klaveren. Cleto Locatelli whipped Izzy Jannazzo, Tony Herrera and kayoed Red Kinsella in three rounds. Jack Portney triumphed over Werther Arcelli. Leon Zorrita scored over Al Manfredo. Bobby Pacho whipped Leonard Del Genio. Gustave Eder won over Hilario Martinez and kayoed Oddone Piazza in four rounds. Gordon Wallace won from Otto Blackwell. Billy Celebron whipped Fritzie Zivic. Phil Furr defeated Bob Wilson. Cocoa Kid scored over Frankie Cinque and Joe Pennino.

In the lightweight division, Lou Ambers whipped Frankie Klick, Jimmy Vaughn and disposed of Louis Jallos in three rounds. Ralph Hurtado defeated Leo Rodak and kayoed Mickey Page in seven rounds. Pedro Montanez kayoed Joe Zodda in one round and Jimmy Murray in five. Joey Ferrando won from Tony Morgano but was beaten by Steve Haliako. Tony Herrera split two decisions with Lew Feldman and whipped Patsy Hennigan. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Frankie Warno in one round and defeated Eddie Zivic. Laurie Stevens scored over Jackie Kid Berg in South Africa.

Charley Gomer kayoed Frankie Smith in seven rounds and drew with Charley Burns. Phil Baker whipped Irving Eldridge. Jimmy Garrison won from Pat Kissinger. Lou Lombardi scored over Irish Jimmy Brady, but lost to Leonard Del Genio. Norment Quarles defeated Ray Ingram. Lew Massey won from Cecil Payne. Benny Bass disposed of Johnny Craven in two rounds.

Freddy Miller, featherweight leader, was beaten by Young Casanova but whipped Claude Varner. Varner was also stopped by Mike Belloise in thirteen rounds. Maurice Holtzer defeated Degneaux in Paris. Baby Arizmendi disposed of Jackie Sharkey in seven rounds. Henry Armstrong was the victim of a poor decision at the hands of Joe Conde, not a featherweight, in Mexico City. Midget Wolgast defeated Dick Welsh. Juan Zurita kayoed Joey Dodge in six rounds. Young Rightmire won from Mickey Genaro and Moon Mullins. Merv Blandon drew with Spider Roach. Nel Tarleton defeated Johnny Edwards. Jackie Wilson disposed of Gilbert Johnstone in five sessions. Fillio Echeverria scored over Baby Face Mathewson.

K. O. Morgan kayoed Johnny McMillan in seven rounds. Al Citrino whipped Baby Palmore, while Palmore defeated General Padilla. Pete De Grasse won from Little Dempsey. Al Spina scored twice over Speedy Dado. Bushy Graham whipped Steve Smith.

Among the bantams, Johnny King, British leader, whipped Joe Parisis. Bobby Leyvas won from Pete De Grasse. Indian Quintana won over Harry Gentile. Young Tommy whipped Jose Fina. Jackie Brown disposed of Ellis Ashurst in two rounds. Mickey Miller scored over Max Richard.

In the flyweight division, Benny Lynch whipped Gaston Maton, Harry Orton and Phil Milligan. Milligan kayoed Syd Parker in two rounds and Orton finished Jack Potts in the first. Small Montana defeated Tuffy Pierpont on the Coast. Valentin Anglemann kayoed Kid David in five rounds. Jim Warnock disposed of Tommy Pardoe in two rounds and whipped Rafaleto Valdes. Pat Palmer kayoed Tommy Pardoe in eleven rounds. Bobby Magee scored over Jack Mussen, while Tut Whalley kayoed Pat Warburton in ten rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Johnny Marcellino, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bantamweight—Mike Burgin, Spokane, Wash.
Featherweight—Jo Jo Passante, Houston, Tex.
Lightweight—Jimmy Ritchie, Hartford, Conn.
Welterweight—Ralph Vona, Asbury Park, N. J.
Middleweight—Johnny Duca, Paulsboro, N. J.
Light-heavyweight—Junior Munsell, Chickasaw, Okla.
Heavyweight—Jimmy Wilde, England.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending January 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Maxey Rosenbloom	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Lou Brouillard	Jack Carroll
3—Primo Carnera	Al McCoy	Babe Risko	Bep Van Klaveren
4—Charley Retzlaff	Tony Shucco	Frank Battaglia	Ceferino Garcia
5—Tommy Loughran	Ambrose Palmer	Fred Henneberry	Cleto Locatelli
6—Al Ettore	Bob Olin	Erich Seelig	Kid Azteca
7—Ray Impellitiere	Adolf Heuser	Ken Overlin	Harry Dublinsky
8—Eddie Mader	Joe Knight	Paul Pirrone	Jack Portney
9—Hank Hankinson	Al Gainer	Fred Apostoli	Eddie Kid Wolfe
10—Ford Smith	Ray Actis	Solly Krieger	Leon Zorrita

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sangchili	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Young Casanova	Sixto Escobar	Benny Lynch
2—Wesley Ramey	Maurice Holtzer	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Pedro Montanez	Baby Arizmendi	Pablo Dano	Valentin Angelmann
4—Ralph Hurtado	Henry Armstrong	Johnny King	Joe Mendiola
5—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Little Pancho	Jim Warnock
6—Leo Rodak	Midget Wolgast	Frankie Castillo	Tuffy Pierpont
7—Al Roth	Juan Zurita	Joey Archibald	Jim Campbell
8—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Hayes	Henry Hooks	Rafaleto Valdes
9—Joey Ferrando	Petey Sarron	Bobby Leyvas	Phil Milligan
10—Lew Feldman	Vernon Cormier	Frankie Martin	Pat Palmer

From Hollywood to New York

(Continued from page 49)

Bud Mignault halted the comeback attempt of Harry Ebbets, once known as the Blond Thunderbolt. It was the first fight that Ebbets has had in some time and Mignault was a tough assignment to start his campaign. Murray Brandt scored in the semi-final over Frankie Kid Bruno at the Broadway Arena—In a later show at the same club, Solly Krieger required seven rounds to put Jackie Aldare into submission.

Krieger is a flashy boxer and can hit much harder than the average middleweight. He is on a winning rampage which should lead him into better competition. Harry Ebbets returned in the semi-final and had no trouble in whipping Mickey McAvoy—Max Joss is making the matches at the Broadway Arena and has done considerable in restoring boxing interest in Brooklyn. Max knows how to pair fighters which result in plenty of action and as a result the fans have been accustomed to seeing plenty of action at that arena.

Nathan Mann, New Haven product, who has developed from a heavy middleweight to a bright heavyweight prospect, seems to be on the ascendency. In twenty-one starts he has scored fifteen knockouts, won five decisions and lost once. He has moved from New Haven and intends making New York his future home—We have finally discovered the correct spelling of the current bantamweight champion's name. It is—Balcasar Sangchili, and his manager writes that he is coming to this country and will combat Sixto Escobar or Louis Salica to prove his right to the world's title.

Young Rightmire won the Chicago featherweight tournament from Moon Mullins and will probably clash with Mike Belloise for something or other, but from last reports, Freddy Miller was feeling very fit and is still the world's champion, according to our standard—A new boxing club is being opened at Terre Haute, Ind., and Chuck Miller would like to hear from managers who have boys that he can use. He can be reached at 810 Wabash, Terre Haute.

Steve Haliako turned in an unexpected victory over Joey Ferrando, rough Jersey lightweight, in their St. Nick tussle. Ferrando was an overwhelming favorite but he lost several rounds for low punching, which went against him in the final analysis—Tony Palazolo was in town for several weeks trying to line up high class talent for his club in San Francisco. Tony had Babe Risko signed for three fights and Babe will go through with them after he has a rest. Tony expects to have Primo Carnera with Buddy Baer, if Primo is allowed to leave Italy, and others that he may have are Tony Canzoneri, Cleto Locatelli, Louis Salica and Abie Feldman.

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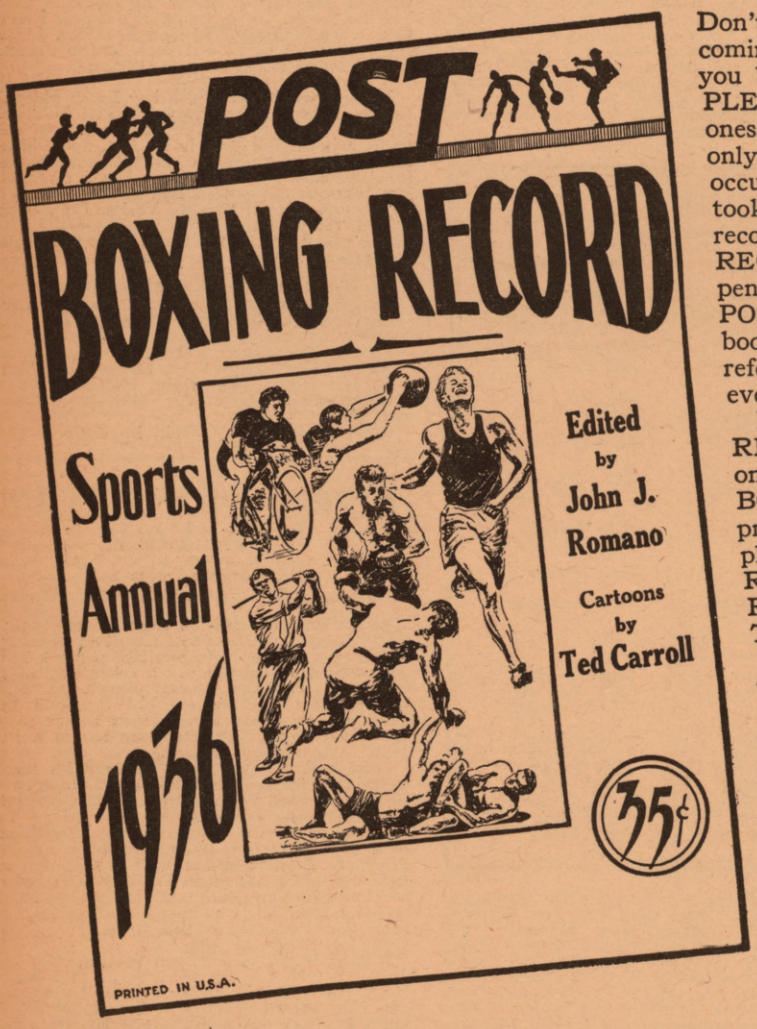

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

WITH everything nicely worked up to concert pitch in his open-air fight promotion for charity, Charlie Lucas was forced to take a heavy sock on the chin five days before the scheduled date when Bep Van Klaveren injured a foot, and a new date had to be found for Bep's meeting with Jack Carroll. Carroll came through with a decisive victory, but he was given a stubborn battle by the Hollander.

The Fred Henneberry-Vincent Sireci event at the Sydney Stadium was won by Henneberry by a T.K.O. at the end of the eleventh round. It was Henneberry's best effort in months. He started at "fours on" and after the first three rounds, during which Sireci failed to make any impression with his alleged punching qualifications, the "tick-tackers" were instructed to let themselves go.

Sireci broke big space prior to the fight as being a K.O. specialist, but the trouble was that he did not let 'em go often enough. One particular right to the ribs in the sixth round made the local man hop a little (it was discovered after the scrap that it cracked one of Henneberry's ribs), but from then on, Sireci was the perfect target, always being handy to take anything that came along. Although he was never knocked down at any part of the fight, he wisely called it a night when Referee Joe Wallis gave him the chance to end proceedings. He made a gallant showing, and against a slower thinker than Henneberry, Sireci should do all right. The "gate" was approximately six thousand dollars.

Colored light-heavyweight Leo Kelly, who is in charge of Jack Warner during the absence of Bill Newman, who has returned to America for a bunch of fighters for the N. B. C., is making nice money. He and Tom Lurich appeared as headliners in a boxer-wrestler match in a benefit entertainment to the American middleweight, "Red" Affinito. While the crowd refused to take it seriously, they roared joyfully at the entertainment handed out, especially when within a minute of the start a left hook put Lurich flat out on the floor for the count. Two minutes spell gave "Beeg" Tom lots of time to get on deck again and it wasn't very long before his renowned body-scissors had Leo all of a dither. The finish came when Lurich calmly picked Kelly up by the pants and threw him over his shoulder to dump the soul-case out of him. "Lurich the winner," said the announcer, "by two falls to one." The conditions of the match called for Kelly to wear gloves. The rounds were of six minutes, with a two minutes' break between each round. Kelly had to twice knock out Lurich to win, while Tom had to grab two falls, which, of course, he did.

Before the novelty had time to cool off, Leichhardt got in with a Young Aguinaldo-Tom Lurich fixture. Aguinaldo is a Filipino heavyweight, who has been fighting in Honolulu, and accepted a contract with the Leichhardt people. His first fight saw him knock out Pietro Georgi in four rounds. The same conditions were supposed to prevail as those which operated the Kelly-Lurich mixed grill, but after having a good time at Lurich's expense during the first two rounds, the Filipino took off the gloves and elected to wrestle straight. That was the beginning of the end for Mr. Aguinaldo. In the fourth round he found himself among the spectators and stayed there, so Lurich won his second match against a fistic invader. However, I don't think there will be any further events of this description—at least not for a long time.

"Red" Affinito is now convalescent after many weeks' stay in hospital following his fight with Henneberry. Just when he intends returning home is not yet known.

Colored fighter Mark Hough has had three fights to date, winning first up against Ron Richards on points, giving a capital display. He then tackled Leo Kelly and, after making a fine impression in the early rounds, found the punching of the "Deacon" too much to cope with, and after hitting the floor twice in the eleventh round, the fight was stopped and awarded to Kelly on a T.K.O. However, Hough's popularity still held and he was matched again with Richards, but on this occasion dropped a points decision although he carried on gallantly from the eighth round with a broken nose.

I understand that there has been some misunderstanding as regards the amount Hough had to receive for his first contest in Sydney. According to a statement from the N. B. C., a cable was received from Hough's American representative asking for a guarantee of one thousand dollars. The N. B. C. replied that it was not prepared to go beyond five hundred dollars. In the meantime, Hough had left New York for 'Frisco to get the boat for Australia. The N. B. C. then took the step of getting the shipping company on this side to get in touch with the New York office, at the same time cabling two hundred dollars advance, with the instructions to phone Hough's American representative that the five hundred dollars guarantee for the first fight was final and that if it was not acceptable, then it was of no use Hough leaving for Australia. The fact that Hough picked up his ticket confirmed, as far as the N. B. C. was concerned, that the five hundred dollars guarantee was acceptable.

Tommy King had no trouble in accounting for Al Burke, stopping the Australian in eight rounds. Burke has been campaigning with much success in England and cables telling us of his many victories surprised us. Anyway, when Burke shaped up to King, it was soon apparent that he had not improved any, but only went to confirm that English boxing is not of a high standard. Burke tried desperately hard, but wilted under the severe body punishment sent over by the lad from Boston.

A team of European fighters have arrived here. The line-up is as follows: Merlo Precisio (Italian), claims to be the cruiserweight champion of Europe. He will hit off with Leo Kelly. Saverio Turiello (Italian, lightweight), Fernand Viez (French, welterweight), Marcel Lauriot (French, light-heavyweight), and Bob Donars (Holland, middleweight). They were chosen for the N. B. C. by Leon See and will be managed by Andre Dupre, who toured Australia some years ago.

Tod Morgan is back again. He is having a busy time renewing old acquaintances and answering golf challenges. Leichhardt Stadium have him under contract, but to date Matchmaker George Barnes has not decided who shall be Tod's first opponent.

Colored youngster, Tommy Jones, fights Jimmy Day. He has improved out of all knowledge. Jack Laurence is still here, and in between smoking big cigars and handling the business of the fighters, he finds Australia very much to his liking.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

THE longer distance fighting that "Spider" Armstrong is engaging in over in England hasn't worked to his advantage, as he has met defeat in most of his starts there, and we know his ability is first-class. Maybe he is growing rapidly and keeping his weight down is doing him harm. Watch that point, Mike.

Tommy Bland, erstwhile Canadian lightweight champion, is the only one in Mike Kaplansky's troupe that has gotten into his winning stride. Tommy is not through by any means, as his critics would have us believe.

Mike Kaplansky is arranging that trip to Australia for his stable, including Eddie Wenstob, "Spider" Armstrong, Tommy Bland, etc. We wish these Canadians bon voyage. They'll find the Aussies fine fellows and great sportsmen. Give my regards to Hugh McIntosh, boys, in Sydney, please.

Wrestling still is a popular sport here and Dan O'Mahoney, world's champion, has appeared here on numerous occasions, but Lou Plummer is the arch-villain favorite here and has gained tops here for some time. Danno O'Mahoney is not thought to be so "hot" by most critics in Toronto, and in an all-out contest not in the class with the past masters of the mat game of the days gone by. But hockey is once more here and wrestling crowds will be smaller. Pro boxing is dead, we're sorry to say.

Amateur boxing is again popular and this same popularity is due no end to the efforts of the old maestro, Benny Stockley, who develops boys from the raw and steers them upward in the right direction. His shows staged at his fine gym, the Premier A. C., are a credit and larger crowds attend his shows each time staged.

There have been one or two suspensions of amateur talent by the governing A. A. A. body. Sammy Luftspring was accused of professionalism, which, if correct, warrants strong action being taken. This body is out to clean up amateur sports and has a number of names on its list.

Danny Johnston is another good amateur talent promoter and deserves special mention in this column for his efforts.

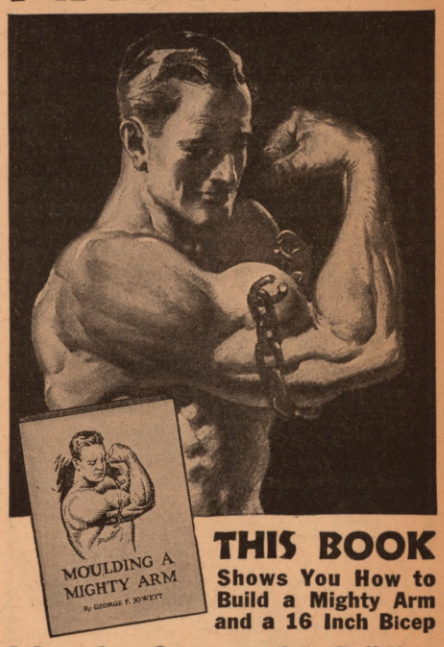
Eddie Wenstob, good Western light-heavy, has refused to fight under his mentor, Mike Kaplansky, and has returned to Canada *sans* Mike and the string and will not have anything to do with Kaplansky again. May be something wrong after all with "Kap."

Amateur boxing is coming back with shows in evidence once again and the holdout tactics of some of these gentry are not to be admired by fan or critic.

Ben Stockley, the old maestro, is staging his novice shows again, the only way to build up the game locally both for amateurs and pros. The amateur of today is usually the pro of tomorrow—if he's good.

Send your news to me at 126 Walmer Road, Toronto, Canada, by the first of the month. Until then, *adios!*

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

GEORGE SLACK knew too much for the popular Scottish cruiserweight, Alec Bell, when they met at East Hamm, and the former, at the end, was well in front on points and received the decision.

Paul Schaefer, Canada, now boxing as a middleweight, lost on points to Glen Moody, Wales, in a twelve-rounder at the West Ham Baths.

Chuck Parker received the decision over George "Panther" Purchase, South Africa, at Sheffield after twelve hard rounds.

Peter McKinley, Edinburgh, scored a clever points victory over George Francombe, Abertillery, after twelve rounds at Caerphilly.

Ivor Drew, Trealaw, was declared the winner over his local rival, Nobby Baker, at Trealaw by a narrow margin after a great bout of fifteen rounds.

A crowd of seven thousand people packed the Gramby Halls, Leicester, to witness Larry Gains of Leicester and Ben Foord, South Africa, contest their postponed twelve-round bout. The bout was fought on fast lines and was one of the best for heavyweights. Foord was at times too forceful, and after cutting Gains' eye in the sixth, the latter fought with more determination. At the end the referee declared that Foord had won.

On the same card the Canadian bantamweight, "Spider" Armstrong, after having a big lead in his eight-round contest with George Marsden, Nottingham, was surprised to hear the referee declare a draw, which was, of course, received badly by the large crowd.

Don McCorkindale and Harry Staal, Holland's heavyweight champion, fought a draw at Bristol over twelve rounds of erratic fighting. Mog Mason, Welsh bantamweight champion, scored a K.O. in the fifth round over Piet Paans, the Dutch champion, after being well in front on points.

Dick Corbett had an easy task when he K.O.'ed Teddy Rollins in the sixth of a ten-round bout at the Devonshire Club.

Joe Kerr, Glasgow, caused Len Smith, Birmingham, to retire in the sixth of a twelve-rounder at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

A capacity crowd was the result of the return match between Jack London, West Hartlepool, and "Ginger" Hauxwell, Crook, at West Hartlepool. The result was as the previous one, a K.O. victory for London in the third.

Harry Lister continued his winning when he outpointed Jeff Wilson after ten rounds at Newcastle.

Roy Lazer won his second bout in Europe by outpointing the tough Canadian, Eddie Wenstob, after ten rounds of a pitcher-and-catcher contest at Liverpool. Tommy Bland defeated Tommy Taylor on points over ten hard rounds, and a very mixed reception was the result of declaring that Mog Mason, Wales, had defeated the Canadian, "Spider" Armstrong, on points after eight rounds.

Norman Baines again proved that he is the master of Jack Pettifer, the King's Cross giant, when he outpointed him over ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Pat Butler has gone and done it again. This time he was stopped by "Young Nipper" in the sixth to save him unnecessary punishment.

It would do Butler a lot of good if he were to take a long rest. He is only twenty-one years of age, and if he took this advice, it is quite possible that he may recover his lost form of pre-championship days.

Hal Cartwright, now boxing as a lightweight, gained a clear points victory over Tommy Dowlais at Walsall over twelve rounds, after a good bout.

Eddie McGuire, South Africa, gave weight and a points defeat to Bernard Cook, Finsbury Park, when they met at Birmingham over twelve rounds.

Frank Barton showed improved form when he well outpointed over twelve rounds the Belgian, Albert Jamsin, at Leeds before a good crowd.

Pierre Charles successfully defended his European and Belgian heavyweight championship when he outpointed Gustave Limousin at Charleroi after a good ten-round bout.

A record crowd of twenty-one thousand people gathered in the Palais Des Sports, Paris, to witness Jeff Dickson's big show between Marcel Thil, world's middleweight champion, and the ex-world's champion, Lou Brouillard. The bout was fast throughout, and the fighting abilities of Thil were well tested, but he came out on top a worthy winner.

Johnny Edwards, the Swiss featherweight, stopped Carl Beck, Germany, in the sixth of a ten-rounder at Zurich.

Maurice Holtzer, France and I. B. U. featherweight champion, outpointed Degniaux, Paris, in a ten-round bout at the Central Sporting Club, Paris.

Andre Lenglet, France, who looks like coming into his own since the recent operation to his nose, won his first contest over the German heavyweight, Emil Scholtz, after ten rounds at Paris.

Tommy Loughran could only draw with Andre Lenglet in a ten-round bout at Jeff Dickson's Palais Des Sports, Paris. The veteran held a points lead at the halfway mark, but he tired from then on and the young Frenchman made up Leeway towards the end with his aggressiveness, and well earned the division of honors.

Frank Hough made short work of Billy Thomas at the Ring, London, when, after scoring five knockdowns, the referee stopped the bout in the third.

Moe Moss, who has just returned from Australia a sadder but wiser man, scored a good win over Billy Viner in a hard-hitting ten-round bout.

Dave Crowley received a shock when he met Benny Sharkey in a twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, Holborn, when the latter was declared the winner on points after a gruelling contest.

Salah-El-Din, the Egyptian heavyweight, will have to go without his purse money for his contest with Maurice Strickland, the promising New Zealander, until the B. B. B. of C. have investigated why he retired in the fourth of a twelve-rounder at Nottingham without sufficient cause.

Maurice Dubois, bantamweight champion of Europe, was ruled out in the third of a twelve-round contest at Leeds, when he met Len Hampston of Batley. Hampston fell to the boards from what seemed to be a perfect body blow, but the referee said it was low and immediately disqualified Dubois.

Johnny Rice scored a good K.O. win over Bill Wainwright when the latter was put out in the eighth of a twelve-rounder.

Dave Finn, boxing in good form, gained a clever points win over the Welsh lightweight champ, Boyo Rees, at the end of ten good rounds at the Devonshire Club, London.

Three Irish boys were defeated at Birmingham when meeting English lads, over what were to be twelve-round bouts. Spike Robson, Belfast, was outpointed by Harry Edwards, Smethwick, after a spirited contest. Billy Smythe, Belfast, was unlucky to have the decision go against him when he seemed a certain winner in his bout with Bert Taylor, Birmingham. George Rose, Bristol, scored a K.O. over Jack Walsh, Belfast, who went down amidst booing of the crowd in the first round.

Jack Pettifer, King's Cross, was disqualified in the fifth of a twelve-round bout against Bob Carvill, Bridlington, in the latter's home town. The blow in the body was alleged to be low by the referee, who received a barracking from the crowd after ruling the King's Cross giant out.

Jimmy Warnock, the Irish flyweight champ, who is matched with Benny Lynch in an overweight match at Belfast, put paid to the championship aspirations of Tom Pardoe by scoring a spectacular K.O. over him in the second of a ten-rounder.

Archie Sexton had a good workout at the expense of Jack Robinson when he scored an easy points victory after twelve rounds at Bethnal Green.

Ernie Roderick, one of the best welters in Great Britain, outpointed Jimmy Stewart after twelve hectic rounds at Liverpool.

Jack Lewis gave weight and a points beating to Bill Fuller after twelve rounds at the New Westover Ice Ring at Bournemouth. Another bout worth mention is the victory of a colored youngster, Tommy Martin, not yet twenty years of age, who scored a clear-cut points victory over Bill Thomas after twelve fast rounds.

The annual Jewish charity show for local hospitals was a huge success at the Belle Vue, Manchester, in which the following matches drew a capacity gate: Jimmy Walsh received a setback when he lost to Frank Barton in a ten-rounder. Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, gave a boxing lesson to Joe Parisia of France in another ten-round bout. Phil Milligan, flyweight champion of Northern Area, scored a K.O. over Syd Parker. A youngster who has shown much improvement in the last few months is Nipper Cusick of Manchester, and he enhanced his reputation by scoring a good win over Billy Miller, Leeds, on points after ten rounds.

Jimmy Vaughan, a persistent challenger for lightweight honors, gained a good win over Jules Steayart, Belgium, whom he stopped in the eighth round of a ten-round bout at the Devonshire Club.

Jim Wilde caused a mild surprise by outpointing the New Zealand heavyweight champion, Maurice Strickland, over twelve rounds at Swansea before a large crowd.

Tommy Farr, fresh from his victory over Eddie Wenstob, took the latter's place at Bristol against the cruiserweight champion of Holland, Reinus De Boer, and won by a substantial margin.

Jimmy Walsh, who meets Jack "Kid" Berg for the latter's British lightweight title, outclassed Jimmy Clough. The referee wisely stopped the contest in the third round.

Johnny K. O. Morgan, Detroit, turned in another kayo at the expense of Johnny McMillan, Glasgow, in the seventh of a twelve-rounder at Glasgow. As I have always stated in THE RING, fighters like this Connecticut Yankee, who was born in Stamford, Conn., and is now domiciled in Detroit, are always welcomed on this side of the Big Pond.

Archie Sexton showed some of his fighting form when he met Harry Lister at West Ham Baths in what was scheduled to go twelve rounds. It came as no surprise when, in the eleventh, the referee, Jack Hart, stopped the bout to save a game man punishment, declaring Sexton the winner.

Nel Tarleton, Britain's feather king, gave a brilliant exhibition when he outpointed the Swiss boxer, Johnny Edwards, over twelve rounds at Liverpool. In the other bout, Jackie Wilson, the clever American colored feather, scored over Gilbert Johnstone, Dundee, by a T.K.O. when the referee intervened after the latter had proved to be out of Wilson's class.

Benny Lynch, Glasgow, claimant to the flyweight championship of the world, gained an easy victory on points over Harry Orton, Leicester, before a big crowd at Edinburgh.

Jeff Dickson again staged a good fighting card at the Royal Albert Hall, London, and all the bouts were appreciated by the fans. Roy Lazer, the American heavyweight, scored a win over Ben Foord, South Africa, after ten hard rounds.

A match between Al Diamond, the Jersey cruiser, and Harry Rowles, late of the Royal Navy, gave the fans all they had in a ten-round slugging match in which both bled from cuts above the eyes, and at the end the referee, Stan Simpson, whose shirt was saturated with blood, declared the bout a draw amid loud cheering.

In the flyweight championship of the Southern Area, Pat Palmer, Battersea, was rather lucky in beating the holder, Tom Pardoe, Birmingham, in the eleventh of a fifteen-round bout when the latter was in the lead he slipped and broke his wrist and was counted out.

Dave McCleave, Brixton, and Leo Phillips put up a glorious scrap for ten rounds, with neither showing any advantage, and a draw was the result, with the crowd voicing their approval.

Moe Moss, who has yet to produce his form prior to his Australian trip, lost narrowly on points to Eddie McGuire after eight exciting rounds.

Benny Lynch, who intends to keep busy before meeting Small Montana, scored a clever points win over Phil Milligan, Oldham, the Northern Area champ, after twelve hard rounds at catch-weights before a large crowd at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

Jim Warnock, Belfast, who is now coming into his own as a top-liner, scored a good win on points over the Cuban, Rafaleto Valdés, at the Ulster Hall, Belfast. In the supporter, Harry Orton, Leicester, and Tut Whalley furnished the fireworks for eight rounds, which was declared a draw.

Eddie Steele defeated Tony Arpino in the eighth of a twelve-rounder at East Ham, when the referee intervened with Arpino suffering a badly cut eye.

Stan Jehu gained a clear-cut points victory over Ike Pratt when they met at West Ham Baths over twelve rounds.

Battling Charlie Parkin defeated the Scottish middleweight champion, Jack McLeod, on points after twelve rounds at Leith after a very good contest.

Tommy Farr gained a decisive victory over Frank Moody when he won by a K.O. in the fourth of a twelve-round bout. Farr showed improved form and it was fully five minutes before Moody recovered sufficiently to leave the ring.

Jackie Brown, Manchester, boxing in good form, scored a two-round K.O. over Ellis Ashurst at Leeds in what was scheduled to go twelve rounds. Brown scored three knockdowns before putting over the *coup-de-grace*.

Ronnie James gave one of his best performances to date when he met Dick Corbett over the twelve-round course at Swansea. James, after having the best of the bout and scoring two knockdowns, allowed Corbett to score with a hurricane finish and the referee called it a draw.

Congratulations, Jack McAvoy, for the way you have upheld the standard of British boxing in New York. We in Great Britain are proud of you. Keep up the good work by continuing where Jack Kid Berg left off.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MID-WINTER "blues" have invaded the Canadian fistic atmosphere and it is not likely to experience much change before spring, though a few promoters make occasional half-hearted motions calculated to threaten the complete security of King Hockey's reigning dominance in Canuck sportdom. Most of the fighters and managers are hitting the trails leading in the general direction of points south of the border, whilst others are taking their annual involuntary holiday due to lack of action in their sections. There is still a possibility that Armand Vincent or Jules Racicot will present a card or two in Montreal.

Racicot shows little inclination to promote while Al McCoy is unavailable and the classy light-heavy, who is reportedly taking on enough poundage to compete seriously in the heavyweight ranks, is vacationing in Florida. The French-Canuck sharpshooter is said to be in need of a rest due to a wrenched side he sustained in his triumph over Lou Brouillard, which is said to have hampered him considerably in his following three bouts with Jock McAvoy, Bob Olin and Tony Shucco.

McCoy's managers, Bill Brennan and Barney Fox, announced that McCoy would vacation on the Florida beaches before he would resume training for a title-hunting campaign starting in the spring. However, we shall await developments, though, in our opinion, McCoy has earned a good long rest as his 1935 campaign, averaging two fights a month, would have a "staling" effect if continued. Vincent announces that he intends to show McCoy's conqueror, Jock McAvoy, here and if it should materialize, a capacity house is an almost certainty. Tiger Warrington, colored Maritime mauler, would be a good opponent to match with either McCoy or McAvoy.

McCoy flashed a sterling performance in his impressive win over Bob Olin, New York's ex-world's champ, at the Forum. Gradually piling up a margin in the first six rounds, the handsome Beauce County boy geared into high in the seventh and just about pounded Olin from pillar to post in the last four stanzas. How the game, sturdy New Yorker stood up under the deadly two-fisted barrages is more than most of those present could understand.

The remainder of the card, which was staged by Racicot, was about the best of the year. Dave Castilloux, clever featherweight from Waterville, Maine, who is McCoy's cousin, amply avenged a disputed decision he dropped to Maxie Berger, local comer, by punching out a clean-cut win in the eight-round semi-final. Castilloux had a slight edge at the halfway mark, but from then on, his superiority was marked, with Berger showing gameness in standing up to his heavy bombardment. In another eight-rounder, Harry Gerson, Berger's bantam stablemate, scored a surprise knockout in the last round, a short left hook crashing Johnny Bang, New Englander, so heavily that he was out cold and had to be carried from the ring.

Sonny Jones, colored welter flash, weathered a bad two rounds then got going and handed Henri Auger a workmanlike pasting. The French boy was game, but exhausted from Jones' body barrages at the finish and could not have gone much farther. Jones should be used in semi-final shots here as he is a good battler and will show improvement with work. Douglas Marsh, ex-amateur star, trounced Roger Meunier in the six-round opener to make his pro record fifty-fifty. He dropped his other pro engagement to the sharpshooting Myer Alper.

STRAY SHOTS—Garneau Seaman is again controlling the fistic fortunes of Tiger Warrington, colored Maritime dynamiter . . . . Warrington, a popular performer in Boston rings, wants to show his wares in Montreal against anyone, including McCoy, McAvoy or Shucco . . . . Armand Vincent said to be finding "slotting" game more profitable than "slugging" pastime . . . . benefit show for Benny Littner, former local boxer, suffering from T.B. at Ste. Agathe, resulted in more than $250 clear . . . . local boxers and cabaret performers donated services for good cause . . . . the event was staged at Central A. C., training headquarters for local boxers, a week before Christmas . . . . Maxie Berger came through operation for removal of tonsils okay . . . . Harry Gerson sojourning in country.

Sammy Gibbs cranking up flivver to rattle around continent with his three proteges, Frankie Martin, Joe Marsh and Greggie Gregersen . . . . he calls them his champs, while Ye Goode Olde Firme, Messrs. Slitkin & Slotkin, call them "his chumps" . . . . Myer Alper, classy 130-pounder, undecided between proposition from Boston to campaign in the Beantown rings, make a tour of the Maritimes, or accept invitation of New York manager to join crew of leather-slingers motoring down to Florida with him . . . . that will likely be decided by the time this comes off press . . . . Jimmy Jones, pilot of Sonny Jones and Katsumi Morioko, Jap stylist, may take whirl at New York campaign . . . . Montreal boxing situation sluggish but not as lifeless as rest of Canada, possibly barring Vancouver, where Jack Allen holds sway with his Canuck welter king, Gordon Wallace . . . . so this is 1936!

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

THE lone "pro" boxing event in Boston since the last issue of THE RING was staged by the Goodwin A. C. at the Boston Garden, when Tony Shucco of the North End and Al McCoy, the Dorchester-Maine boy, collided in a twelve-rounder. The New England light-heavy and heavyweight titles, claimed by Shucco, were at stake. They did not change hands, however, for when the resin dust had settled, the ring officials voted the contest a "draw."

As usual with McCoy, he forced the battle for the greater part of the distance, devoting too much of his attention attempting to get over a kayo. But in Shucco, he was facing a good boxer, a chap who could weave and duck, also shoot a fine straight left and usually land it. True, there wasn't much power behind it and no great damage was done, but it was sufficient often to throw McCoy off balance and badly disconcert him. What with the left-hand pops which came his way and Tony's weaving and ducking, Al did plenty of missing. But for his wrestling tactics, the chances favor Tony would have connected with the decision. It seemed to many that McCoy had gone stale in as much as the bout was his twenty-first within the year, also closely followed his ten-round win over Bob Olin up at Montreal earlier in the month. A rematch, however, was demanded and the boys were paired up for January 24. Al, in the meanwhile, feeling none too good, went to a surgeon for an overhauling and an X-Ray examination revealed that he had a sprung rib on the right side, also several torn ligaments. So into a plaster cast went Al and future fight dates were cancelled.

On the same card at the Garden, McCoy's cousin, Dave Castilloux of Waterville, Me., a featherweight, made an impressive showing against Johnny Bangs of Cambridge, stopping the latter in three heats. Dave kept after his man from the first bell and at no time stopped punching to stand off and admire his handiwork, a habit with many ringsters. In another bout, Jimmy O'Boyne of Bangor, Me., making his debut as a light middleweight in Boston, lost a six-round decision to Joe Ricciotti of the North End. It was a close, hard fight and both principals won plenty of applause.

Three weeks after Jack Sharkey's initial comeback bout—his double-header with Edward "Unknown" Winston, the "Squire" announced his second retirement from the active fighting ring, explaining that he had injured his right elbow in that encounter. So, as concerns Joe Louis and the saving of the heavyweight crown for the white race, the palefaces seemed to be out of luck. However, with the falling through of the proposed return bout between Shucco and McCoy, the former world's champ has returned to the gym and Sharkey may encounter Shucco in the Boston Garden ring as a substitute for McCoy.

The report of the State Athletic Commission for 1935, just issued, is nothing to get excited about, though financial returns show a small gain over 1934. During the year fifteen club licenses were issued and 122 professional shows were staged, which drew a total of about $223,700. From its tax on the same the state received $11,185. The club making the largest financial returns was the Valley Arena A. A. of Holyoke, Mass., which, though not a large organization, has clicked on a weekly show basis with wonderful regularity. Boxing at this club on every Monday night has been a fixture for years. With able management, it has proved to be a profitable proposition for those financially interested.

Here in Boston the Goodwin A. C. staged a number of shows during 1935, with profits and losses about equal, and will continue in the field. The Boston Garden, after several boxing spasms, has practically passed up the sport, relying on other attractions to keep its fine arena functioning. The hope that small "pro" feeder clubs would come into the field has not been realized and, barring the Goodwin A. C., there is not another professional boxing organization active in all of Greater Boston, despite a population of more than four million from which to draw.

The boxing situation in the Bay State today is about what it was at the end of 1934, almost entirely due to the fact that the number of ringsters here who would draw enough of a gate to offset overhead expenses, can be counted on one hand. Boston always has demanded that there shall be at least one local boy of real color in the top bout, or fandom, in anything like paying numbers, remains at home. The fact was vividly illustrated when Champion Freddy Miller defended his crown against Vernon Cormier in a fifteen-rounder at the Garden. Though a titular affair and well ballyhooed, expenses were barely covered. Had not the principals waived on their guarantees, it would have been a flat failure. But for Al McCoy, Lou Brouillard and Tony Shucco, the big league game, so-called, would have been absolutely stranded. Jack Sharkey's comebacking may help out some during 1936, but it is a gamble.

Outside of Boston and Holyoke, boxing continues in the doubtful column, though thanks to the efforts of Promoter Sam Price of Boston, who is staging shows in a number of the smaller North Shore cities, interest in the sport is being revived in Lynn, Salem, New Bedford and one or two other spots.

Aside from whatever the promoters of professional boxing may do, the big hope for the future of the game as concerns Boston—the building up of talent—rests with the Irish-American A. A. of South Boston. This organization, giving its entire attention to the amateur end of boxing, has consistently stuck to the ship through fair weather and foul. Its tournaments have been well handled, the public has been given a real return for its money and a rather formidable array of future ring possibles has been developed. Several veterans of the old-time school behind this club have made it the foremost of its kind in Massachusetts and New England. Constructive endeavor in the best interests of boxing, rather than an attempt to grind the last possible penny out of the sport, is the keynote.

The latter part of December saw the Irish-American stage its annual Diamond Belt championships tourney, the same following its Golden Glove success, at the Boston Arena. It went over very good—there was plenty of boxing and fighting within the ropes. The attendance more than paid the expenses of the promotion. There were contests in all eight classes, the final winners being the following: 112 pounds, John Griffin, Lawrence; 118, Gerald Hall, South Braintree; 126, Bobby Joyce, South Boston; 135, Jimmy McCarron, Somerville; 147, Ralph Zannelli, Providence, R. I.; 160, Eddie Carroll, Lawrence; 175, Roy Kelley, Brookline; heavyweight, Andy Wrublasky, Chelsea. Gerald Hall, a Braintree High School boy, winner in the 118's, in addition to the belt awarded him, also received a diamond ring as the outstanding performer in the tourney, the added trophy being presented by the vote of the sports writers. Before these items appear in type, the club will have staged its annual intercity event, in which teams representing New York, Newark and Boston will compete. In March will come the club's international tourney.

Competing in this latter affair as a member of the Canadian amateur team, will be Tommy Osborne, the Dominion heavyweight star, who "copped" top honors here in a similar tourney early last spring. Osborne hopes to make the American Olympic team and, following the competitions in Berlin, plans to turn "pro" and sign up with Barney Fox in the stable now headed by Al McCoy.

Statistics for 1935, as pertains to "pro" boxing in Boston, show that but eleven tourneys were offered, the total returns from which amounted to $77,603.75. The total attendance was 57,692. In a former and happier period for the sport, one show, an outdoor affair between Sharkey and Maloney, drew $56,000. Indoors, Carnera vs. Maloney drew $43,000, and Finnegan vs. Chick Suggs, $26,000. Gates from $10,000 to $20,000 were not exceptional. Returning to the 1935 figures, the two best gates were the $15,985 attracted by McCoy vs. Brouillard, and $15,969 drawn by the Sharkey vs. Winston comedy. Max Baer and his outfit, Buddy included, interested but 3,836 cash customers, while Champion Freddy Miller, risking his title against Vernon Cormier, drew but 4,301 paying fans. When Louis Kid Cocoa of New Haven defeated Frankie Britt of Fall River here for the New England welter title, a twelve-round fight, the bout was witnessed by only 1,187 payees, while the gate was $1,347, the smallest for the entire year.

Dave Lumiansky of New Bedford, successful pilot for Jock McAvoy in the McCoy and Risko fights staged in New York, was recently with us in Boston. He declared that the switching of the McAvoy-McCoy bout to New York, all in the face of the fact that it would have gone over very big in Boston, was mainly due to the refusal of the McCoy forces to make less than 174 pounds. This, he stated, blocked all efforts of the Boston Garden to put on the match. How it came about that McCoy was willing to come in under 171 in New York, was not explained. Powerful talk by Messrs. Johnson and Lumiansky, the former seeking the mill and the latter correctly protecting the interests of his protege, we "opine" is the correct answer. We are in perfect accord with Lumiansky that a match well-made is half a battle.

Lumiansky contends that McAvoy can make 157½ pounds if he has to, also was at that weight when he fought Marcel Thil in Paris last year. All of this may be correct, but as Jock weighed 168 for McCoy, the chances favor that, with the Englishman's present vacation and sea voyages, when he returns to the States, he will be a full-fledged light-heavy and continue to fight as such.

We were pleased to note that in the recent all-colored tourney staged in the New York Garden that Ray Miller of Newark, fighting at 168 pounds, came through. Our attention was attracted to this boy in the interstates amateur tourney, staged in Boston last spring, when Miller, though a middleweight, competed in the heavy division and "copped" first honors. He was the outstanding performer in the tourney. We cited the fact at the time.

Barney Fox, who keeps the names of his fistic stable in the sports columns, is claiming the New England light-heavy title for Al McCoy. He contends that Tony Shucco, the holder, in coming in over the weight for his bout with McCoy, automatically forfeited the crown. The point made by Fox has started plenty of argument.

William H. Cuddy, formerly very successful in the promotion here of amateur boxing, after staging four tourneys this season, has been forced to again shut up shop. "Father Bill," as he is known, found his expenses running way ahead of possible profits. There is plenty of interest here in the amateurs but, because of other attractions, Cuddy was forced to stage his shows on Saturday nights, a poor evening for such in Boston. That Cuddy, now a veteran, who in former years made Boston famous for its amateur boxing events, should be forced back into retirement appeals as most unfortunate.

The grand finale of the recently concluded Diamond Belt amateur series here saw an unusual happening within ring ropes. In a 147-pound semi-final, Ralph Zanelli, Providence, vs. Jack Caparell, Roxbury, the latter got his head outside the top rope, he being forced into that position by Zanelli's attack. As Caparell's feet were inside the ring and both firmly planted on the canvas, Zanelli belted him one to the neck over the rope. Here one of Caparell's seconds jumped into the ring, claiming his principal had been fouled. The second was ejected by Referee Johnny Martin, who then, very properly, awarded the bout to Zannelli. Many booed the referee, all despite the absolute correctness of his ruling.

Commenting on the incident, we have always been of the opinion that when a boxer has the bad luck to get his head outside the ropes, it is clearly up to himself to either get it back inside or take what is coming to him as long as his feet are inside the ring and planted on the canvas. While certain ethics of good sportsmanship call for the aggressor to step back, nevertheless the attacker is within his rights in continuing his assault. It is not up to him where his foe's head may happen to be, but strictly up to the owner of the head. As for the other chap, if he would gain a few seconds' respite, all he has to do is get his feet off the canvas, thus automatically stopping the contest and subjecting himself to the referee's count. He can either sit down on the middle rope and lift his feet off the floor, fall down either outside or inside the ring or, again, step outside. Hanging to a top rope and crying to the referee for help, we do not regard as the correct procedure in such cases.

Andy Callahan of Lawrence, the "Handy Andy" of New England rings, who fights them all from lightweights to middleweights and, more often than not, comes through, is preparing for a busy 1936 campaign. After a long layoff, he is back in a Boston gym, working away most conscientiously. Though a ring veteran, Callahan still has plenty of youth and is likely to win far more bouts than he loses for some time to come. It will be recalled that when hardly more than lightweight, Andy took the 160-pound New England title away from Lou Brouillard.

Johnny Buckley, Lou Brouillard's chief boss, leaves in a few days for France, there to assist his brother Jerry in the handling of Brouillard in his return fight with Marcel Thil. This event being a January fixture, the result will be known before these notes are printed. At this time we are giving Lou one chance of winning, that by a kayo, but the blow must be landed well above the belt line and clearly seen by all. Though Lou lost the decision in his last bout with Thil, his performance was a very creditable one, according to the accounts received here.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

YOUNG ACE CLARK is now training in Holyoke at the Bijou Gym. Young Ace is a brother of Roy Ace Clark, but looks like he will go farther in the boxing game.

Jerry Maloni of Springfield is also doing his training in Holyoke, along with Johnny Bruiso, a lightweight from West Springfield.

Sal Canata of Holyoke is the only main bout performer out of this city. Sal is a youngster but seems to have everything that it takes to make a good fighter.

Tommy Grady, junior welterweight of Springfield, went to Jamestown, N. Y., and boxed a main bout with Tony Paul, but was forced to stop in the seventh with a fractured rib.

Jack Watson, referee of many boxing matches in Holyoke and West Springfield, is now located in Boston.

Homer Rainault, with his matchmaker, Baron Cohen, staged thirty-nine programs last year at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, bringing some of the outstanding boxers in the game to Holyoke.

Sal Canata, Holyoke, won a decision over Jerry Maloni of Springfield in a main bout of ten rounds. Joe Gelinas of Athol knocked out Gene O'Leary of Boston with a series of rights and lefts in the first round.

Tommy Rawson of Boston showed a pleasing style in stopping Solly Ambrosia of Hartford in the fifth round. Rawson had Ambrosia in a bad way several times before the end. Ruby Bradley won over Johnny Scibelli of Springfield in a fast fight between little men. Johnny Bruiso of West Springfield had an easy time with Tony Sousa of Boston, whom he knocked out in the second round of a scheduled four-rounder.

Bennington, Vt.—Harry Conley of Bennington, Vt., stopped Mickey Doyle of New Jersey in the second round of a main bout held by the Veterans of Foreign Wars at the Bennington Armory. Sylvester Davis of Worcester won over Romeo Ducharme of Easthampton in the semi-final; Young Carena of North Adams won over Johnny Stout of Hudson, N. Y., by a knockout in the second round; Freddie Wright of Bennington, Vt., won over Young Zelispi of Hoosick Falls, Mass., in the four-rounder; Young Pellerin of Bennington, Vt., lost to Charlie Steffans of Jersey City in the first round.

It looks like a big year around here for boxing. Mede Goulet of the Bijou Gym has a new heavy bag installed and the gym is crowded every day. Joe O'Brien of Springfield, at the Stearns Square Gym, has a large class of amateurs that keep him busy.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Before a fair crowd that partly filled Town Hall, Al Trainor, crack Philadelphia middleweight, defeated Jackie Flowers, Clinton, N. Y., Negro, in the star bout of eight rounds. In the eight-round semi, Eddie Brink, Scranton lightweight, won a close verdict from Al Traino, Rochester. Traino made a big hit with Scranton fans by his free swinging style and is sure to appear here again. In the main prelim, Steve Gatcha, Wilkes Barre's rapid rising lightweight, added Joe Riely to his long list of K.O. victims by stopping him in the third round. In the other six, Al Lewis, Scranton, won from rugged Johnny Nealon. The bout was even until the last stanza, in which Nealon tired. In the opener of four rounds, Tommy Scavo, Old Forge, K.O.'ed Harry Devlin, Scranton, in the fourth.

Wrestling—The grunt and groan artists are outdrawing the leather-pushers here in Scranton. "Jumping" Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame football star, proved to be the biggest mat attraction ever to appear here in the "Electric" City. He outdrew such stars as Jim Londos, Don George, Dick Shikat, Jim Browning and others. In his bout with Dr. Fred Myers, it took the ex-footballer thirty-six minutes to pin the burly doctor. In the other matches on this show, Serge Kalmikoff, bearded Russian, threw Herb Wescott in nine minutes.

JUST RAMBLING—Boxing fans throughout the Coal Regions regret the passing of Pat Igoe, who died suddenly from a throat ailment. Pat was one of the best drawing cards and fought many of the topnotchers . . . . Tony Rock, Mayfield welter, K.O.'ed Jack O'Brien and drew with Cyril Pluto at Brisbane, Australia . . . . Wildcat O'Connor, Forrest City, lost to Al Sylva at New York . . . . Joe Nealon, Scranton lightweight, was the victim of a "home town" decision in his bout with Bad Boy Emanuel at Syracuse. Nealon, due to his great showing, was immediately signed for two more bouts . . . . Eddie Brink, Scranton, drew with Ray Napolitano at Brooklyn . . . . Al Nevers, amateur middle and light-heavyweight champion of northeastern Pennsylvania, will turn pro under the watchful eye of Three Star Hennessey.

Mickey Chapin, star lightweight of a few years back, is now in the real estate game. Mickey can be seen at the ringside of wrestling and fight shows in the role of judge . . . . Tommy Ginty, bantam of twenty years ago, is operating a successful laundry business . . . . Jack Tighe is back in the boxing game after an absence of twenty-five years. In his heyday Jack fought them all. He acted as judge on the Trainor-Flowers show . . . . Three Star Hennessey has a new "white hope" heavyweight in Jack Downey, who stands 6 feet 4½ inches, weighs 210 pounds, and is only nineteen years old . . . . Pete Susky, Scranton coal miner, who is a great club fighter, is now in active training.

Joe O'Donnell and Ben Roman, co-promoters at Hazelton, have given up pro boxing in favor of the amateurs . . . . Phil Boland, Wilkes Barre business man, has taken out a pro license and plans to run semi-monthly on a big scale . . . . Tom Josephs, former light-heavy, is now a dance promoter in Scranton . . . . Fritz Delliman has given up peddling glove tossers in favor of managing Lewis's Cottage, a tavern located in Scranton.

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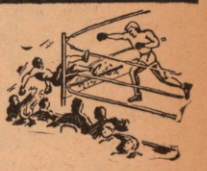

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

CEFERINO GARCIA, welterweight champion of the Coast, who gave Barney Ross, welterweight kingpin, two stiff arguments over the ten-round route during the past year, may exhibit his famous "bolo punch" in Manila, Japan, Australia and Honolulu during the spring and summer months.

George Parnassus, Garcia's manager, has a pocket full of offers to take his dynamite socking scrapper across the Pacific and battle in Manila, where Garcia did quite a bit of leather tossing before coming to the States four years ago. Japanese promoters have also put in a bid for Garcia's services, as well as Australia and Honolulu promoters, and Parnassus informed this column that he was seriously considering the offers. Bobby Pancho Leyvas, Mexican bantamweight, who defeated Young Tommy, Speedy Dado and Pablo Dano in rapid succession at Hollywood Legion Stadium, would accompany Garcia and Parnassus, as bantamweight boxers are plentiful in Manila, Japan and Honolulu.

On the short end of seven-to-one betting, Mark Diaz, Filipino featherweight of the Roxie Eisen stable, slammed Emilio Magana, former amateur sensation, all over the Hollywood ring to win an easy six-round duke on the Hankinson-Cancela no-contest show. The Manila boy floored his Mexican rival twice.

A match between Ceferino Garcia and Cleto Locatelli, Italian champion, was in the making for Dreamland Arena in Frisco as we mailed in this column. This one would sell out.

Willie Orner, hustling owner of the Main Street Gymnasium in Los Angeles, where all the ring stars do their training, was standing in front of his socking establishment recently with Kingfish Levinsky, celebrated heavyweight of Chicago's ghetto, when an aged man selling balloons and other playthings accosted them.

The Kingfish was admiring one of the big, red balloons and turned to the jovial Orner and said: "Gee, Willie, I'd like to buy one of dem balloons and take it back to Chicago wid me, but it won't fit in my suitcase." The crack almost flattened Orner then and there!

The gate receipts of the Hankinson-Cancela no-contest bout at Hollywood only hit the $3,200 mark. The fight figured to sell out the arena, but the Golden Gloves tourney during the past two nights cut into the gate about a grand.

After about one minute of the second frame, Lieutenant Jack Kennedy stopped the bout, ordering both fighters to their respective corners, and announced to the fans that he was calling it "no-contest." It seems to this writer that Kennedy was way out of line. I've been watching fights for more than fifteen years, and if that one was a phony, then I'd like to see more like it. Mr. Kennedy is a far better actor than John Barrymore or Walter Huston, and delights in making speeches from the ring and "stealing the show." Hankinson was leveling and landing 'em on Cancela's chin, and the latter was doing his best.

A few more such stunts like Kennedy turned in, stopping the bout in round two and sending the fans home in a bad frame of mind, will just about put the boxing game in mothballs for keeps in California Los Angeles boxing promoters should sign a petition, submit it to the State Boxing Board, notifying them to keep Kennedy's name off referees' jobs in Los Angeles. It would be a dandy break for boxing!

The best looking young heavyweight prospect around San Francisco is one Clint Stewart. Dolph Thomas, who trained Max Baer for many of his battles, is handling the big fellow. Stewart has a deadly wallop in either duke, and as we mailed in our March column to THE RING, Thomas' protege had piled up nineteen knockouts in a row.

Tony Roccaforte, Los Angeles Italian welterweight, who came to the parting of the ways with his manager, Paddy Ryan, has signed up with Al Lang. The latter has a corking club fighting bantam in Frankie Castillo, who twice trounced Speedy Dado, veteran Filipino scrapper.

Over half a dozen movie stars tried to purchase the contract of Bob Nestell when he won the Coast amateur heavyweight title, but Pilot Gus Wilson said "No-Dice." Nestell gave Wild Bill Boy a pasting in the finals of the Simon-pures at Hollywood to win the Coast title. Following the tournament it was learned that Boyd had engaged in more than twenty pro battles in the Pacific Northwest. Wilson, a keen judge of fistic flesh, seems to have a real fighter in Nestell, and plans to turn him pro during March.

To accommodate the overflow of Eastern fighters flocking to sunny California, Willie Orner added twenty-five dressing rooms at his popular downtown training quarters in Los Angeles and one hundred more lockers. The former Brooklyn boy claims more stars are training at his spot than there are in Heaven.

Midnight Bell is the name of a good looking colored welterweight of Portland, Ore. The Negro is about ready for a crack at more experienced fighters, and Promoter Stub Nelson is dickering for an outdoor shot this spring between Bell and Ceferino Garcia, the Manila slugger. Nelson, for several years sports editor of the Los Angeles *Post-Record* (and a derned good one, too, my readers), has placed Portland, Ore., back on the fistic map with a string of big houses.

If and when Freddie Steele of Tacoma, Wash., ever gets a crack at Babe Risko and his middleweight title, you can bet all your loose pennies that a new king will be crowned. The rangy blond warrior from the Northwest is a fistic marvel. He's the best middleweight I've seen since 1926, when Mickey Walker was red-hot among the 160-pounders. Steele and his manager, roly-poly Dave Miller, are a popular pair and respected by fans, scribes and promoters along the West Coast.

The boxing fraternity in Los Angeles miss smiling Eddie Borden, assistant to Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING. Borden was in southern California for about six months during the past year, and made a legion of friends. The boys who gather in the gallery at the Olympic and Hollywood weekly to place a few herrings on their favorite fighters also miss the Gothamite . . . . every time Borden appeared in the gambling section he was taken for a chunk! And they really miss him, you see!

Babe McCoy plans on importing Chief Paris from his home in Oklahoma to toss leather at the welters in California. The rotund McCoy saw Paris and Kid Azteca in action for ten heats in Mexico City and returned to Los Angeles raving about the Indian from the South. "He's the nearest thing to Ace Hudkins I've seen," sang McCoy upon his return from the Latin republic. Mexico City scribes claim Paris and Azteca staged the greatest ten-round battle they ever witnessed. The Mexican got the nod, but it was very, very close.

Bill Miller handled the publicity for the world's flyweight championship contest between Small Montana, title-holder, and Tuffy Pierpont in Oakland last December and did a mighty sweet job of it. The gross gate was $4,900 . . . . a lot of dough, taking into consideration Montana was a five-to-one favorite. Miller is tops in press agenting boxing, in this writer's humble opinion.

Leo Leavitt is going to stage monthly outdoor shots at Oakland baseball park during the summer months. Since showing at Oakland Auditorium the past year, the former Minneapolis boy staged five shows, and each one was a pip, and incidentally, a money-maker. Leavitt believes Buddy Baer and Ford Smith, with a strong supporting card, would draw better than $30,000 during June. Oaklanders are behind Buddy one hundred per cent, and want to see Max's kid brother wipe out the defeat Smith administered to him on the Louis-Baer card in New York.

HIT OR MISS—Jack "Kid" Means, former middleweight boxer, now handling a string of young fighters, has bobbed up with a promising colored middleweight named Sammy Christian, who starred in the amateur ranks . . . . Bill Newman, who represents the National Boxing Club of Australia, has cabled a nice offer to Swede Berglund for three fights in Sydney.

Dolph Thomas' Royal Gymnasium in San Francisco is the finest training quarters in the northern section of the state . . . . the majority of main eventers and Eastern fighters around the bay region work out at the grey fox's gym.

George Parnassus will book Art Sykes, Syrian heavy, on the Coast for Eddie Long when the outdoor shows get under way in May . . . . Joe Stanley of Philadelphia is training Hank Hankinson and "Killer" Coates, leading heavyweights of the Coast . . . . Ceferino Garcia purchased a new sedan following his bout with Barney Ross in Chicago . . . . the Filipino sells out Hollywood Legion Stadium every time he shows there . . . . the fans know they will see action when the Manila boy is carded . . . . Johnny Rogers, genial matchmaker at Dreamland Arena in Frisco, smokes three packs of cigarettes daily . . . . Johnny Indrisano is going over big as a referee in southern California . . . . Lee Lewis, former boxing critic of the Los Angeles *Herald*, is doing the press work for boxing at the Los Angeles Olympic . . . . Olympic is showing a nice profit since Joe Waterman has been in the matchmaker's saddle . . . . Sailor Joe had a double sawbuck riding on Top Row opening day at Santa Anita . . . . lucky Joe!

Johnny Ladao, Filipino bantamweight from New York, has a large following at Hollywood . . . . his style appeals to the movie city fans . . . . Phil Bloom works regularly in the flickers . . . . the former Gotham fighter recently finished a "bit" in the Mae West film, "Klondike Lou" . . . . Jack Connors, former manager of Eddie K. O. Roberts, who flattened Joe Dundee in Frisco about ten years ago, trains Freddie Steele . . . . the boxing game has few finer men than this same Connors . . . . Eddie Mead, Cleveland manager, who pilots Paul Pirrone, Mickey Dugan, Carmen Barth and a few other mittmen, has informed the writer for the past few years that he is coming out here, but I won't believe it until I sit down with Eddie in Los Angeles and have a bowl of his famous beef stew . . . . Johnny Keyes is handling the ring affairs of Davey Abad out here . . . . the Panamanian can still battle pretty good.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

THE big event in Syracuse boxing for the year 1935 was the visit of the one and only Jack Dempsey. Brought to this city by Frank Burns and Ned Brown in the interest of the Jack Dempsey chocolate bar, the former heavyweight champion of the world took Syracuse by storm. Dempsey visited a score of stores and was on the go from the moment his train pulled in at 6:30 in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, when he broadcast a sports talk over WFBL from Cameron's Casino.

Dempsey found time in between the visits to Syracuse stores to autograph pictures, postcards, papers and anything he could write on, talk over Station WSYR, referee an amateur fight at the Arena, and meet thousands of enthusiastic admirers, who mobbed him wherever he went. The Manassa Mauler was magnet for a sellout crowd of five thousand who jammed the Arena to see him referee the Heinz Voigt-Allen Russell slugging match.

Local newspapers carried banners every day on Dempsey's coming, and he received a half million dollars' worth of free publicity. The first thing Dempsey did upon getting off the train was to get out the sports page for the first edition of the Syracuse *Journal*. A crew of newspaper cameramen and reporters followed Jack all over town. Jack's visits to sick and crippled children brightened the day for many an ailing youngster. His candy sales should pick up now, for Dempsey is a great fellow, and truly an ambassador of good will for BOXING.

Jock McAvoy's one-round knockout of Babe Risko, native Syracusan and American middleweight champion, was something of a blow to local fans. Most of Babe's followers here figured he would have little trouble outpointing the pale-faced Englishman. Jock must pack plenty of dynamite for he had Risko on the floor six times. Prior to his defeat at the hands of McAvoy, Risko slugged out a well-earned decision over Frankie Battaglia, the Winnipeg contender, in ten furious rounds at Philadelphia. The victory was Risko's second win over the hard-hitting Battaglia.

Babe Amos, shifty Syracuse Italian middleweight, is eager for action and would welcome bouts with the best 160-pounders in the division. Babe is a good boxer and puncher, has a splendid record, and clicks with the fans wherever he appears. Amos trains daily with Champion Babe Risko, and is always in the proverbial pink of condition. Your correspondent is looking after Amos' affairs.

Unless weekly shows featuring topnotchers are resumed here soon we are of the opinion pro boxing will hit the doldrums and go into seed. Lack of local attractions and the need of a bankroll man are responsible for the current fistic depression in this city. Utica runs about once a month, and Bushy Graham is the only box-office magnet there. Binghamton has folded temporarily, it is reliably reported, awaiting spring and better weather.

Nick Julian has been unable to get his club started for some reason or other. Julian has the money to put the game over but cannot get what he wants, so is biding his time, it appears.

SHORT SHOTS—Johnny Nelson, Jack McCann's good Negro heavyweight, has a shuffling style like Joe Louis, but there the comparison ends .... Joe Feldy, Owego amateur promoter, made the trip here to see and shake the hand of Jack Dempsey .... Jack Lewis, widely known in the boxing game, is seriously ill at a private sanitarium .... Eddie Saxon performed in the Garden on the all-colored boxing show and revealed the best form of all the Sepia glove artists on the bill .... Al Wertheimer, central New York commissioner for the A.A.U., attended the confab in New York to vote on the question regarding the withdrawal of the United States from the Olympic Games in Berlin .... Sam Gibbs, manager of Frankie Martin, Canadian bantamweight champion, writes from Montreal, informing us of his recent illness, which necessitated an operation .... Gibbs is the man who brought out and developed Bobby Leitham, Canadian featherweight king, now retired .... Sam Porcelli keeps his good scrapper, Al Traino, busy .... Jack Dempsey turned over his entire end for refereeing the amateur fight here to Mrs. Jack Lewis .... Wotta guy! .... The two local radio sports announcers, Leo Bolley of WFBL and Nick Stemmler of WSYR, vied with each other to get the best interview from Jack Dempsey .... To our way of thinking, both did a fine job .... Carmen Cook, the Bridgeport boxer, has hung up the gloves and is now looking for proteges to manage .... Eddie Nugent informs us he is going to bring his heavyweight, Joe Judge, here .... Al Cohen, the Trenton fight manager, is doing well with his stable .... Kid Polo, the PD bootblack, got a dollar from Dempsey for polishing Jack's shoes .... Yes, he framed the buck .... Irv Robbins is in the dough with his amateur fights.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEWTON, KANS.—Les Showers, premier amateur boxing promoter of the Middle West, just completed a three-day amateur boxing tourney at Newton, filling the Auditorium to full capacity each night. This is the second big tournament for this spot during 1935. Winners of the various divisions are as follows: Heavyweight, Tuffy Parker; light-heavyweight, Billy Canny; middleweight, Sammy Haynes; welterweight, Marvin Branson; lightweight, Billy Moyer; featherweight, George Adler; bantamweight, Freddie Parker; flyweight, Joey Hernandez. The American Legion sponsored the big affair.

Salina, Kans.—Les Showers is making preparations for a big three amateur boxing tournament. Winners of this tournament will be acclaimed state champions. Eureka, Kans., was to be Showers' next spot, but that will be shelved until March. Les has several other important engagements in this state and many offers coming in from surrounding states.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery is keeping his battlers in trim. He places them in most of the amateur meets within a radius of one hundred miles of Wichita. Jack's boys usually win their share in the tournaments they compete in.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison defeated Pat Kissinger in ten hard-fought rounds. This was acclaimed one of the best battles staged in this city in years. Bruce Brown outpointed Cap Harding in ten. Joey Alcanter beat Al O'Day in eight. Johnny Estrada beat Spud Malone in four rounds.

Chanute, Kans.—Floyd Everly, lightweight of this city, is one of the most promising lightweights in this part of the state. He wins with regularity.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bruce Brown continued his winning streak by knocking out Kenny Austin of Omaha in the third round of a scheduled ten-round main event. Brown is a colored middleweight and must be a real battler as he is disposing of all competition in championship style.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

A NEW promoter, Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, has thrown his hat in the ring in this city. Hoff has a twenty-year record as a manager and backer of major boxing shows. Some of the shows in which he appeared on the background were: At the Phillies' Ball Park, he billed matches in which Kid Chocolate and Roger Bernard, Benny Leonard and Billy Angelo, Tony Canzoneri and Johnny Jadick appeared. At Shetzline Park he had Mike McTigue and Tommy Loughran, Ad Stone and Tommy Loughran, Kid Williams and Pancho Villa. At the Municipal Stadium he booked Leo Lomski and Matt Adgie, Mickey Walker and Leo Lomski, Johnny Risko and Ernie Schaaf.

Frankie Caris, local middleweight, is still undefeated after three years of pro competition. In his last time out, he easily defeated Nick Damianov, sensational youngster.

On Christmas afternoon, two clubs ran in competition to each other. At the Arena, Al Ettore defeated Ford Smith, Le Roy Haynes stopped Willie Reddish, Benny Bass knocked out Johnny Craven and Johnny Hutchinson won over Tony Strazzeri. At the Cambria, Joey Ferrando won a close sensational scrap over Tony Morgano, Frankie Caris defeated Nick Damianov, Gus Dorazio defeated Jack Sacks, Gene Gulotta won over Norman Rahn.

Tiger Harris, colored light-heavyweight, is now making his home in Philly. This sensational scrapper, since making his home here, has defeated Johnny Peppe, Leo Duncan, stopped Wade Lumpkin and Tommy Henry. The promoters at the Olympia A. C. are trying to get Bob Olin or Tony Shucco in his next appearance here. We look for this chap to be amongst the best in this city.

The writer can be reached at 509 Colonial Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

WITH the new year, there is no doubt that the promoters here in Trenton will renew their efforts to put boxing back on a paying basis. They are greatly handicapped by the refusal of the newspapers to give the clubs any kind of publicity, with the exception of paid ads. Whatever the trouble is, it should be ironed out, as the clubs cannot possibly operate without the cooperation of the newspapers.

Mooch Murphy, who sprained his wrist, is O. K. again and back in training.

Young Terry, Trenton middle, lost only two decisions in fifteen bouts on his comeback trail. One of them was by Jack Ennis of Asbury Park, who won an unpopular decision over Terry at Newark. Willie Lewis of Newark, who substituted for Champion Babe Risko when Risko injured his hand in training, lasted but two rounds against Terry. Terry looks like his old self again.

Two Trenton fighters were K.O.'ed by Aldo Spoldi of Italy. Geo Levy was stopped in six rounds and Frankie Warno in one round.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

OUR hat's off to Herman and Maxwell Katz, promoters of the Parkway Club of Cincinnati. The Queen City fistic promoters set a record few have accomplished in the leather pushing trade by plying their business, sometimes with success, mostly on the wrong end of the ledger financially, throughout the "depression period."

The Katz business house plans to show the featherweight champion, Freddie Miller, several times during 1936 and also has plans to show such leading sons of punch as Art Sykes, Joe Judge, Buddy McArthur, Bushy Graham, Joe Louis, Max Schmeling, Eric Seelig and other world leaders.

The 1935 boxing season in Cincinnati general was closed in the return shindy at Music Hall between Freddie Miller and his arch-rival, Claude Varner. Miller outsmarted his Western rival for ten rounds and romped off with another easy win.

While Miller leads the array of the 126-pounders, Cincinnati has another prospect near that weight who bears well of emulating Miller. He is Johnny Stevens, a clever lightweight southpaw, who received his baptism of ten-round fire by defeating the veteran youngster, Jess Calhoun. On the same card that Stevens advanced, Varner clinched the return go with Miller by knocking out Tiger Kid Walker in four heats. Ray Kietz, the Newport, Ky., welterweight, won a tenner verdict from Al Shortz of Washington, C. H.

The bantamweight diadem sets on the brow of Lloyd Pine, Joe Basco's punching Barberton star. Pine, coming to the fore in the past few months, is heralded as a possible successor to Freddie Miller. The Ohio 118-pound champ will reach his twentieth birthday in June, 1936.

At Dayton, O., the spirit of Christmas was celebrated rather early for Johnny Durso, a lightweight from Louisville. From all accounts at hand, it seems as though quite a "fast one" was pulled on Durso's foe, Mutt Schwartz of Columbus, O. The boys traveled ten rounds of a hot event at the Gym, then no decision was given. The next day, the papers called it a draw and a decision to Durso. The night of the fight it looked like a clear-cut win for the Hebrew from Columbus. Reach Devlin, Dayton promoter of the show, and Less Huffman, pilot of Schwartz, have agreed that in the future Schwartz will not leave the ring in his Dayton arena until a decision has been given. Quite wise.

In the prelims, Eddie Davis, Louisville, won from Cowboy Guerry, Cincinnati, in eight; Tommy Devlin stopped Buck Brown in four; Young Grace defeated Chet French in four, and Jerry Martin kayoed Eddie Hammond in two.

Lloyd Pine, Ohio bantamweight champion, added another win to his list at Canton, Ohio, when he defeated Harry Fierro, veteran Chicago mittster, on Norm Genet's charity show at Barberton, O. Battling Bozo, Birmingham, bested Jack Johnson, Akron, in the semi-final. Harold Simston beat Stanley Huat; Kid Huff won from Russ Snyder, and Mel Watson beat Kid Sherman. Promoter Genet was rewarded in his venture by one of the largest fight crowds of the 1935 season.

Haft's Arena, Columbus, O.—Chocolate Kid (Carl Turner), the ramming Columbus Negro middleweight, continued his climb here when he won a decision in ten rounds over Joe Walters of Springfield. Ace Lightning, Springfield, won the nod from Buddy Hoskins, Columbus, in the semi-windup, while in the prelims, George Noble decisioned Wildcat Detroit; Buzz Grogg outpointed Red Tope and Bud Carmeans stopped Young Reed.

Flashing a rapierlike left hand, Chocolate Kid added Jack Redmond, the Akron veteran, to his fast rising list in another main event at Columbus. There seems to be no stopping the Kid, alias Carl Turner.

Dan McMillen's weekly shows at Mount Vernon are class, as probably will be Huffman's when he steps into Lancaster after the first of the year. All you managers would do well to get in touch with these two up-state livewire promoters.

The writer's National Boxing Promoters' Directory is making quite a big hit with all the managers and free lance boxers. The Directory, which sells for fifty cents in cash and a stamped envelope, contains all of the leading promoters in the United States and a few foreign countries. Every livewire manager should have one of these.

My Wrestling Ratings, selling for a stamped envelope and twenty-five cents in cash, set a new monthly record during December, despite the holidays. The month doubled the all-time record of November, and from the way the orders are pouring in, January and February releases will set another new mark. The Ratings are concise and rank over one thousand leading wrestlers active in the world.

Either the Ratings or the Promoters' Directory can be secured through the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—The House of Katz allowed the wrestlers to take full charge of the New Year activities . . . . Eddie Nugent, Georges Carpentier's favorite booster when the Frenchman first came to American shores, bulletins he has the next world's champion and the conqueror of Joe Louis in Joe Judge, the fighting Irish heavyweight from New York . . . . Judge's record is impressive with knockouts over some pretty good big boys . . . . Jack (Pop) Davis, fight mentor of Daniel Boone and several other good Kentucky and Ohio scrappers, is looking for more talent, preferably among the heavyweights . . . . Pop can be reached at 227 Rosedale Court in Covington, Ky. . . . . Joe Anderson, former middleweight star, is slated to get back in the promoter's saddle after the first of the year . . . . Since Chocolate Kid's renovation into a slugger, he has found himself on the winning end . . . . George Nichols, one-time light-heavyweight champion, is making a grand comeback around Akron . . . . George recently knocked out Mickey Dugan on one of Johnny Hanison's shows in the Rubber City . . . . Joe Basco is flooded with offers all over the country for Lloyd Pine, the Ohio bantamweight champion, since Pine defeated Harry Fierro . . . . Barney McCarthy of St. Louis writes in concerning his stable of beak benders . . . . Mac's stable includes Benny Deathpain, the Aztec Indian light-heavyweight, and Georgie Daw, tough scrapping 155-pounder . . . . Less Huffman claims his lightweight, Mutt Schwartz, will welcome a shot at any of the lightweights, Hamilton, George and all the others . . . . the writer has a report that Orville Drouillard defeated the lightweight state champion, Al George . . . . Is that right, Bill Garrison? . . . . Johnny Stevens is being considered as an opponent for the Canadian on an early Cincinnati card.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

FRANKIE MISKO, middleweight champion of Michigan, successfully defended his laurels in a ten-round bout with Marty Simmons, former title-holder, at Saginaw. Referee Eddie Kaercher penalized Simmons for holding on numerous occasions, which took away a lot of his points.

Ken McCann, Bay City middleweight, former Golden Glove champion, made his professional debut, boxing a draw with Teddy Moran of Pittsburgh. Joe Bolenda, Bay City featheweight, went to a draw with Oliver Johnson. Ed Zimmer, 1935 Bay City Golden Glove welter title-holder, made his bow as a pro, stopping Joe Davey of Detroit.

Mickey Misko whipped Bill Bommer in a main go at Hazel Park.

George Sutka outscored Haywood Storey in the most recent show at Hazel Park.

Frank Erne, who for years has promoted weekly shows at Hazel Park, passed on last month. Erne did a lot for boxing around Detroit.

Tony Lamerato, Detroit Italian, who started boxing as a flyweight, is getting to be a full-fledged heavy. In his most recent start, Tony dropped a hair-line decision to Young Risko, another boy who is going good.

Chuck Woods, Detroit's leading welter, has been inactive the past month, as have Lefty Gwynne and Frankie Wolfram, topnotch bantam and feather, respectively.

Joe Anderson, former amateur star from Escanaba, has turned pro and will box under the management of Jimmy Brady. As an amateur, Anderson won the state title as well as the middleweight championship of upper Michigan.

Joey Michielove continues to be the big thing around Detroit. He boxed a draw with Orville Drouillard and kayoed Johnny Johnson. His fight with Drouillard was a peach, with plenty of leather being thrown.

Red Tom Dawson, colored heavyweight, is featuring Bob Brace's weekly shows at Dearborn, and winning every time out. Promoter Brace seems to be doing well at Dearborn, the main reason being that he always has a good card.

Pete Gardner is trying to get started at Madison Gardens. He tried to get Jack Kranz for Lorenzo Pack, but was unsuccessful. The big boys don't want anything to do with Pack.

Frank Kapanowski, Detroit Polish middleweight, has fought himself out of opposition. Frank is a good, honest fighter, who never stops trying. We would like to see Frank box Bill Bommer.

Red Casson came through with colors flying in his recent return match with Johnny Sucardi. Sucardi was dropped twice for counts, and finished a very poor second to Casson, who is a good featherweight.

Bobby "Red" Wood and Roger Bernard, Flint's leading fighters, haven't been doing anything lately. "Red" Wood hasn't boxed since losing to Tony Passaro in New York.

Once again a list of Michigan boxing promoters and also a list of wrestling promoters have been compiled. Anyone wishing these lists may get them at a quarter apiece. Write Mickey McIntire, 1265 Solvay Ave., Detroit.

With the professional game going slow, the amateurs are booming. The industrial tournament is over, and now the Detroit *Times* is running its Diamond Belt tourney. Soon the Detroit *Free Press* will get going with its Golden Gloves, as will all the newspapers in the other towns in Michigan.

Results in the amateurs follow: John Baluck beat Charley Camps; Tim Hill outpointed Young Johnson; Walter Franklin beat John Burnett and Joe Zanichelli; Zanichelli beat Barney Gemelli, who shaded Tony Rupionski; Percy Jones beat a Toronto boy; Howell King beat Sam Amico and Omar Crocker; Gerald Coon beat Joe Sworek; Patsy Urso stopped Chuck Mood and Tony Gaudes; Jimmy Urso beat Fred Aquisto but lost to Baby Yack; Charley Gomez kayoed Don Dietrich; Ed Kozale beat Jimmy O'Brien; Troy Bellini beat Frank Gaudes; Tommy Morris whipped Al Adams; Frank Agnes won from Art Rubin; Eddie Smigel beat Gordon Jeffery, and Dave Eagan knocked out Albert Harris; Vic Zywicki knocked out Harold Pillen and beat John Hacker; Hacker stopped Leo Rakowski; Harry Moyer beat Elmer Cousineau; Bobby McIntire scored over Bob O'Connell, Ben Jezak and then kayoed O'Connell; O'Connell beat Frank Bellomo; Pat Thomas beat Jerry Sullivan, Andy Pezak and lost to Eugene Dougherty; Dave Eagan beat Al Kilpatrick, who kayoed a Toronto boy; Edgar Waling scored over Mike Dabrowski; Ted Cerwin beat Joe Zanichelli; Paddy Mullane won an unpopular decision from Walter Cieslik, who beat Eddie Bonavia; Stanley Cieslik kayoed Clarence Bush.

Edwin Waling, Detroit junior lightweight, boxed in Chicago on the Rightmire-Mullens show, stopping his opponent early. Waling remains undefeated since turning pro.

WHAT SOME OF THE FORMER GOOD FIGHTERS ARE DOING—Sid Barbarian, good lightweight of a decade ago, is working at Ford's . . . . Ward Sparks, clever bantam, who boxed Kid Francis, Earl Mastro and Maurice Holtzer, is boxing coach at the Holy Redeemer A. C., one of the leading amateur clubs . . . . Bert Lamb, lightweight contender of a few years back, is physical director at the Chrysler Motor Company, and takes care of the amateur boxers . . . . Joey Ingles is coach at the St. Rita's Club . . . . Pee Wee Jarrell, who was a good lightweight and later a leading contender for welterweight honors, is employed by the Ford Motor Company . . . . As is Paul Glasscock, good lightweight of a couple of years back . . . . Chuck Murchison, colored lightweight, who boxed for close to twenty years, is teaching a few of the promising boys who train at Julius Gonzalez's West Side A. C. . . . . Ansell Bell, former crack bantam, is trainer for Jackie Young, clever colored welter . . . . Pee Wee Gale may be seen at the West Side A. C. almost any Sunday, watching the youngsters train . . . . Russell Bradford, who was a topnotch lightweight, is back in Pontiac, his home town. Bradford did a lot of his boxing in Cleveland and also on the Pacific Coast . . . . Henry Perlick, one of the famous Perlick twins, is coaching the amateurs in Kalamazoo . . . . Gonzalez's gymnasium is the best for professional boxers, and is the favorite hangout for all the leading figures, past and present.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS

By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

MISSOULA—Richie Fontaine, Missoula, drew in ten with Hubert Dennis, Bozeman. They fought at lightning speed all the way. Each was knocked down, Fontaine flooring Dennis in the fourth, while Dennis floored Fontaine in the seventh. A draw was a good decision. In the semi-final Charley Roper, Butte, drew with Jimmy Dupuis, Ronan, in six; Bert Somers, Missoula, drew with Cowboy McCauley, Miles City, in six; Spider McCallum, Missoula, K.O.'ed Harold Case, Fort Missoula, in three.

Butte—Lew Massey, Philadelphia, won a close decision over Cecil Payne, Seattle, in a spectacular ten-round main event. Charley Roper, Butte, won a decision over Kenny Boyce, Billings, in six; Ralph Hocking, Butte, K.O.'ed Charley Brown, Spokane Negro, in three.

Worland—Santos Remeriz, Powell, claimant of the welterweight division in Wyoming, decisioned Curtis Ingals, Worland, in a ten-round main event.

Billings—Billings has organized a new boxing club, known as the Midland Boxing Club, and has secured the writer as their matchmaker. The new club plan their opening the latter part of January. The American Legion's franchise ran out the 20th of December, at which time the Legion decided to discontinue with the boxing game.

The writer will be glad to send names of clubs and managers if postage accompanies such request.

Jack Dempsey

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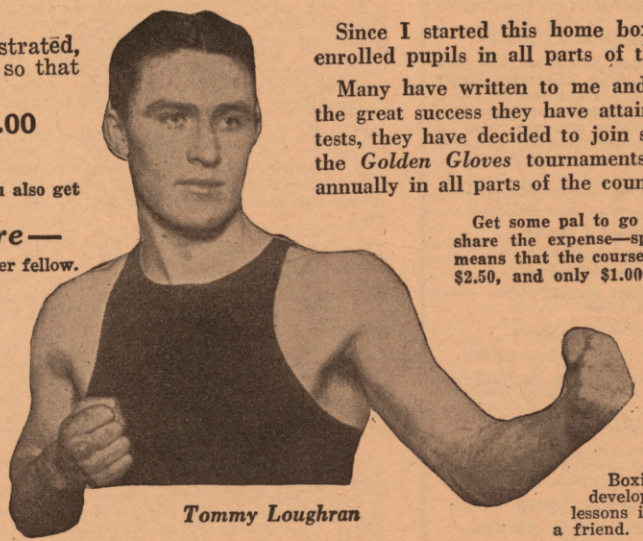

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

WITH the writing of these notes, the writer adds another year to the long list as your correspondent. Through these many years I have made a world of friends, fellows who work along with me in order that I may be able to get these notes out every month, they keep me posted on this and that, and to them I extend my sincere thanks, and to my readers, thanks again for your many kind letters. As I have stated before, and wish to state again, that if it was not for THE RING magazine, the boxing game would be like a ship lost in a storm, and it is your duty to buy it and tell your friends about it. It is your trade paper.

The Sioux City *Journal's* Good Fellow Boxing Card was the high light of the month's doings. Nearly two thousand fans packed the Auditorium for the annual event, which resulted in a profit of $869.25 for the Christmas fund. In the main event, Dick Demaray, Bismark, No. Dak., welter, drew with Ernie Kulasik of Chicago in eight rounds. Haywood Storey, Lewiston, Me., Negro, beat Ernie Hetherington, Winnipeg, Can., middleweight, in eight. Armanda Sicilia, Springfield, Ill., feather, gained the nod over Albert Manriquez of Atlantic, Ia. Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, knocked out Eddie Schiller of Chicago in five rounds. Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, gained the nod over Verne Trickel of Graettinger, Ia., in six. Ray Mann, clever Sioux City middleweight, gained a win over Socko Cadwell, also of Sioux City, in four. Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge, Ia., shaded Mickey Slater of Sioux City in four. Ty Dillon was the matchmaker and did an excellent job.

Everette Rightmire, Sioux City's featherweight ace, moved up another notch in the featherweight ranks, and today ranks as the Illinois State Athletic Commission's No. 1 challenger for the featherweight title by his victory over Moon Mullins. Rightmire was presented with a belt, symbolic of the honor, by Barney Ross, world's welterweight champion. Rightmire is one of the sweetest fighters ever turned out of the local fistic ranks and appears to be going places. He is under the management of Tommy O'Loughlin.

In another card staged here under the direction of the Negro Good Will Christmas Tree committee, an excellent array of bouts was offered. Owing to many people doing their Christmas shopping, only a small crowd turned out. The main event was an eight-round affair between Young Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight comer, and Jimmy Legrone, flashy Des Moines boy. It was a fine battle, ending in a draw. In the main sixer, Al Pahl, Sioux City junior welterweight, scored over Kid Jobe, local Negro, in a fast bout. Bobby Williams, Omaha Negro middleweight, went to a six-round draw with Goldie O'Hara of Fort Dodge. In the opening sixer, Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, went to a draw with Jimmy Salvatore of Fort Dodge.

In the monthly exhibition card offered in Hawkins' Gym, the following boys competed in no-decision bouts: Jack Harding mixed with Al Pahl in a fast eight. Tuffy Dial met Tommy Walish. Mickey Slater clashed with Tommy Sacco, both featherweights. Young Petey Mike met Frankie Sacco. Harry Gibbons was third man.

Clarinda, Ia.—Benny Floyd knocked out Eddie Garrish in two rounds. Swede Belt put the kayo on Alva Drowns in two. Red Milion scored a kayo over Clarence Blake. Wade Crawford won over Jimmy Hitchcock. Benny West beat Jimmy Goodwine.

Denison, Ia.—Tuffy Dial, Sioux City light-heavyweight, held Bearcat Wright, Omaha Negro heavyweight, to a draw in six rounds. Though Wright had a pull of sixty pounds in the weights, his smaller opponent had the advantage of a speedy attack.

Audubon, Ia.—Jimmy Wooten, Council Bluffs, Ia., middleweight, lost to Irish Farley of Audubon in six rounds. Cappy Wooten of Council Bluffs edged in a win over Eddie Spencer of Coon Rapids in six. Bill Henricks scored a T.K.O. over Kid Beck. Young Bladt and Kid Chase went to a draw.

Perry, Ia.—Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs junior welterweight, won over Jess Ackerman of Des Moines in six. Eddie Spencer knocked out Wilbur Burton in three rounds. Bill Hendricks won on a T.K.O. from Merlin Smith. Kid Chase won by a T.K.O. over Young Effie. Carl Oscars won a T.K.O. in the first round over Young Ding.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Jock Moore, Proctor, Minn., welterweight, won over Don Atchison of Jamestown, N. D., in six rounds. Curley Martin of Proctor defeated Billy Norton of Fargo in four rounds.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—Flooring his opponent twice, Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, won a ten-round decision over Larry Udell of Aberdeen. Rusty Gramling won from Nick Berr, Aberdeen welter, in six rounds. Nick Busch, Aberdeen welter, beat Verne Gramling of Bismark, No. Dak., in six.

Onawa, Ia.—In one of the largest fistic shows staged here in years, Lew Zack, Sioux City white hope, making a comeback, battled to a draw with Bearcat Wright, Omaha Negro, in eight rounds. In the semi-windup, Kid Jobe, Sioux City Negro welter, knocked out Jimmy Sist of Omaha in three rounds. Burt Woods of Soldier, Ia., went to a draw with Tiger Lily of Omaha. Paul Reindl defeated Jack Summerville in four. Kayo Cunningham drew with Cyclone Miller. Buddy Thompson won over Young Dale in the opener.

Readers, don't forget to mail your notes by the first of every month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. Owing to lack of space, it is impossible to carry everything sent in, but news of interest is always wanted. Boxers and managers who are making plans for a trip out here during the summer months, are urged to make their contacts at once. Sheets and publicity matter will be hung up in the local gym, if you will shoot same to me. The local gym is one of the best training spots west of Chicago, and on the average of twenty fighters work out daily.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—P. D. K., Des Moines, Ia.: No official announcement has been made as to who will be matchmaker at the Riverview Park Arena next summer, but Tommy O'Loughlin says he will run weekly shows there . . . . Ty Dillon will be at the Uptown Arena, and will run weekly shows. His address is 110 George Street, Sioux City . . . . Readers wishing a reply to their letters, please enclose stamp . . . . Everette Rightmire scored over Mickey Genaro again, this time at Duluth, Minn. . . . . Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., junior welterweight, defeated Billy Miller of Milwaukee at Chicago . . . . Aron is going good in the Windy City . . . . Promoter Garvey is holding shows at Manly, Ia. . . . . Livermore, Ia., is also holding shows . . . . Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., is making plans for a trip to the Coast . . . Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs junior welterweight, is picked as the best prospect for the month.

Through THE RING magazine, Dan Desmond, sports editor of the *Journal*, wishes to thank the many fight fans and individuals who helped in the success of their card . . . . Ty Dillon, the matchmaker; Harry Gibbons, referee; along with Adolph Olson, Del Bach, E. Quillin Hoberg, Jules T. Martin, Dr. J. E. Pachard, Lip Weinberg, Sammy Sacco, Bill Hawkins, Ross Abramo, Willard Greene, N. Melham, J. H. Carmody, Ray Murphy, Rodney Dean, Roy Butler, Dr. R. L. Devereaux, P. E. Leahy, Samuel Shulkin, the American Legion, and the Eagles Lodge . . . . Al Pahl, Ray Mann, Mickey Slater, Andy Miller, Eddie Reynolds, Terry Griffiths, are being kept busy on out-of-town cards, among others . . . . Ed Sands is getting many calls to act as timekeeper . . . . Pinkie George, Des Moines promoter, is one of Iowa's leading fistic men . . . . George is a former boxer . . . . Chick Chambers is promoting again at Sanborn, Ia. . . . . Roy Gillman intends to stage some big indoor cards at Fort Dodge and Mason City . . . . Roy is manager of that great little fighter, Young Mickey Walker . . . . Jack Finney and his little battler, Baby Manuel, are back in Florida . . . . Finney will headquarter in Sioux City next summer . . . . According to letters and cards received from little Finney, he has been moving all over the globe during the past few months . . . . Will see you all next month.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

GORDON WALLACE won an easy ten-round decision from Otto Blackwell. Having injured his left hand in his fight with Ceferino Garcia, Wallace relied entirely upon one hand.

Promoter George Fitch deserves credit for persuading all the wrestlers to donate their services in his Christmas Fund show. Nearly one thousand dollars went towards the poor, unfortunate children at Christmas.

Baby Joe Gans scored a knockout over Manuel Victoria after a rather poor showing.

Al Hostack, who has been chosen to succeed Freddie Steele, won easily from Billy Lancaster, and above this he won a well-earned decision from Baby Joe Gans.

Young Corpuz, the best lightweight seen in these parts in a long time, knocked out Ross Dumiguilas in one round, but lost a close decision to Allan Foston in a return match.

Local boxing enthusiasts are glad to see that Claude Varner is doing so well back East. Claude was a great favorite here in Vancouver.

Ed Sigalet, claiming the Canadian heavyweight championship, was knocked out in the third round by Sonny Buxton. A match between Buxton and Lou Kieswetter for Canadian supremacy should draw a packed house either in Victoria or Penticton.

Johnny Blochlinger, western Canada welter king, is the latest to challenge Gordon Wallace by virtue of his wins over Battling Tracy, Kid Young, Don Inkster, and Emil Lust.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATTHEWS

TIGER JOE RANDALL, Pittsburgh, Pa., colored "giant killer" of the middleweight ranks, is firmly established as New Orleans' fistic favorite by his odds-on victory over Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind., light-heavyweight. Outweighed some fifteen pounds and giving away inches in height and reach, Randall forced the melee throughout the ten rounds. Only a small holiday crowd witnessed the match between two of the best action fighters in the country.

Receiving little or no financial benefit, but getting a spot of glory out of it, Nicky Camaratta, rising young New Orleans featherweight, smashed out a ten-round victory over Armanda Sicilia, Springfield, Ill., at the N. O. Coliseum Arena.

Threatened with suspension if he would not go through with the scheduled bout, which he had refused to do because of the meagre attendance, Jumbo Rovira, leading New Orleans welterweight, put on a lackadaisical performance with Battling Burroughs of Pascougla, Miss. Both were "disqualified" in the sixth round.

Action in other "white" bouts produced the following: Bill Raggio kayoed and drew with Henry Deubler, middleweights. Kid Glover kayoed Jack Kearney, but lost to Roy Calamari; Jimmy Hall stopped Nutzie LaBruzza, all welterweights. Joe Muscarello drew with Jules Ogden; George Holmes knocked out Johnny Corne, all lightweights. George Murla technicaled Ernie Javers; Joe O'Neill stopped Paulie Baer; Sonny Batson won and lost to Angelo Musso and drew with Billy McDonald, all featherweights.

Jackie Elverillo, Chicago, Ill., colored welterweight, is proof that a good left hand is three points of a battle won. Although Elverillo possesses an almost inactive right hand, he nevertheless garnered two wins during the month, decisioning Harry Robertson of Port Huron, Mich., and Wesley Farrell, local star, in ten-round set-tos at the N. O. Coliseum Arena.

More action was seen by a good crowd in the abbreviated encounter between Jack Otey of San Antonio, Tex., and Charley the Kid, New Orleans Negro lightweight, than is ordinarily given in a full length bout. The Kid scored a clean kayo in the second round, but only after he had been on the floor for a nine-count himself at the N. O. Coliseum Arena.

Other colored bouts ended with the following results: Willie Edwards was kayoed by Leonard Blunt, but afterwards decisioned him, heavyweights. Jimmy Brown lost to Harry Robertson and Sammy Slaughter, all middleweights. Herman "Kid" Collins stopped Jack Davis, downed Mexican Pete, but lost to K. O. White; Tiger Stewart beat Battling Siki twice, all welterweights. Eddie Cooper decisioned Kid Phillips; Israel Robinson defeated Sammy the Terror; Kid Amos stopped Ace Leon, all lightweights. Carl Coste kayoed Battling Noble and outpointed Joe Monroe, bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Harry Casson, right-hand man to the New Orleans promoter of colored bouts, will sever his fistic connections and take a position with a railroad . . . . The Louisiana Boxing Commission initiated a new dodge . . . . By calling the Rovira-Burroughs contest a "double disqualification" they kept the few fans from obtaining redress at the box office . . . . Barksdale Field, La., will have regularly scheduled bouts again with Army fighters predominating . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

BOXING is, as usual, at a very low ebb at this time of the year in the Lone Star State. For some reason or other the game just seems to fold up with the end of the outdoor season. Fortunately, the summer opening of many outdoor arenas is not far off, most of them getting started about March. Many of the local fighters are in other fields at present but should return eventually.

"Larruping" Lou Beard, the state's most outstanding leather pusher, is sojourning in Florida, where he is booked for several bouts. Howard Scott, San Angelo feather, is in Washington, and has started a winning streak that may carry him places.

Since the rise of Joe Louis, the woods are simply flooded with young "white hopes." It seems that every lad with enough heft and heart is trying to make the grade and there are more than a score of youngsters being groomed that should make their mark ere the summer is over.

Hugh Benbow, who operates the gym in Houston, has a couple of likely looking youngsters in Bob Davey and Patty McDuff, both heavies. Tom Beaupre of Dallas is another. Beaupre recently stopped George Rickard and beat George Brown.

Clyde Smith, popular promoter at Longview, is the only promoter to run a show this month, holding two there in which Andy Parker K.O.'ed Jumbo Haynes and "Young Joe" Lewis. Frank Hall and Santos Delgado drew. Jimmy Matthews K.O.'ed Jack Hall. Hall also lost to Ted Way. Frenchy Le Fevre beat Jodie Cason.

Managers and fighters wishing to appear in Texas this summer may write me at the Houston *Press*. Letters will be either answered or turned over to promoters.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

PHIL FURR whipped Bob Wilson to retain the welterweight championship of the District of Columbia over the fifteen-round route at Joe Turner's punch bowl in Washington. For ten rounds the fight was an even affair but from then on Furr administered heavy body pounding that gave him a decided edge. Two thousand fans packed the small arena with many hundreds being turned away.

Norment Quarles continued his winning ways in besting Ray Kid Ingram in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Quarles was superior at infighting but Ingram made a hit with the Richmond fans by giving the former amateur champ a real battle.

Al Delaney won over Terry Mitchell in a feature eight-rounder in Washington. Delaney made things plenty tough for the veteran Mitchell in the early rounds when he punched his best but Terry weathered the storm and was holding his own at the final bell. Eddie Burl lost a tough one to Howard Scott in the six-round semi-final.

Werther Arcelli of Boston, Mass., lost to Jackie Portney over the ten-round route in Baltimore. Although on the short end most of the way, Arcelli is the first man to give the Baltimorean a contest since his return to the States.

Johnny Defoe of New York won by a technical knockout over Howard Scott when their bout at Joe Turner's Arena in Washington was stopped in the third round because of a nasty gash over Scott's left eye. Eddie Burl outgamed Toney Fernandez of New York in the six-round semi-final, getting off the floor to hand the Porto Rican a severe body lacing. Carey Wright came from behind to lick Eddie Guerra of New York in a six-round thriller.

Bucky Taylor and Leroy Zinkham, two Baltimore lightweights, staged a slugfest in the Monumental City with Taylor a winner after ten hectic rounds. Joe Finazzo belted out Steve Kadisk in seven heats and Patsy Lewis did likewise to Red Tucker in six rounds. George Esrick and Vince Serio fought a fast six-round draw, and Joe DeCarlo beat Pete Galliano in eight rounds.

Charlie Jacobs of Hopewell, Va., and Ray Kid Ingram of Washington fought a thrilling ten-rounder at Richmond, Va., with the disputed duke going to Jacobs. The fans voiced their disapproval of the split verdict and the boys have been rematched for another bout.

PICK-UPS—Norment Quarles made the most rapid strides of any boxer in this locality during the past year, climaxing his climb with a win over Freddie Miller at Pittsburgh . . . . Ken Overlin, a stablemate of Quarles, also made considerable progress in the middleweight division . . . . Both boys are under the management of Chris Dundee of Richmond, Va. . . . . Joe Rivers' knockout of Mike Belloise was also an outstanding feat, but Joe is moving up to the lightweight class for the coming year owing to increased weight . . . . Jackie Portney appears to be the outstanding fighter of his division as far as class goes, with many Baltimoreans ready to gamble he can take Barney Ross if given the chance . . . . Since his return from Australia, Portney has won all his bouts with ease . . . . With little effort, Portney can make the lightweight limit, but has enough trouble getting the heavier welters in the ring with him and on many occasions has fought middleweights rather than remain idle.

Gabe Mendenez, young fight manager from Tampa, Fla., is now assisting Goldie Ahearn with the matchmaking at Joe Turner's Punch Bowl in Washington, D. C. . . . . Gabe also looks after Joe Teems, Howard Scott and Joe Doty . . . . The fight game in the nation's capital is as uncertain as the weather; for instance, Joe Turner packed his arena on two successive weeks and then drew less than five hundred on New Year's afternoon, although weather conditions were perfect and the card a good one . . . . Another local boxer to break in the big time is Red Burman, who has entered the heavyweight division under the management of Jack Dempsey and Max Waxman and is now going like a house afire . . . . Joe Lipps is also making the grade since he entered the combine of Waxman and Dempsey . . . . It would appear that the Dempsey outfit has a monopoly on the boxers from this locality, since they have just entered into a working agreement with Chris Dundee for the management of Norment Quarles and Ken Overlin, both of championship timber.

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OPPOSITE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

EXACTLY 7,900 fans paid $9,000 to see Primo Carnera flatten Big Boy Brackey in four rounds. "Da Preem" had Brackey on the floor for a number of counts before the knockout.

Brackey was no match for the Italian man-mountain, but the huge gate emphasizes the fact that Buffalo is a red-hot boxing town. Give the fans here a decent attraction and they'll turn out in droves. We don't mean to insinuate that the Carnera-Brackey go was a match. Far from it. But Carnera, former world's champion, is still a name to consider and he attracts crowds.

Heavyweight boxers have chased wrestling right out of town. There hasn't been a wrestling gate during the past year that was worth promoting a show for. And the gates are going to be less and less. This is primarily a boxing town. The fans of Buffalo only went for wrestling when the fight game got filled with mediocre talent.

Today the game is far from being in good health but it is picking up gradually. The year 1936 will see a real awakening.

Rumor persists that a new promoter will enter the local field. Your correspondent, who was promoter for the old Crescent Club, has been approached time and again. Recently I was offered a handsome guarantee to stage shows here. I prefer the managerial end of the game and am now assembling a strong stable of up-and-coming fighters.

The name of Eddie Tranter, former matchmaker for the Velodrome A. C., has been mentioned in connection with a proposed new club. Mr. Tranter recently went out of office as jailer here when a Republican sheriff (Bill Eberhardt) was elected. This leaves Tranter free to re-enter sports promotion, if he chooses. I put the question up to him the other day and he said he might consider taking a fling at boxing promotion if the right proposition was offered. Tranter is a fine personality, knows boxing and would be welcomed back by fans, fighters and managers.

Tommy Moore is working hard to get pro boxing back on a paying scale at Jamestown. Moore will make good as soon as he can uncover a few home boys who can hold their own against top-notchers.

Tiger Fisher, star western Canada middleweight champion, is going to make this city his headquarters. The Tiger is in line to fight Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg puncher, in the near future.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Red Carr is having plenty of headaches with Big Boy Brackey . . . . The large one thinks nothing of calling off a match on twenty-four hours' notice . . . . Poor Charlie Murray was forced to cancel the Brackey-Johnny Freeman match, after going to considerable advertising and promotional expense . . . . Tommy Timlin, boxing's "Grey Eagle," got his silver thatch worrying over Brackey . . . . Now Brackey is suing Timlin for $1,035 which he claims he owes him. Timlin, in turn, has put in a claim for $800 which, he says, Brackey owes him . . . . So there you are . . . . Timlin is now shouting the praises of Rudy Stiller, scintillating amateur middleweight star . . . . Rudy hopes to reach the Olympics . . . . While Brackey has had unfortunate ring endings of late, Al Delaney is going good again . . . . Al and Manager Billy Mitchie got off to a running start in Washington, D. C., when Delaney clouted out Bob Godwin in two rounds . . . . Mitchie has asked me to say that Delaney's father was Russian, not Polish, and he was born in Oshawa, Ont., home of the Canadian branch of General Motors . . . . Virgil Kinkade, Tony Tozzo, Bobby Hamilton and other former fighters are working for the W.P.A. here . . . . Tozzo fights occasionally but Kinkade and Hamilton have long since hung up the gloves . . . . Jimmie Mack, who trained Jimmy Duffy, Dick Loadman and other greats of yesteryear, is now with the Newark (International League) Baseball Club . . . . Mack is a phenomenal trainer and well versed in all branches of sport . . . . He would make a cracking good man for some college . . . . "Itchkie" Robbins, the Syracuse hustler, will eventually get a good break in boxing . . . . A man of his energy can't miss.

Young heavyweight boxers who are free from contractual obligations will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. This city offers wonderful opportunities for young fighters who can deliver the goods.

FLASH—Dutch Jessell was hot-footed twenty-nine times during the six-day bike race.

New boxing clubs are springing up. Jack O'Brien will be going semi-monthly at St. Mary's, Pa.; Jack Barry is back in the saddle at Erie; Playfair Brown has the big Coliseum at Toronto; Joe Netro is pairing them up for the Arena, Syracuse; Jule Beck is going good once more in Pittsburgh's Motor Square Garden; Jimmy Dunn will have the New Castle, Pa., club, and Tommy Moore has the pro club at Jamestown, N. Y.

Jack Dempsey's plan to hunt for a white hope should act as a stimulant for boxing. Nobody like the old mauler to pep things up in the fight business. Good luck, Jack!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

ROCHESTER has three amateur clubs running weekly shows. The Olympic Fight Club is the new club. They ran their first show on New Year's night and fourteen hundred fans attended.

Abe Raff, well-known referee, is expecting to run pro shows and give up his amateur club. Abe is planning on running his first show just as soon as his license is granted. Abe has Al Traino signed up for his first show.

Al Traino of Rochester is a credit to the fight game. On New Year's morning about 2:30, the matchmaker at Scranton had a break in his main bout that afternoon and could not get anybody. Traino was asked to fill in and drove his car 210 miles to Scranton. He arrived one hour before the fight and gave Eddie Brink of Scranton a good fight and won the plaudits of the crowd, even though he lost the decision.

The following amateur shows took place during the month:

At Elks Club—Sammy Goritz, city champ, defeated Bobby Owens; Chris Mondenga defeated Andy Ross; Steve Sloan defeated Don Stevens; Steve Eddy defeated Hughie Smith, and Joe Adriano defeated Joe Morocco, all five-round bouts.

At the K. of C.—Jim Brown of Syracuse defeated Jake Hangerman; Sammy Gortiz defeated Don Eddy of Niagara Falls; Steve Busalatta of Niagara Falls defeated Chris Mordenge; Bert Courage defeated Ted Bergman, and Joe Birdie knocked out Jack Scherer, all five-round bouts.

Big Bill Fogarty is rounding himself in shape for his coming shots with the best in the heavyweight class. Fogarty weighs 210 pounds and is six feet two inches tall, and would like to hear from matchmakers.

The Acme Sporting Club gave the wrestling fans another great show. Everette Marshall threw Dutch Heffner in one fall; Bert Rubi and Curley Donchin drew in forty-five minutes; Frank Saxton threw Ive Kasoboski in one fall, and Alex Grandovitch won from Jerry Meeker in one fall.

The following boys are training daily at Mike Rago's Gym: Bill Fogarty, Jake Hagerman, Rosie Tenaro, Al Traino, Georgie Ohera, Jim Flood, Tiger Roy Smith, Sammy Goritz, Georgie Spargue, Stanly Felong, Don Stevens, Hughie Smith, Nello Nucelli, Johnny Baker, Bobby Owens and others.

Bud Cressy is keeping his men, Patsey and Lon Severo, busy . . . . Joe Netro is packing them in at his shows at Syracuse . . . . THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets on the fifth of each month . . . . The writer will answer all mail if you send stamped envelope to 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, New York.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

A SMALL crowd was present at the State Armory, Waterbury, Conn., to see Joe Louis, the young, outstanding heavyweight contender, square off against four opponents in an exhibition sponsored by Promoter George Mulligan of the Waterbury A. C., who was hurled for a financial loss. Exhibitions of leading heavyweight contenders who are so-called near-champions will not attract fight fans.

On the undercard, Buddy Mignault, light-heavyweight clouter, after a poor start, turned in a splendid victory on points over Tony Celli in a ten-round bout.

Bud Tracy, Boston fighter, banged out a ring win over Wade Lumpkin in a bloody eight-round semi-final fray. In the fight that was crammed with hair-raising action, Jack "Tiger" Renault, scrapper of New Haven, slammed out a good win over Billy Reeves of Torrington in six rounds. Al Santillo, lightweight leather tosser, captured a four-round decision over Jack Sharkey. In the preliminary bout, Nathan Mann, New Haven's mitt swinger, slugged his way to a six-round ring victory over Nick Massters of Far Rockaway, New York, to the Joe Louis-Paulino Uzcudun set-to at Madison Square Garden.

Steve Carr, the promising light-heavyweight battler, is nursing his injured hand.

Louis "Kid" Cocoa, holder of the New England welterweight title, decisively whipped Frankie Cinque of New York in a ten-round bout.

Good amateur fighters of all weights who desire to make professional debut and who are free from any tie-ups, should get in touch with this scribe,

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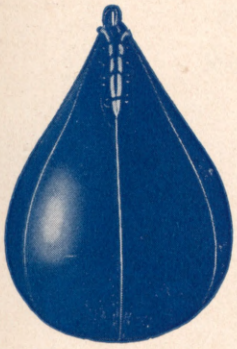

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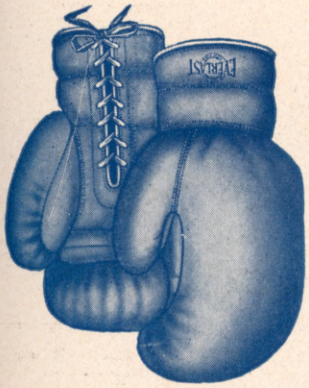

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